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SQUIRE OSBALDESTON: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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A FIRSTRATE SHOT

Portrait of George Oshaldeston from the Painting by Ben Marshall in the collection of Capt. J. J. Oshaldeston, M

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

EDITED, WITH COMMENTARY, BY E. D. CUMING

INTRODUCTION BY SIR THEODORE COOK

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR, AND SEVENTY-FIVE IN BLACK AND WHITE, AND A MAP

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THE GRAND LEICESTERSHIRE STEEPLECHASE OF MARCH 12, 1829

From the Painting by Henry Alken in the collection of Oswald Magniac, Esq.

I—"NIMROD" READS THE RULES AT HALF-PAST FIVE

The riders' and horses' names from left to right (after "Nimrod") are: *King of the Valley* (grey), Dick Christian; *Clinker*, Mr. Heycock; *Bantam*, Capt. Becher; *Polecat*, Capt. Ross; *Magic*, Mr. F. Nicholson; *Spartacus*, Mr. Guilford; and *Lazy Bet*, Bill Wright. For further details see "A Note on the Illustrations." Capt. Barclay (standing) is Starter. The course was from Nowsley Wood to Billesdon Coplow.

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II.—CAPT. ROSS MAKES THE PACE

Mr. Nicholson, cool and determined, rides second, on a line of his own to the left of the rest. Mr. Heycock is third slightly ahead of the other four who are all together.

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III.—CAPT. ROSS STILL LEADS BUT THE FIELD BECOMES SELECT

Dick Christian is riding *King of the Valley* into second place, but the rest are close up. In steering too far to the right Capt. Ross got into an enclosed pond, but came over it safely.

THE GRAND LEICESTERSHIRE STEEPLECHASE OF MARCH 12, 1829

From the Painting by Henry Alken in the collection of Oswald Magniac Esq.

IV.—SYMPTOMS OF DISTRESS. THE COCKTAIL FLOORED

Dick Christian is still after Capt. Ross, but the pace tells on *Bantam*, who gave Capt. Becher a terrific toss at the double rails, and was out of it afterwards.

THE GRAND LEICESTERSHIRE STEEPLECHASE OF MARCH 12, 1829

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V.—A RICH SCENE, SUCH AS NO OTHER COUNTRY COULD EXHIBIT

Capt. Ross is out of it. Dick Christian's grey comes a purler. Mr. Guilford, rolled on by *Spartacus*, is severely hurt. Even Mr. Field Nicholson takes his only toss. These catastrophes gave Mr. Heycock the lead on *Clinker* and Bill Wright is still going strong behind the fence.

THE GRAND LEICESTERSHIRE STEEPLECHASE OF MARCH 12, 1829

From the Painting by Henry Alken in the collection of Oswald Magniac Esq.

VI—DICK CHRISTIAN'S LAST FALL, COMMONLY CALLED A HEADER

At Billesdon Down, Mr. Heycock looks back with relief to see *King of the Valley* in trouble. But Bill Wright and Mr. Nicholson are not done with yet nor is Dick Christian, as will be seen later.

THE GRAND LEICESTERSHIRE STEEPLECHASE OF MARCH 12, 1829

From the Painting by Henry Alken in the collection of Oswald Magniac Esq.

VII.—THE CLIMAX OF DISASTER

Within two fields of the finish, *Clinker* made a mistake and lost all chance of winning when his bridle slipped over his ears. Dick Christian and the other two are hard at it again, anybody's race.

THE GRAND LEICESTERSHIRE STEEPLECHASE OF MARCH 12, 1829

From the Painting by Henry Alken in the collection of Oswald Magniac Esq.

VIII.—THE WINNING POST AT BILLESDON COPLOW

With Mr. Valentine Maher as judge, the horses were placed as follows:—1. Sir Harry Goodrick's *Magic* (Mr. F. Nicholson); 2. Mr. Maxse's *King of the Valley* (Dick Christian); 3. Mr. Patrick's *Lazy Bet* (Bill Wright). Mr. Heydock finished fourth in spite of his mishap. *Lazy Bet* fell at the last fence. *Polecat*, *Bantam*, and *Spartacus* unplaced.

INTRODUCTION

(By the Editor of the *Field*)

Time "'gainst the field," the parsons cry,
And add by way of comment'ry
To warn each racing sinner,
"Whatever length life's course may be,
The T.M.M. or T.Y.C.,
Time's sure to be the winner."

"Out upon their authority!"
The Squire exclaims! "What's Time to me,
That I his steps should follow?
To challenge him I'm not afraid!"
"Done," replies Time;—a match was made,
And Time was beaten hollow.

About seventy years ago two friends met in London, and after a few minutes the first one said:

"I have only just met the Old Squire."

"What old Squire?" asked the other.

"George Osbaldeston of course."

"What is he squire of?"

"Why, he's Squire of England."

If we could only see what one of those friends had seen, as well as know what he said, I should have little here to write as introduction to the autobiography of one who was accepted in his prime by his contemporaries—a far more critical lot than their descendants—as "the best sportsman of any age or country." His name is not forgotten. Indeed one of the best of my old friends on the *Field*, Charles Richardson ("Shotley"), has not only seen but talked with him. And when I proudly and publicly announced Mr. Cuming's discovery of the manuscript which is printed in this book, the response I received from all over England and Scotland was the best proof possible that we never do forget "a good man on a good horse," and

that there are few things we like better in the world. It must be more than seventy years since the meets of the local foxhounds were nailed to the church door of a certain village and sometimes announced from the pulpit by a parson who was thoroughly in sympathy with the healthy recreations of the country-side. But it is as recently as 1874 that the church bells of his parish were proudly rung to celebrate the second victory in the Grand National (on Reugny) of J. Maunsell Richardson, one of the most consummate horsemen of his time. Parsons may have grown out of touch with living needs, and bell-ringers may have absorbed the venom of Trades Unions; but I refuse to believe either that the breed from which Richardson descended has yet perished, or that Englishmen will be ever slow to recognise the call of the blood that rings in such a name as Osbaldeston's.

In the few pages with which I have the honour to preface my hero's own story, my chief desire is to bring him as far as possible to life again, so that you may realise a little better what manner of man it is who writes the memories of one of the longest and fullest lives that ever were devoted whole-heartedly to sport. It may be difficult, perhaps, to conjure up that spirited little Eton boy who was easily cock of the school in boxing, one of its best oars as well as its best cricketer and athlete; who used to run back to his tutor's house from Ascot Races, and drive tandem (not without catastrophes) through Windsor Park, and who shot and fished and rode and coursed all through his holidays. Not even can we clearly envisage that undergraduate of Brasenose (now realising he was to be the heir) who kept up his rowing and his cricket, and hunted every day hounds were within reach, varying his amusements with fighting roughs in a "Town and Gown," poaching in Bagley Wood, and drinking the health of the harriers he had left at home at Hutton Buscel.

Yet if we are to realise the look of the man as he lived, and something of his character—which was not quite so simple as it appears because it was so full of self-restraint—we must begin by very briefly realising a very little of what he actually did, and how different much of it was from anything that can ever be done again. His greatest fame—and I am glad of it—is as a Master of Hounds. His greatest failures—and I regret them—all took place when he left the Chase for the Turf, and lost more than £200,000 in money of that day on Racing. But besides these two pursuits, either of which has completely filled the leisure of many a less celebrated sportsman, he was first-rate in many other directions. You must believe me when I say "first-rate" in every sense of that much-abused expression; for Osbaldeston was no dilettante. He was always ready to take a wager; but nearly everything

he did was done as well as almost any other living Englishman could do it. Take shooting, for instance; on Sir Richard Sutton's land one day at Lyndford he killed 100 pheasants with 100 shots. In Scotland he once bagged 97 grouse with 97 shots, twice killing two birds with one barrel. With Richard Hill, of Thornton, he killed 20 brace of partridge with 40 shots. "I did this," he writes, "with a flint and steel of eighteen-bore made by the celebrated Joe Manton." In pigeon-shooting against such men as Horatio Ross, Lord Kennedy, or General Anson he was equally remarkable. And he was a dead shot with a duelling-pistol; for he put ten shots on the ace of diamonds at thirty feet. In fact, I do not wonder that most people were carefully polite to a plucky little customer who kept his temper better than most people, but could either knock you down out of hand or put a bullet through your head next morning, whichever he preferred. To his good temper we have the excellent testimony of Surtees, who says the Squire was "a most good-natured man," and relates the following anecdote of what he saw. "... For instance, one day I saw a gentleman on an unruly horse ride slap against the Squire and nearly knock him into the next county. When recovering from the shock, he merely exclaimed, as he eyed him tearing away down the ride (for it was in cover), 'My God! What a tailor!'" When he thought it right to take a different course, he did so without hesitation. The Fancy had every possible respect for the man they chose to referee the great fight between Bendigo and Caunt at Newton Pagnell; and rustics or factory-hands who interfered with his hounds soon found that he could use his fists to some effect.

I must not give details just now, but I wish to suggest something of the outlines of the portrait to be filled in. Hunting and racing by no means exhaust the possibilities of a horse; and they far from ended the Squire's predominance on horseback. For no one in England could take a better line across country, and the fact that he could beat Dick Christian in a very famous match of this kind is enough to prove the point I have just now in mind, especially when you remember Captain Becher's tribute to Christian's nerve and skill. The celebrated wager of Two-hundred Miles against Time, which the Squire did in fifty four-mile heats, on one thoroughbred after another, in less than nine hours, is an equally convincing bit of evidence; and he did this (November 5, 1831) when he was forty-five, and some time after his leg had sustained so terrible a compound fracture in the hunting-field that he walked lame for the rest of his life. When he was sixty-eight he rode his own horse in the March Stakes at Goodwood, and only lost by a neck. As a member

of the Four-in-Hand Club, he drove Hellfired Dick's coach and team for a wager from St. Paul's Churchyard to Brentford; and his handling of that famous trotter, Tom Thumb, in a racing buggy along the Cambridge Road was almost as famous an exploit as his Clinker-Clasher match in all the sporting pictures of the time.

In cricket he was one of the six best amateurs in England, as the chronicles of the M.C.C. or "Scores and Biographies" will show you. In rowing he would have been in the Oxford eight if there had been one when he was up, and after he was forty he rowed in a four for the Arrow Club, which afterwards became Leander, from Westminster to Putney, and won a wager against a much younger crew from the Guards. At the royal game of tennis he beat that fine champion Barre, receiving fifteen and playing with his gloved hand against the professional's racquet. His love of coursing will never be forgotten in Yorkshire. He bought his game-cocks from Gilliver when he hunted from Atherstone, which he was the first to organise into a country from the house where his mother lived with him for a while before he took the Quorn. The big iron cupboards for his hunting-boots are still on each side of the fireplace, and the attics upstairs were floored with cement to serve as kennels for his fighting mastiffs, and for the terriers that drew his badgers, a sport he particularly affected.

How he got time to do it all (and I have not mentioned billiards, whist, and half a dozen smaller matters) must remain an unsolved problem. But he could do with as little sleep as Charles James Fox, and his endurance was even more remarkable than his courage or his skill. Clearly he had no leisure for what might (by contrast) be called serious pursuits. Indeed one of the few proofs remaining that he was ever a Member of Parliament is the inscription beneath a gay young figure with a bat which is preserved in the pavilion at Lord's. He would have thoroughly sympathised with Will Danby, who, when told that Mr. Blank was going into the House of Commons, said, "Is 'er? Well, he's good for nowt else." The Squire was evidently trying to do his duty though his heart was elsewhere, as it certainly was when he answered the challenge to race Captain Ross's Clinker from his High Sheriff's seat in the York Court. Though he was actually a Member for about five years, until the dissolution, he could not stand the House of Commons for more than a few sittings, and it was only his mother's ambition that he should take up a family seat which had made him try. He tells us a little about Wilberforce, and about the famous election which nearly impoverished the Lascelles family; and he has a paragraph about the riot at Queen Caroline's funeral,

OSBALDESTON'S FAMOUS FOXHOUND SIRE FURRIER

From the Print lent by the courtesy of Mr. H. F. Osbaldeston.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON WITH HIS HUNTER, ASSHETON, AND HIS BEST HOUND, FURRIER

Taken from Ferneley's large group called "The Quorn Hunt, 1825," in the collection of Miss Guest of Templecombe.

mainly because the barricades got in his way as he was driving through the streets. But on other political questions of the day he is almost entirely silent, save by inference. And if you were to judge by his written words you might conclude that from the day he went to school till he was carried to his grave nothing outside Great Britain interested him at all. Neither the menace nor the catastrophe of Napoleon moved him in the least. Trafalgar and Waterloo are never mentioned. The vicissitudes of Europe leave him undisturbed.

Yet George Osbaldeston (1786–1866) was born two years before the trial of Warren Hastings, when Pitt, Burke and Charles James Fox were still the great names of England. Before he reached Eton, Pichegru's invasion of Ireland had failed, and the Bank of England had suspended cash payments in the year of the Mutiny at the Nore. While he was at Oxford the Prince of Wales was made Regent, and the machinery riots began in the Midlands; and when he was with the Quorn the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister—" the Duke " as he was called, just as Admiral Rous was " the Admiral " and Osbaldeston was " the Squire." Though he does mention Daniel O'Connor at Queen Victoria's Coronation, I might go on to the Reform Bill, the Repeal of the Corn Laws or the fall of Sebastopol, and the silence of these Memoirs is profound. I might remind you that a life which extended from the execution of Marie Antoinette to the Indian Mutiny and the American Civil War had covered some of the most moving incidents in the history of the nineteenth century. But not a word about them do we hear. I do not think any other nation could ever have produced such a man; and that is the chief problem our continental critics have always had to face. Personally I hope that problem will endure as long as either the criticism or the Continent; for behind it is to be found, by those who understand, the one intangible and irreplaceable asset which has invariably baffled every enemy of England.

Not all his celebrated friends were quite as " insular " as the Squire, even if I add, for the sake of accuracy, the detail that the late Sir Henry Cole, when a boy of six (as his son writes), saw the fireworks for Waterloo in Osbaldeston's garden at Lincoln. Thomas Assheton Smith, for instance, was introduced by Napoleon to his officers with the words—" Voici, messieurs, le premier chasseur de l'Angleterre." We shall never know what the great man meant. At about the same time, when the Peace of Amiens was giving an opportunity for visits, Colonel Thornton went over to present Buonaparte with seventy couple of foxhounds, a fate which they surely never deserved. The

Squire's only direct connection with France must have been with such involuntary exiles as poor Jack Mytton, or even the punctilious Nimrod, taking refuge from their creditors in Calais.

Yet I feel very strongly that it would be a grave mistake for any future foreign historian to omit such works as those of Nimrod, Surtees, or "The Druid" from any considered estimate of social England in the first half of the nineteenth century. The sophisticated modern diplomat before 1914, who knew all about every country save his own, would have been as ignorant as Napoleon was about Assheton Smith, and would have been completely baffled by the Squire, whose Autobiography will now worthily take its place beside those classics of English Sport which began before Shakespeare and will continue, by the special grace of Providence, long after Osbaldeston; for they are written in the life-blood of our English country-side.

Though he was born in London, the Squire tells us nothing of the fashionable amusements of the Town, apart from whist and billiards. In the first he used to play George Payne £100 a trick and £1,000 the rubber; in the second he would play for fifty hours at a stretch without going to bed, only stopping to go to the nearest racecourse and return. His heart was really in the outdoor, open-air sports of the country which used to be the backbone of England's health and strength; and his determination to excel combined with his continuous passion for wagering to keep him infinitely more sober than the majority of rich young sportsmen of his day. He held his liquor like a gentleman when it was necessary, but he never drank too much to spoil his riding or to risk the marvellous sight that never missed a shot. He was no Jack Mytton, though he would have died almost as poor but for the devotion of one great-hearted woman who cared for his last years. His losses were due as much to generosity as to reckless gambling, and like all who spend easily he was invariably certain that good fortune was on its immediate way to him. He was ready to share anything with a friend in need, and he was the best of company all his life. The list of people who went to see him in his last years in St. John's Wood is almost as impressive as the names of his companions in the higher flights of Melton. I can neither understand nor tolerate the ignorant criticisms that have been levelled at his later years by those who have never had the heart or spirit to realise the splendour of his prime. To the young and hot-blooded the Squire's career must appeal as deeply as Tom Sebright's scream which "made you shake in your saddle." Those who have grown old will be the first to be indulgent to a man who took his fences to the last, and steadfastly refused to be buried while a spark of life was left in him.

And now that we realise a little of what he was and what he did, let us try and see what he actually looked like.

When Creevey was at Sulby (then George Payne's and now Major Guy Paget's) in 1829 he describes the house-party as follows :—

" The men we have had here are principally Pytchley ; which, in dandyism, are very second-rate to the Quorn or Melton men. Osbaldeston himself, though only five feet high, and in features like a cub fox, is a very funny little chap ; clever in his way, very good-humoured and gay, and with very good manners. I am very fond of all these lads being dressed in scarlet in the evening. It looks so gay."

There are several portraits of our hero, in this volume, and I do not think we shall all agree with Creevey's amusing and characteristic phrase about the cub fox—a literary touch, thoroughly typical of its writer's sympathy with his surroundings. Neither from the portrait for which, as Osbaldeston tells us, he reluctantly sat to *Baily's Magazine*, drawn at just the time when he was writing his Autobiography, nor from other paintings and sketches by the better artists of the time, especially Ben Marshall's, can I confirm Creevey's view. I seem to see a compact little figure, of about 5 ft. 6 in. and eleven stone, often dressed like a jockey, but almost invariably combining the benign aspect of a great sportsman with the countenance and expression of a rural dean. In the winter of 1831 he is sketched by another eye-witness as " a very short man but remarkably large about the chest, and rides with very short stirrups, and when galloping sits like a jockey. His face is good-looking, but he has lost some of his front teeth from a fall, and when he speaks you perceive it ; age apparently about forty-five ; but what makes him appear most singular is his riding in a cap, a single-breasted coat with short skirts, and one of his top-boots is made to lace up at the outside." The loss of his front teeth only annoyed him at the time, because until they were replaced he missed several days' hunting owing to being unable to blow his horn. The singular form of his top-boot was due to the terrible compound fracture of his leg caused when Sir James Musgrave jumped on him in a fast run when, in Nimrod's grim phrase, " the pace was too good to inquire."

Nimrod was there himself when it happened, and saw the Squire " on the ground with his leg broken, the bone protruding through the skin, with his boot full of blood, and with every prospect of immediate amputation being necessary. He bore it like a man, but one remarkable expression escaped him : ' I am so unlucky,' said he, having only just then recovered from another bad fall, ' that I *think* I shall give up hunting.' . . . Mr. Osbaldeston now

(1825) hunts his own hounds six days a week ! . . . It may easily be imagined that the very severe fall and its consequences could not fail to leave its impression, and Mr. Osbaldeston does not ride quite so hard as he did before his accident. . . . Many a good man, however, after what he suffered, never would have come to the post again at all ; and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon him for the very spirited manner in which he hunts the finest country in the world."

And it was not merely hunting that he resumed, with even more than his youthful enthusiasm ; it was matches across country and matches against time. Dick Christian said that, in the famous Clinker-Clasher match, all Osbaldeston asked was : " Don't jump on me if I fall." He had had enough of that, and no wonder. Christian, whose orders were to ride a waiting race, faithfully promised not to do so and kept his word. The Squire limped all his life afterwards from the effects of the wound, and no doubt lost a good deal of his wonderful endurance on his feet. When he rode his 200-mile wager, some time after the accident, an eye-witness described him as " rather below the middle size with a large and muscular frame, the legs somewhat disproportioned to the body, and appearing when on horseback to belong rather to the animal than the man, so firm and sturdy was his seat ; his weight was eleven stone."

It is pleasant to observe Creevey's more authoritative acknowledgment of the Squire's " good humour " and " very good manners." No one could possibly have done for so many years what Osbaldeston did, in the hunting field or the race-course, in steeplechasing or in shooting, in cricket, rowing or tennis, and done it all so successfully, without both good humour and good manners. It strengthens my verdict on these questions to read the courtly Nimrod's considered commendation, that the Squire " in society was affable and communicative, perfectly free from the absurdity of affectation, and just what an English country gentleman should be." Old and intimate friends like Edward Budd or Captain Ross use the same phrases, which are independently confirmed by the recorded and unqualified approval to which even the criticism of the reckless Melton bloods was melted by the character and the superb courage of one who stood as little nonsense from them as from anybody else when he was Master and his hounds were running.

Let me quote another eye-witness, " Cecil," in *Records of the Chase*. He went down about Christmastide, 1826, to stay at Melton.

" Of course I had heard of Mr. Osbaldeston's fame—of that of his hounds, his horses, and of the country. . . . I imagined that in ' The Squire ' I should

see a man of the highest fashion, ' got up ' most elaborately, and with some little affectation, and that on any occasion of his hounds being pressed upon he would be outrageous. . . . Instead of finding Mr. Osbaldeston what I had fancied, I found him attired in precisely what a Master of hounds ought to be—that is, clad in what is necessary to comfort and convenience, without any superfluous attempts at effect, and although hats were the fashion of the day for gentlemen, he wore a cap similar to those of the men ; an unassuming single-breasted coat, white cords, with top-boots, neither peculiar for their whiteness or any eccentricity of shade. . . . Of the hounds, they certainly exhibited everything and more than I had anticipated, much as I had heard in their praise and perfect as I expected them to be. The whippers-in were neat and clean, but everything apparently selected with an eye to business, for they were not half so smart as some which I had recently seen in a provincial country."

Here is a third account of the Squire given by an old servant (latterly of Hull) to Mr. Fairfax Blakeborough, who had probably collected more about George Osbaldeston than anybody before Mr. Cuming began work, and who has most kindly laid all his material at my service : " He used to have all us lads out to beat for him when he had big shooting-parties," said this ancient retainer. " He was always very cheery with us and the most generous of men. There was always a tip for us when we were beating for him, and those who were in his service were well treated and thought the world of the Squire. He was always a most particular man about his dress. He did not wear flash clothes, but what he did put on were the best, and he liked to have them made by country tailors who could cut a pair of breeches and a coat as well. That was him all over,—dealing with those among whom he lived and spending his money among the country folk. There was one bit I had to valet him and found how particular he was about his boots being right and his stock well pressed and put on smart. He had a tremendous lot of clothes, but liked the comfortable ones best and used to laugh at some of the gentlemen who came to stay, who brought a waistcoat for every day of the week, and some of them very flash ones. He was like old Sir Tatton Sykes in not liking showy things you could see a mile off."

Soon after the Squire's death Captain Horatio Ross wrote of Osbaldeston as follows :—

" I never saw the Squire ride to hounds in his best days. . . . I have always heard those who knew his riding before his leg was broken say that he was one of the hardest and straightest men across country they had ever seen."

This verdict, be it remembered, was given of one who might have been seen out any day with men like Assheton Smith, Lord Plymouth, Valentine Maher, Leicestershire White, Maxse, Saddle Campbell, Davie Baird, Holyoake, Sir Harry Goodricke or Lord Forester. Captain Ross continues :—

" As a game-shot, although I have seen as good, I never met with a better. He was both quick and accurate. He was also quite in the first flight as a pigeon-shot ; but I had more confidence in him as a game-shot than I had in him at the Red House. He never tried rifle-shooting. If he had, I have no doubt he would have excelled in that branch of shooting also. As a general sportsman—as one who went in at everything in the ' ring,' he was the best man England has produced during the present century ; and I could not say more in his praise. Besides, however, his high qualities of pluck, endurance and skill in all manly sports, he was a generous, kind-hearted, hospitable man. I lived much with him for a good many years, and I can say that during all that time I never heard him speak harshly or in any unkind way about any human being ; on the contrary, he seemed always anxious to make excuse for those who were absent. . . ."

Another friend who knew the Squire well was Edward Hayward Budd, who was just as fond of cricket and boxing and other manly exercises, and one of the hardest hitters of his day in both. " A noble fellow ; always straight ! " said Budd, when he was asked about Osbaldeston, and he knew him from the young days at Ebberston to the very end, for he was eighty-two when Osbaldeston died and when he paid the tribute I have quoted. " Sporting men who knew the Squire," said Budd on another occasion, " would require no better authority than a word from him, whose word was his bond, and whose judgment in such matters was indisputable." Budd testified also to the Squire's " proverbial good nature " in keeping on, for instance, his old gamekeeper, Osmer, long after that old retainer was incapable of the duties of his office. Budd was not likely to be influenced by the fact that he had discovered six pipes of Madeira forgotten in the cellars of Hutton Buscel after the fire, and that the Squire gave him " a hamper of it." Still, that too must have been a pleasant memory.

I will add to this the generous letter which the Squire wrote about Tom Sebright, his favourite first whip, to Viscount Milton, afterwards fifth Earl Fitzwilliam, which ensured that brilliant huntsman a good place when the Squire gave up the Pytchley. This was very kindly sent to me from Milton by his grandson and is worth giving in full :—

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON

From the Oil Painting by an unknown artist in the collection of James Montagu, Esq., of Cold Overton

My dear Lord,

I have this moment received your letter, and as I am particularly anxious that you should have the best Servant and Huntsman in England, I lose no time in answering it, to say, that Sebright is at your service whenever you may send for him. He will arrive with my small Pack near Beverly on Saturday next from Hampshire and I will tell him that there is a probability of his getting your place. I most sincerely hope he may go to you, for *he* will not get such another situation and I am sure *you* will not get such another Man (altogether). I trust you will excuse my observing that whoever the man may be that has a prior claim to Sebright, *I am certain* he will not answer your purpose so well. Butler, who hunts Mr. Leedes' Hounds offered, I understood, but he is far inferior to my man. He is very conceited and not near so civil as Sebright and has not *half* the *experience*. I know you will pardon my intrusion, for it really arises from a desire to serve you and Sebright both. If I honestly did not think Sebright more likely to suit you than any other man in England, I would not say half so much for him. I am happy to hear you have had such good sport and I hope it may continue. I am exceedingly obliged by your kind enquiries and I have no doubt next Season that I shall be able to ride as well as ever. I can spare him at the expiration of a week's notice if you desire it.

Remember me most kindly to Lord Fitzwilliam, and

Believe me ever your most truly,

George Osbaldeston.

Ebberston Lodge,
Monday, February 11th, 1822.

As a result of this, Sebright was huntsman to the Fitzwilliam (Milton) hounds from 1822 to 1861, and I am glad to put to record so good an instance of the Squire's care for his servants.

I will quote but one more contemporary, and this shall be Pierce Egan, in whom I am this time inclined to place more than usual confidence, because the dedication of his *Book of Sports and Mirror of Life* was a matter that might have seriously affected its sale, had he made any mistake; and it was dedicated in 1832 "to George Osbaldeston, Esq.," with such a flourish of laudations that I will only extract a few sentences from the address to "The Atlas of the Sporting World. Indeed, sir, I feel so strong in my opinion that the above title is correct and universally acknowledged to be such by every Sportsman from one end of the Kingdom to the other that I consider it as

three to one in my favour. . . . In every point of view in which you have been connected with the Sporting World, it is a well-known fact that the whole of your movements have rendered you conspicuous by the Game, Blood and Bone which you have displayed in them either in your own person, or in that show of excellence which has characterised the high-bred cattle under your control . . . realising a complete portrait of the thoroughbred Sportsman ; an intrepid and daring leader ; neck or nothing ; regardless of anything like fear. . . . As a Cricketer of the very first class, either with the Bat or the Ball, you have always been hailed with the greatest delight by the lovers of that manly and noble game. And upon the Water, Sir, no Gentleman

Has feathered his oar with such skill and dexterity
Winning each heart and delighting each eye. . . .

" The appellation of a Nonpariel (*sic*), a Phenomenon and an Out-and-Outer applies in every point of view to the character of George Osbaldeston, Esq., and the motto placed under it—' What Man Dare I Dare.' . . . Then, Sir, long very long, may you continue to prove the delight and ornament of the Sporting World and keep the Game alive ! "

Fashions change as to what is and what is not " good form " in various kinds of sport ; and no doubt the sterner Governing Bodies of to-day might take a stricter view than did their predecessors of several incidents in the Squire's career on the Turf. But if Lord George Bentinck, " *censor morum castigatorque*," had occasion to quarrel and even to fight a duel with Osbaldeston, what would that rigid upholder of correctitudes have thought of the racing season of the year of grace 1925 ? In other fields of sport there was never a whisper against the Squire, and it must be remembered that in his time, and certainly as near to our own days as " the Mate," things were done to win wagers which were obviously accepted by everybody concerned yet would now be universally condemned. Osbaldeston said nothing when Methuen filled the stage coach he had to drive with eighteen Lifeguardsmen, because the point of weight carried had not been considered in the wager ; and nobody else thought any more about it.

Whatever the Squire did, I feel that the heart of the man was sound, and that he was actuated by motives never dissimilar from those of the highest rank with whom he constantly associated. And he knew how to hold his own in any company—as you shall see from the dinner with Mr. Coke of Norfolk when the Duke of Sussex had come down to watch Captain Ross shoot his partridges for a wager. In the Quorn he took his right place in a list which

began with Mr. Meynell, and went on to Earl Sefton, Lord Foley, Thomas Assheton Smith, George Osbaldeston, Sir Bellingham Graham, George Osbaldeston again, Lord Southampton, Sir Harry Goodricke, and Mr. Errington. In the Pytchley, too, he was equally well placed. For he carried on the right traditions from Earl Spencer, Mr. Buller, Mr. John Warde, Lord Althorp and Sir Charles Knightley, Lord Sondes, Lord Althorp, Sir Bellingham Graham, and John Chaworth Musters. Then came Osbaldeston, who was followed by Mr. Wilkins, by his friend George Payne, and then by Lord Chesterfield.

The Squire was never one to nurse a temporary resentment, however angry he may have felt with his opponent at the time they quarrelled. Even in the case of Lord George Bentinck—perhaps the man most utterly different from himself, of all with whom he came in contact—he refrained from interfering with the election to the Bibury Club, which Lord George had indicated as agreeable to him; and a series of dignified courtesies were interchanged which only ended with Lord George's sudden death. If he had to teach Gully manners by putting a bullet through his hat, it was with Gully he had dined after his famous match against Time, and with Gully he continued friendly relations as long as he was on the Turf. During a fast burst with the Quorn, Mr. Blunt openly disobeyed him; and he sent hounds home at once; but there was no alteration in their friendship. He could be considerate for others, too, under circumstances of severe personal pain; for when he was shot in the eye one day, he said nothing until the sport was over, so that he might not diminish anybody's pleasure.

If you mix with these qualities a spirited and inexhaustible fund of merriment and chaff which made the Squire a boon companion in all circles till he was long past fifty, and a personal courage which was as unquestioned as his resolute endurance, you get nearer to the picture of the man whom the cautious Nimrod was not afraid to praise so highly; and I think I am right in saying that Osbaldeston and one other (Mr. Corbet) were the only prominent hunting men who did not at one time or another feel the irony of that caustic and experienced pen. The tales of his pluck are endless. But I need only hint at two or three examples from the pages you will soon be reading; such as his fight at Sileby with the gang of stocking-makers who assaulted Tom Sebright; or the row on Northampton Racecourse when he and his two whippers-in lined up and rode straight at the shoemakers who were making a very ugly attack; or the way he tackled Breary, the big auctioneer near Burton-on-Trent: "Get down, and I'll show you what size goes for." Here you see the varminty, hard-bitten little Yorkshireman ("a few miles further

North than you," as he once told John Scott), whose stout heart was matched by a quick temper and a fiery passion to conquer and excel. Though less than 5 ft. 6 in. and eleven stone, he boxed with Shaw, who was over 6 ft. and fifteen stone, and broke the Lifeguardsman's ribs. That shows something of "what size goes for."

But I like also to remember him on the day of that fast run in Lincolnshire when hounds had crossed the Witham above Bracebridge. As they went over, a boy on a barge lost his footing, fell into the river and sank. The Squire saw him rise, evidently nearly drowned, rode over a fence on the marshy river-bank, flung off his horse, plunged into the water, and brought the boy safe to land. And I like too to think of his gallantry to a lady at a dinner-party, inspired, I am sure, as much by desire to save her from unwarranted annoyance as by his usual and very pardonable fondness for a pretty girl. It was at a dinner-party before the County Ball at Lincoln that he met for the first time the beautiful Miss Burton, who afterwards became Lady Sutton; and it happened that Miss Cracroft, a rival beauty, proud in the possession of a remarkably fine orchid, could not refrain from twitting Miss Burton on the inferiority of her bouquet. Osbaldeston heard them. He made some excuse for leaving the dinner-party, got on horseback just as he was (a freak of which the bloods of the day were particularly fond on less excusable pretexts) and forthwith rode twenty-five miles to the conservatory where an even finer flower was to be got. After a four-hours' ride, at night, he was in time to give Miss Burton her innocent triumph at the Ball supper, where she wore the Squire's tribute and no doubt saw that Miss Cracroft was aware of it. A small matter it may be—but a characteristic one, and only possible to one who wished to be kind and was willing to stand the very considerable test of horsemanship and strength it needed.

These latter qualities he seemed to take for granted; for on one occasion, when he was still Master of the Pytchley, he had done about thirty miles in three good runs, after which he hacked over to Northampton, got a fresh horse and rode down to Cambridge to dance at a Ball which was evidently a great attraction to him—and I may interpolate that his rendering of a Highland Reel on such occasions was always cheered by everybody present. When the Ball was over, he rode and posted back to Sulby in time for the next Meet, killed two foxes in a hunt that lasted all day, and rode back fourteen miles to dinner. As the *Times* so rightly said, in the leading article it published on the discovery of this Autobiography, "He might have spent his life and certainly his money better. But he had one great quality. The bruisers of

his youth would have called it ' bottom ' ; to-day we call it ' pluck,' or by an even homelier name. It compels homage, for many envy it bitterly and no man dare despise it in his heart." One of the best tributes of the kind ever uttered was about that daring rough-rider Dick Christian, whom the Squire beat in the famous steeplechase, the only feat in which he ever acknowledged he was tired. Captain Becher, as generous a critic as he was brave and capable in the saddle, said : " If I had Christian's nerve I would give all I had in the world."

When the Squire died, just sixty years ago, one of the newspapers in its obituary notice bewailed the fact that " the fatigue which two generations ago our fathers and grandfathers unflinchingly sustained, and the endurance they showed in the saddle, would be fatal to the effeminate constitutions and flaccid muscles of their degenerate descendants. The England over which Mr. Osbaldeston hunted and shot is passing rapidly away, and with it are disappearing the memories of scenes that will never be repeated. Some future Walter Savage Landor may arise to recall Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gully, General Anson, and Mr. Osbaldeston to our notice, discussing, in a dialogue of the dead, such passages of sporting history as the Houghton Meeting of 1831. Meantime we have to record that a veteran, who was almost the last link that bound us to the times of Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Egremont, Sir John Shelley, and the Duke of York has gone to rest."

I do not endorse that sempiternal outcry against the degeneracy of youth in which so many elderly historians (of sport and other matters) feel bound to indulge. But I must point out that the Squire is a capital example of that much-abused " Early Victorian " era which numerous writers of the present day deride without knowing anything about it, or possessing a tenth of its good qualities themselves, or even being able to hold their teaspoonful of port like gentlemen. The Squire could no doubt have drunk most people under the table nowadays. But he constantly kept fit, or he could never have won these multifarious wagers which made their call not merely on an iron constitution but on a resolute command over himself. For he was by no means the reckless daredevil that Barrymore showed himself at one end of an epoch and Jack Mytton at the other. He lost his money, as George Payne and Holyoake and so many other of his hard-riding friends did. But he did not die in a debtor's prison. The fact that he was preserved from penury or even discomfort in his last years by the tender solicitude of Mrs. Williams, the " dear and faithful wife " of the first sentences of his Memoirs, is to my mind a testimony, and an entirely unconscious one, to qualities of heart and temperament that deserve the fullest recognition.

I confess, however, to wishing I could have seen him and George Payne, as they rode out from Sulby to the meet one morning, and found Miss Payne distributing religious tracts in the village. Their consternation and bewilderment are most unfeignedly depicted in the Squire's account of this misguided lady. But whatever life he may have lived, he refused to scoff at religion when he drew towards its close; nor would he suffer anybody else to do so without protest. Yet Francis Lawley has put on record that in 1865, among those who were visiting the old gentleman in St. John's Wood, were not only George Payne himself, but Stirling Crauford, Little Gilmour, Captain Brabazon, and no doubt many another of the friends he never lost. They all had nicknames for him: "Little Ossey," "The Moonlight Hunter," "Georgium Sidus," "The Hercules Horseman," and so forth. No one who is disliked is called by nicknames of this kind, and the origin of his best known one, "the Squire," was always said to be that he was the first commoner to hunt the Quorn when Leicestershire was full of the sprigs of nobility who ought to have been (as Nimrod says) looking after their own districts.

Nimrod himself, however, does not give this origin for "the Squire." "He resides," says our fox-hunting chronicler, "at Ibberston Hall (*sic*), between York and Scarborough, where he has very fine estates; and though the name of Osbaldeston is one of which most men would be proud, yet being, I suppose, deemed awkward to halloo to, he is better known among his Leicestershire friends by the familiar appellation of 'the Squire.'" In fact, this was not a nickname; it is an honourable territorial distinction honourably won long before he hunted the Quorn and lasting long after his death, very much as was the case with the late Lord Chaplin. The many tributes to Osbaldeston in verse are equally significant; from the elaborate classicalisms composed to go beneath his portrait in the *Sporting Magazine* (January 1836), to the cheery stanzas, written be it noted in spite of his own defeat, by General Charritie after the Match against Time. I quote a few lines from these because they show that Lord Chaplin was right in putting the accent on the third syllable of Osbaldeston's name, as the Williams family and other Osbaldestons do to this day.

Have you heard of the match
Where such oceans of cash
Were won by the great Osbaldeston,
Where twenty blood prads
Led by twenty smart lads
Were prepared and appointed by Weston . . .

And again :

. . . Awaiting Mick Weston
And George Osbaldeston
Now christened the Harlequin God . . .

I think that ought to settle both contemporary and modern pronunciation.

It was in 1848 that Lawley, then at Oxford, first met Osbaldeston in the Rutland Arms at Newmarket, and heard him talk of the Yorkshire coverts, of the good scent in the Holderness country, of the heavy plough in the York and Ainsty, and of Rifleman, that beautiful colt by Touchstone who lost the Leger by bad luck and won the Doncaster Stakes against better company two days later. Racing monopolises the opening of the Autobiography begun soon after that conversation, as was only natural in a writer who must have been still smarting from the loss of nearly a quarter of a million of money on the Turf. In 1811 his racing colours were Green, Black Cap, and he afterwards had the jacket made of dark green velvet. In 1831 he rode his 200-mile match in purple silk jacket, black velvet cap, doeskin breeches and top-boots, and began it on his own mare Emma. He rode at eleven stone, and the saddles were covered with lambskin, and marked with the names of the horses and the order in which they were to be used. In 1853 his colours on the Turf showed a Primrose Cap. Next year he had Green, Red Cap, colours which Mrs. Osbaldeston also used in 1857. His obituary notice published in the *Field* says that apart from his jockeyship in flat-racing, he was "*quite at the top of the tree in steeplechasing when the courses were unflagged, for he could pick his country better than any of his contemporaries : it was to this as well as to his horsemanship that his victories with Clinker, Pilot and Grimaldi were due.*"

The Clinker match is the one to which I have already referred when the Squire, on his good-looking brown of 15.3, which he picked up cheap from a Lincolnshire farmer, beat Dick Christian on Clasher, a short thoroughbred bay of great power, over sixteen hands and up to fourteen stone, with a long lean head and very high-tempered, which Captain Ross had bought for 1,000 guineas from Mr. Holyoake. On Grimaldi he beat Mr. Seffert on Moonraker, after the verdict had gone the other way, just before, in a big steeplechase. Again, on Grimaldi, he beat the redoubtable Captain Becher on General Charritie's grey Napoleon for 500 guineas over the Dunchurch country. As an umpire either in matches across country or in a steeplechase his services were constantly in demand, and contemporary prints show that on these occasions, even in a top-hat and frock-coat (which he detested), he generally held his own with the best of the competitors.

The Turf, which was the diversion of the few in Osbaldeston's time, has to-day become the pastime of the multitude. We no longer see a dozen or so representatives of the county families cantering about on their hacks and supplementing from horseback the ante-post betting they had begun long before. Newmarket was a desert compared to what we see this year. Matches have disappeared, and match-riding is a lost art, and we shall never again see such a sight as Fred Archer sitting back with a long light rein and driving his horse before him to victory in the last two hundred yards. Since the enormous increase in the number and value of races, an owner naturally prefers racing for a rich prize to risking his own money; and in one sense, therefore, the racehorse has become more of a money-making machine than ever he was; for, in the old days, Scott would never have dreamt of interrupting a Derby winner's preparation for the St. Leger by entering for inducements similar to those of Kempton Park or Sandown; indeed he used often to say that even Goodwood might easily be fatal to Doncaster. But the old-fashioned system of long sweats, constant physic, blood-letting, and so forth, sounds like the mediæval methods of a barber-surgeon in comparison with the delicate skill of modern trainers, though, no doubt, drastic measures were necessary when nearly every horse was expected to stay at least two or three miles, while nowadays we never seem surprised to learn that a classic favourite cannot last even a mile and a half. Moreover, Osbaldeston never saw races run as is the fashion now. The jockeys he knew would usually take the first part at a smart canter and only go "hell for leather" in the straight. Our young jockeys (who ride like a monkey on a stick and fly in aeroplanes from one meeting to another) have to race from end to end and learn the subtle mystery of "waiting in front." And that difference is reflected in the extraordinary change which has come about in the personality and the actual duties of a trainer.

Three main reasons, I think, may be given for the alterations here recorded: facilities of transport, the powers of the Press, the vast increase in betting. Sums infinitely larger than any of those which helped to ruin the Squire and his immediate successors are now staked on a single victory at an ordinary meeting. But whereas his money represented large individual wagers, ours is made up of a multitude of insignificant transactions which swell the total to gigantic figures. Even when one of the old school, not so very long ago, stood to win £100,000 some time before the event, upon a classic race, the horse selected never moved a point in the betting. Osbaldeston's friend George Payne has left no descendant. Such names as Hastings, Merry or Hawley

are unknown to the Ring. Though railways and motor-cars have crowded every racecourse to its full capacity, the great majority of the bets have been laid by people who never saw a race and never want to. In 1879 Disraeli wrote to Lady Bradford about his valet's betting as if it were a novel proceeding. Nowadays, the agent for the local bookmaker calls for orders at every area gate and calls again to settle up on Mondays. Nor did Osbaldeston's sporting Press represent anything in the least commensurate with the volume of well-organised and well-expressed information we can gather from almost every morning and evening newspaper to-day. The effect of that, and of advertisements almost equalling it in attractiveness and bulk, is quite incalculable. "*Notre Crédulité fait toute leur science*," is an aphorism even more true now than it was to Voltaire; nor have I made any mention of the lures of "starting-price offices," of special codes, of telephones and wireless—all of which tend to concentrate betting on the day of the race, to bring a horse to a short price very quickly, and therefore to produce light betting at cramped odds. It must be many decades since there has been a yearling book on the Derby.

In any comparison of our own shooting with the times when the Squire and Captain Ross were making records, the weapon is the first condition which must be borne in mind; and it is difficult to conceive any improvement on the efficiency of the best guns used on game to-day. Think of the old, slow, clumsy and untrustworthy muzzle-loading flintlock, when the shooter had to stand still for every shot and go through an elaborate process of loading from flasks, belts and wad-cases before he could fire again; and when he fired, there was an appreciable moment of time between the instant of pulling the trigger and the instant when the shot left the muzzle. If the priming was damp or blown away by the wind, the gun could not be fired at all. It is indeed difficult to understand how the best game shots of, say, a hundred years ago could deal effectively with snipe or any bird of difficult and erratic flight. Yet the Squire's wonderful accuracy at snipe is one of the best known things recorded of him. I can only suppose there must have been some kind of mental process by which the sportsman allowed for the moment when the shot would leave the barrel rather than for the moment when he pressed the trigger; he must have swung on the bird or followed its flight with the muzzle of his gun while making that allowance. Used as we are to the instantaneous discharge of a perfect breech-loading hammerless ejector as soon as the gun is lifted to the shoulder, it seems at first sight a miracle that Osbaldeston could manage his inferior weapon so effectively even with the early cartridges which

he tells us were used at Mr. Coke's in Norfolk, or in Colonel Anson's match at Milden Hall with Captain Ross, and I cannot omit the question of the powder. Writing to Budd about the latter match on November 16th, 1828, the Squire says: "I was told by Sir F. Mackenzie that Anson said that cartridges were not to be used." But after much palaver, "it was declared that it should be shot with cartridges on Monday the 10th, and Anson went to London for them. . . . I declared I would shoot either of them next morning for one hundred *with shot or cartridge*."

Our smokeless powder in a perfect cartridge never obscures the shooter's vision; but the Squire had only the black powder that on close and windless days hung in front of the muzzles and blinded the owner's second barrel. It is curious to realise that even a second barrel was rare. In its obituary notice of John Holt of Tottenham, a great sportsman in Osbaldeston's shooting period, the *Sporting Magazine* writes: "So true a lover of fair play would have scorned to use a double barrel"; and the Squire himself never, I believe, mentions them, though a contemporary journalist saw him use them in a pigeon-shooting match.

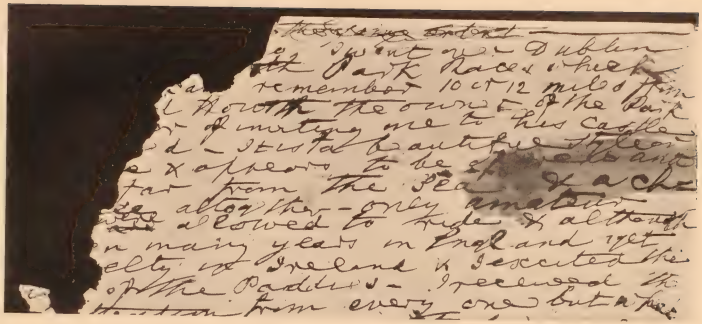
Then let us take the crops. Walking up grouse to-day may not be very different, as regards conditions of heather, from what it was a hundred years ago. But the crops of arable fields are a very different matter. We cut our cornfields as bare as a lawn, while in Hawker's and Osbaldeston's day the sickle left the corn standing inches high, and the stubble provided perfectly good cover in which to walk up birds; in fact, partridges did not see guns until they were actually shot at. To-day we manœuvre to show ourselves so as to move coveys from bare stubble into cover where they can be approached. Probably the birds of to-day are wilder than they were a century ago, or, at all events, become wilder earlier in the season. This leads me to the vital difference that all our ancestors' game, even pheasants, was walked up, whereas to-day we should not consider a walked-up pheasant worth shooting. To kill a hundred walked-up partridges or pheasants with a hundred shots is a very different achievement from killing a hundred driven partridges or pheasants with an even number of cartridges. Lastly, we must consider the actual physical powers of the shooter himself. The records as regard stamina and versatility which stand to the credit of men like Osbaldeston or Hawker show that they were certainly not inferior to our best men to-day. Probably, since the human frame varies little in its capacities from generation to generation, unless specially trained, and since the modern shot undergoes no special course of self-improvement which was unknown to his ancestor, we are no

GEORGE OSBALDESTON WITH HIS FAVOURITE DOGS

From the Engraving by R. Woodman after Ben Marshall.
Lent by the courtesy of Mr. H. F. Osbaldeston.

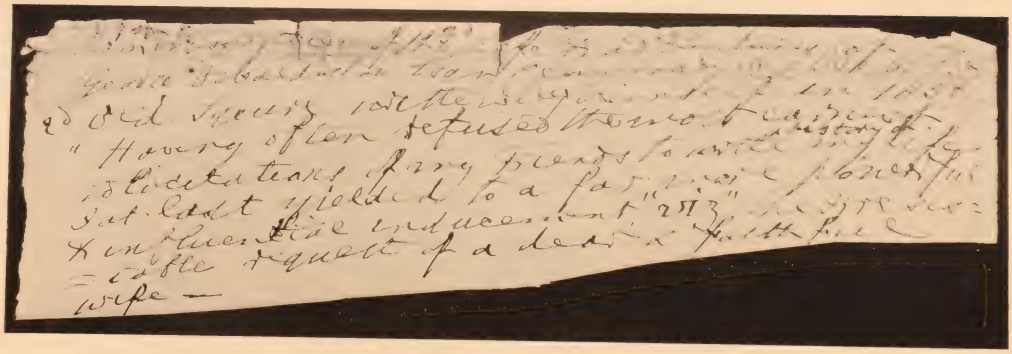
George Osbaldeston

The Portrait for which the Squire sat when writing his Memoirs.
Engraved by Joseph Brown, after a Photograph by J. Watkins.
Lent by the courtesy of "Baily's Magazine."



FACSIMILE OF PART OF OSBALDESTON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Reproduced from his original MS., in the possession of Mr. G. H. Williams of Chippenham.



FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF OSBALDESTON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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better qualified to shoot well than was the sportsman of a hundred years ago; and certainly we do not usually take so much trouble to get fit as Osbaldeston reveals. To put the whole matter quite shortly, our best shots make their records with first-rate guns under conditions often extremely difficult; the best shots of a century gone made their records under easy conditions with very poor guns.

But it is hunting that is the sport with which, in spite of his unconquerable versatility, the name and fame of Osbaldeston and his Furrier will be longest and most honourably connected. There is nothing to-day quite so isolated in its splendour as the Melton of Nimrod's suave appreciations of the Quorn. The best 200 hunters in the country are no longer concentrated in one corner of "The Shires." I think there are far more first-rate horses across a country in the England of to-day than ever Osbaldeston knew; and from hunter-classes at the Shows to the hunting-field itself there is plenty of evidence that the rank and file are immeasurably better mounted than when every hunt outside the Quorn could only boast a few good horses. One result is that far more people can see a really good day through than was formerly the case. Mr. Charles Richardson ("Shotley") tells me that in 1872 he was lucky enough to get into a great hunt with the Heythrop, which was fully described in the *Field* by the late Foster Melliar, then its secretary, some twenty years ago. There were at least a hundred present when a fox was found, and only four or five at the end of a twelve-mile point into Warwickshire. Just before the War he was again in a great hunt with the Tynedale, when there was a field of 250, after a Ball. The fox of the big run was not found till after two o'clock, and no doubt many had gone home. Hounds ran over the great grass pastures for an hour and thirty-five minutes. They covered seventeen miles of country, making an eight-mile point, and twenty-four were well up with hounds when the fox went to ground. It is interesting to know that, as a small boy in the Easter of 1865, Mr. Richardson talked to the old Squire, in St. John's Wood, about the hunting near Hutton Buscel and Ebberston, with which both were so familiar. Osbaldeston spoke freely of all kinds of sport, but never mentioned his own performances. When he was hunting, either many riders were far too hard on their horses or their judgment was at fault. In any case I do not seem to hear so much now of horses dropping dead, or being foundered in the hunting-field, as was common in Osbaldeston's time. Dick Christian told "The Druid" even more about the exhaustion of the horses in the great match between Clinker and Clasher than the Squire says in the chapters which follow. We should not think much of the stamina of an animal which had

to have water dashed in its face while it was held up by the crowd at the finish of a Grand National. Perhaps one reason for the general improvement is to be found in our use of the clipping-machine, and in our refusal to keep our hunters in stables that are too warm for them; and another may be that our hunters are all bred from the racehorse, and there is no doubt that the racehorse has improved since Osbaldeston's day.

The character of every field has altered so much (from both ends) that the Squire would scarcely realise what was happening at a meet in these times. Not only has the old squirearchy, for many unfortunate reasons, almost ceased to be the backbone to the sport it used to be, but hunting has become a far more democratic recreation as a whole. The accompanying crowds, on motors or bicycles and on foot, are bigger. The field not only of horsemen but of horsewomen is far larger in "provincial" countries, and probably as numerous as it used to be in the Shires in Osbaldeston's day. Railways and motor-cars have also had their cumulative effect on the possibilities of getting to a meet well outside the ancient radius of a man's own home. Whereas in the old days you would see the "nobility and gentry," farmers, and those few country residents who were lawyers, doctors, parsons or agents from the nearest towns, now you see what Nimrod would have called "Tom, Dick and Harry," with their wives and daughters, and the modern M.F.H. cannot afford to disregard them in times when the whole question of hunt-finance and hunt-relationships has altered. Osbaldeston's population was not only considerably smaller, but his possible areas for hunting were far wider, and he was cramped neither by constant wire nor by the continuous extension of suburban dwellings from every manufacturing or social centre; and when he used the roads they had not been adapted to a purpose so entirely different that they are now almost completely unsuitable for horses.

Nor must I forget the question of hounds. For at least two generations since the Squire resigned his last pack—his "children" as he so affectionately calls them—hound-breeding has been conducted on scientific principles nearly everywhere, chiefly as the result of well-managed and well-appreciated shows. He may have known half a dozen kennels in which as much attention was paid to breeding as in his own; but it is my belief that, with all the comparative disadvantages under which they labour in the field, hounds of to-day would never do as well as they undoubtedly do if they were not faster than the Squire's, especially on a good scenting day. Whether this be true or not—and it is an endless argument—it is certain that the blood of Osbaldeston Furrier is in nearly all our best, and I mention that great sire only to combat the somewhat

too prevalent opinion (based on some mistakes of Nimrod, and some breezy but unbalanced phrases of Dick Christian) that Osbaldeston only cared for hard riding. On the contrary, he was emphatically a hound man, who could always ride ahead of his field when he wished, but who cared far more to see hounds working well than to race anyone across country when a fox was found. "I want to show a run," he writes himself; "my whole thoughts are with the hounds. Riding is quite secondary to that."

Surtees will be accepted, I suppose, as good evidence. This is what he said after a visit to the Squire's pack: "I like Jack Stevens. In my opinion he is just what a whipper-in ought to be. He is not one of your fine-talking, half-gentleman, half-servant sort of fellow, but a man who knows his place and keeps there—speaks of his master as his master—is civil and obliging to everyone—and though allowedly one of the very first-rate hands with horses and hounds in England, is as quiet and unassuming as if he had never entered a kennel or crossed a horse in his life. . . . One day after we had lost our fox . . . a young clerical observed to Jack that they were running a hare at the time we thought they were getting on terms with their fox. '*A hare!*' said Stevens with the utmost astonishment. 'It's *impossible*, sir.' 'I don't know what you think is possible,' said the gentleman, 'but those men at work at the hedge said they viewed her.' 'It couldn't be, sir,' said Jack. 'But I tell you the men *saw* her,' said the gentleman. 'I don't care for that, sir,' said Jack. 'It was the old hounds that were working it, and I would rather believe them four and five-year-old hunters than all the men in England!'"

In 1825 Nimrod rode over one day with Captain Ross, Mr. Grant and Mr. Douglas to visit the Squire and see his hounds at Quorndon Hall: "We found Mr. Osbaldeston in the Kennel accompanied by Sir Harry Goodricke and Mr. Coke. After looking over the old hounds we proceeded to view the young ones; and here I am bound to say I never saw so fine an entry in one Kennel, consisting of no less than thirty-four couples . . . all of them made for speed . . . every hound in the pack was formed by nature to go fast, and also formed for strength . . . they stand pressing uncommonly well and are very obedient to command." On April 6th, in that year, Nimrod rode to the meet at Six Hills; and then "went with Mr. Osbaldeston to Quorn, and although past seven o'clock when we arrived there, looked over the young hounds before we fed." The next day he rode a charming horse of Mr. Osbaldeston's called Blucher, and concludes with the verdict, "that Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds are *as good as hounds can be*, I think no sportsman who has seen them will deny."

Let us remember also that Osbaldeston had hunted, as he put on record before his death, the Burton and the Spilsby in Lincolnshire; Mr. Muster's in Notts; Lord Vernon's in Derbyshire; the Atherstone and the Holderness in Yorkshire; the Thurlow in Suffolk; the Quorn; the Pytchley; and the Hambledon in Hampshire. If we add the time he hunted his own Harriers as a boy, we get the total he gives us, of nearly thirty-five years, during which he hunted hounds himself and bred them himself. Mr. Robert Vyner, who knew very well what he was talking about and had followed hounds for over half a century, bore testimony that "there was none to be compared with Mr. Osbaldeston's for speed, stoutness and general attributes in hunting. . . . They were the finest-tempered hounds in the world. I never met with a pack that would stand all the riding, driving, noise and steam of the horses, caused by a too eager field, better than they did, and go on working amongst the horses and hitting and keeping the line as they would. Such perfection was not attained by chance; nor was the brilliant sport these hounds showed nearly every day they went out attained (or attainable) by any other means than a good and determined system in chase, added to a thorough knowledge of the science of breeding." The truth is that a man could not have hunted ten different countries, grass, plough and woodland, for so long a time with such uniform success if he had not known a good deal more about hounds than has been sometimes understood. He was invariably patient with the pack and realised what each new country wanted. So his Atherstone hounds never paid any attention to being ridden over by the Meltonians; and when he went to the Pytchley he took $4\frac{1}{2}$ couple Rockets, 3 couple Vanquishers, and $26\frac{1}{2}$ couple Furriers. He knew what that blood meant, and one day some years before, he brought the bitch pack (nearly all by Furrier) to Kirby Gate, saying: "There, gentlemen, there they are. I have bred these beauties to please you. Ride over them if you can." As Lord Bathurst tells us in his new book on breeding, Furrier goes back in the fourth generation in tail male to Meynell Guzman (1796), but his pedigree consists mostly of Belvoir blood with two good strains of Badminton and one in tail female to the famous Brocklesby Doxey (1803). His blood in fact was the result of as marvellous an alchemy as that of Eclipse; and to Osbaldeston we owe it that it has proved almost as valuable.

What was thought by sober critics of the "mad Meltonians" has been immortalised by Ferneley in that clever and popular caricature (now almost unknown) called sometimes the "Hunt Scurry" and sometimes "Scene near Melton." I have traced the original pencil sketch and at least four copies

(all identical) of this same painting, all done by the artist. That it was not so much exaggerated as may appear is evident from the famous set of Alkens done to illustrate Nimrod's *Quarterly* article and reproduced in these pages. Everyone is racing alongside and round the pack, just like a Grand National with hounds on the course. But the Squire in his cap is in his right place. I think one of the finest hunting pictures ever painted is another example of Ferneley, now in the collection of Major Mervyn Thorneycroft, which represents the Squire on Assheton taking a fence side by side with Holyoake, while Sir Harry Goodricke, nearer the foreground, is just rising at a gate. The glorious stride and strength of Assheton are magnificently rendered, as he flies his fence with ears cocked and with just that confident spirit of determination in the set of his head and shoulders which unites man and horse not merely physically but in the combined effort of heart and will and resolute courage that gives to hunting its highest and most lasting charm.

No male heir was born in wedlock to that sturdy little horseman, though I have no doubt he was as good a sire as his beloved Furrier; but the whole world of all-round English sportsmanship is filled with the spiritual descendants of a man who seems to have combined in one comparatively small anatomy the characteristics for which we should now have to blend Lord Lonsdale and Lord Desborough with Mr. E. B. Michell, and still have something over. It is not too much to say that for well-nigh a hundred years that world has waited for his own words concerning those many and amazing feats of skill and endurance "in which," as he says, "I indulged and excelled until Nature forsook me." Most fortunately he did write of these things with his own hand before it was too late. For long it had been thought that such a manuscript must have existed. At last, thanks to Mr. E. D. Cuming (to whom hunting men already owe the Life of Surtees), it has been brought to light. It is headed: "Remeniscences (*sic*) of the Life and Adventures of George Osbaldeston, Esq: (commonly called the Old Squire) written by himself in 1856." That would be in his seventy-first year, and he declares that he only becomes an author at the "irresistable (*sic*) request of a dear and faithful wife"; of the wife, let me again remind you, who saved the remnant of his fortune and kept him happy till he died. His task was naturally intermittent. In fact it lasted until October 10th, 1862, when he makes a most appropriate conclusion with the words: "I finished this day a history of my life which I made a present to Mr. John Williams, the only son of my wife Elizabeth."

Mr. G. H. Williams, of Chippenham, who fortunately still possessed the

ancient papers given him by his father, the aforesaid John Williams, showed the " Remeniscences " first to Mr. G. D. Armour, and then to Mr. Cuming; and with the advantage of the latter's industrious transcription and valuable annotations, I now have the honour to introduce them to the public in a permanent and worthy form, after printing them for the first time in the *Field*.

Besides the actual Autobiography, Mr. Cuming has been able to rescue a large number of signed autograph letters; from these and from other sources it has been possible completely to establish the authenticity and the handwriting of these invaluable chapters, and I shall be acquitted of discourtesy to living authors if I suggest that no single essay, of the many that have appeared till now, contains the facts of Osbaldeston's extraordinary career as his contemporaries would have wished to see them, and as he alone has been able to describe them.

I should like here to guarantee the accuracy and completeness with which Mr. Cuming has done his work. I have handled, examined, and read the manuscript itself, and its condition very clearly demonstrated the timeliness of its discovery. In another year or two the rats and mice would have devoured it all. Even as it is, many a good story which might have brightened a thousand English homes has gone to nourish vermin. But by far the greater part remains. The losses are carefully noted as they occur. Not only were many pages missing, but many more were transposed, the numbering lost, the original intention quite obscured. But the frequent occurrence of the words " *copied to this point* " are an indication that we have here the first rough draft of a more polished original that remains unknown. We are, in my opinion, all the more fortunate in that condition of affairs, because we can now see the first vital impressions which the author immediately set down. In any case Mr. Cuming has been able to arrange the whole matter in an intelligible order (giving dates where it was advisable), to divide it into chapters, and to include a few additional sheets in the possession of another member of the family, which were found while the Autobiography was being published every week in the *Field*. I feel sure also that the publishers would wish me to add their gratitude to my own for the generous help afforded to them, and to the Editor of the *Field*, in the way of illustrations by contemporary artists. This book contains several original paintings and drawings which have never appeared in any volume before; and the examples of Ferneley are particularly valuable, because very few prints were ever done from his paintings, and those which appear here have been lent for reproduction from private collections which reveal an almost unknown

and certainly unrealised treasure-trove from the Augustan age of English sporting art. A separate Note has been added on the value of these pictures.

Let me leave you, now, to the old Squire himself, who writes of his achievements, as the *Times* says, in the article I have already quoted: "*not without a twinkle of satisfied remembrance, but in a subdued tone and a simple, direct style. He possesses the art which George Borrow so much admired in the authors of Newgate Trials, that of* ' telling a plain story.' *One sentence may be quoted.* ' A party of us would dine at the Star and Garter, and we generally got drunk; under these conditions we sometimes got into fights and rows.' *Both in matter and manner it is extraordinarily like the sentence which Borrow held to be* ' a masterpiece of the narrative style, so concise and yet so very clear.' *Though he wrote his reminiscences to please his wife, he impresses us as telling the truth.*" He has not the style of either Nimrod or Borrow, but he can be even more direct and almost always more practical. What we might have liked, and shall never have now "The Druid" is dead, is a little more of that glowing metaphor which such huntsmen as Will Goodall could quite unconsciously employ—telling us how they "screamed over the fallows," had a "blazing hour," or "blew him up in the open," and then "raced into him and ate him."

But it remains true that no one can tell you quite as the Squire does about his favourite hunters, Assheton, Elmhirst, Shamrock; his beloved pointer Mark; his black-and-white hound Vaulter (certain to be a "good" one because he swallowed the mistress's Prayer-book when he was being walked in Yorkshire), of whom he said: "My Vaulter is perfect and never told a lie in his life"; or his Vanquisher, the most beautiful of all Dick Burton's kennel. With him you shall breathe the very atmosphere of the hunting-fields he knew, and see with him "at least 200 well-mounted men" eager for sport at the covert-side, and follow them—too heedless of the cry "'Ware hounds!"—as they dash to the front in their anxiety to get well away. At the first check, after a terrific burst of nineteen minutes, only fourteen are near the huntsman. At the flooded Whissendine seven take the water in his stride, three stop short, three find themselves in the middle of it—"but the pace is too good to inquire." At the kill in the big grass field Osbaldeston's "who-whoop!" is echoing as far as Cottesmore—aye, farther still; and the brave sound of it has not yet fallen into silence.

THEODORE A. COOK

December 1925.

A NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

By Theodore A. Cook

We sadly need someone to do for our English Sporting Pictures what Salomon Reinach did for French Prehistoric Art. We want a *catalogue raisonné* of all known originals and engravings, together with a small outline reproduction of each and a key to all the portraits of men or animals it contains. Of recent volumes on the subject, neither " British Sporting Artists," the very beautiful volume by Mr. Shaw Sparrow, nor the late Captain Siltzer's " Story of British Sporting Prints " can be said to fulfil this particular need. Each had a different object and both are useful. But I shall scarcely refer to either in what little I have to say, for this modest Note is not only confined to the pictures and the artists whose works appear in the pages which follow, but is also as far as possible restricted to such information as may be fairly considered either new or at any rate unknown to the majority of collectors. It should, therefore, in this place, be useful to all my readers, especially as I am fortunate enough, owing to the kindness of various owners, to be able to give the correct key to several pictures hitherto uncertainly described.

Of these latter I will take the most interesting first, for it will serve as a natural introduction to the artist of whom I have most to say. Ferneley's long and narrow painting known alternatively as " The Hunt Scurry " and " Scene near Melton " is in its way unique. The reproduction in colour in these pages was done from the picture in Miss Warrender's collection in London, which was painted by Ferneley in 1839 for Sir Hugh Hume Campbell (Miss Warrender's grandfather) after the painting previously done for Mr. Little Gilmour and now in the possession of General Gordon Gilmour near Edinburgh. This latter has the following names on the frame :—" F. Holyoak Goodrick Esqre on Alphabet ; Col: Maxse on Baron (a hunter subsequently painted separately by the artist) ; Valentine Maher ; Parson Empson ; Lord Charles Manners ; George Osbaldeston ; William Coke on Advance." This painting was seen in Ferneley's studio by " The Druid," who calls it " A sort of caricature of hard riding in which Sir Francis Holyoake on his white-legged chestnut

Brilliant is to catch the fox." This " white-legged chestnut " seems to have disappeared, and in the versions I know is replaced by another horse. As is shown in one of the enlargements given of two separate groups in the picture, hounds are going one way and the field the other. In the right-hand corner Billy Coke, the hero of the partridge-match at Holkham with Ross, and the gentleman after whom the well-known billycock hat was named, is seen on Advance, who always turned round and kicked the first gate to bits before a good run. It is probable, in my opinion, that the first copy of this painting is neither Miss Warrender's nor General Gordon Gilmour's, but that ordered for Mr. Maxse and now in the collection of General Sir Ivor Maxse in Sussex; and it is from this that the two enlarged selections mentioned above were taken. A fourth copy is in the possession of Mr. E. A. Wiener, of Rossett, Denbighshire, signed and dated 1843, which was bought at a sale, and I know no more of it except that its size (48 inches by 11 inches) and its composition are the same as the three earlier examples.

Just before this book was published, I was able to find the original sketch from which all four were taken, in the collection of Major Guy Paget of Sulby, George Payne's old house in the Pytchley country and not far from Captain George Drummond's Pitsford, where Squire Osbaldeston himself resided. In this appropriate home I found in an old album a sheet of drawing-paper with the pencil sketch of the whole scene. Beneath it are the names, in Ferneley's handwriting:—" Mr. Holyoake on Brilliant; J. Maxse Esq; V. Maher Esq;—Green Esq.; Gge Osbaldeston Esq." Across the top of the composition is written " *La chasse au Renard Moderne*," which suggests that Ferneley originally thought of this as one of the many series in which it was then fashionable to give the titles both in French and English. But I know of no engraving of the painting, and no other examples besides those mentioned. It must have been very popular at the time. What would be thought nowadays of the picture of a well-known sportsman braining a hound I cannot imagine. The figure marked " Parson Empson " in General Gordon Gilmour's copy was evidently meant to be Mr. Green by Ferneley. But the change was a very natural one. Sir Harry Goodrick was born in 1797 and died in 1833. He was never married, and his property went to Mr. Francis Holyoake, who took the name of Holyoake-Goodrick, married George Payne's sister, became a baronet and member of Parliament, and died in 1865. It has been most interesting to find that this " Hunt Scurry " is not the only instance of Ferneley's adventures in caricature. The paintings of Count Sandor's exploits, though highly amusing (like Loraine Smith's work) are records of actual occurrences.

But the painting in Mr. George Brudenell's collection has just the same spirit of fun as the "Scurry." It represents Lord Cardigan on The Dandy leading the field, with four other horses—White-stockings, Jerry, Shephard, and Langar, each ridden by "an unknown"—not far behind; while all the other riders have come to grief in the distance. It is a charming composition full of atmosphere and breezy landscape.

Apart from their very high merits as paintings, the value of the examples of Ferneley here given is that, as far as I know, and with only one exception, they appear here for the first time in any book. Comparatively few prints were ever done from his work, and these are chiefly Racing pictures, for which he was specially gifted, as no one of his day could draw so lifelike a portrait of a horse or a hound. This is why I draw attention to his portraits of that magnificent hunter, Assheton, whom I shall have to mention later; and of Furrier (1820) in the centre of Miss Guest's splendid painting of the Quorn in 1825, here given in colour. That celebrated foxhound sire is seen again, by himself, in a black-and-white picture in Mr. H. F. Osbaldeston's collection, which must be a reproduction of one of Ferneley's sketches for Miss Guest's painting, as the similarity is exact. He is also shown (or perhaps a son of his) in the sketch by Ambrose Isted (whose clever drawings are far too little known) which "The Druid" published in "Silk and Scarlet," with the title of "A Recollection of the Quorn and Pytchley in 1832." It depicts Sir Harry Goodrick, of the first famous pack, talking from horseback to the Squire (then of the Pytchley), who looks very small on foot.

This necessitates a small digression on the Squire's portraits, and I doubt if we shall find a better representation of his prime than the one I have just mentioned in the big Ferneley group. But of his old age incomparably the finest is that in which Joshua Dighton (whom we shall meet again as the draughtsman of the "Twenty Tophats") almost rivals the older master of the same name in a character-sketch which I am convinced is both accurate and lifelike. There are other portraits, including one by the older Dighton which has been supposed to be George, but is really his ancestor Humphrey Osbaldeston; some youthful sportsmen of doubtful provenance; and a few others too well known to need further mention here. The best have been selected from the list given at the end of this note, and I like Ferneley's best of all except Ben Marshall's.

In full action, in the hunting-field, the Squire is by Ferneley again depicted, probably with greater truth and certainly with greater skill than by any other contemporary artist, even if I include the splendid series of paintings, here

reproduced in colour, by Henry Alken, illustrating " Nimrod's " celebrated article on a run with the Quorn in the *Quarterly*. The Ferneley to which I refer is as little known as the rest, and no print of it exists. It is in the collection of Major Mervyn Thorneycroft, and shows the Squire on Assheton taking a fence, with Mr. Holyoake on Crossbow on his near side, and Sir Harry Goodrick on Dr. Russell taking a gate. I have never seen a hunting picture I liked better. Ferneley must have liked it too, for he painted Sir Harry from it in another portrait now owned by General Robert Gordon Gilmour, the fortunate possessor also of the same artist's " Spying for Deer near Mar Lodge," which gives portraits of Lord Alvanley, Sir Harry Goodrick, and W. Little Gilmour, in 1883. It is a far finer Highland scene than Landseer's painting of Captain Ross stalking with Mackintosh, which was done about the same time and engraved by Barton, under the title " Stealing a March."

Sir Francis Grant, to whom I shall have to refer again, was, I think, quite right to take the natural and beautiful action of the Whip, holding the foot of one of his lamed hounds, in Miss Guest's painting, as the motive of a similar group in his picture of Sir Richard Sutton's hounds. And Ferneley was, as a matter of fact, especially celebrated among his contemporaries for his hounds or his horses, as " Nimrod " proves in a celebrated passage about recognising Sir Vincent Cotton's mare, Lark, from Ferneley's picture of her. His painting of Captain Ross on Clinker is reproduced here from General Cowie's copy of J. Webb's engraving. An original of this, with slight differences and more figures in the background, is in the possession of Mr. J. N. Normand in the Transvaal, and was bought by his grandfather in 1840. Other replicas are known, and Capt. Ross's descendants possess a photograph he made from one of them. General Sir Ivor Maxse has two capital Ferneley portraits of Mr. Maxse's heavy-weight hunters, Cognac and Baron, and another of Mr. Maxse's spaniel with a wild-duck. Mr. Prior of Adstock Manor has two portraits by the same hand of Stirling Crawford's hunters which won several steeplechases. These single horses, both hunters and thoroughbreds, are better known because some have been engraved. It is the larger groups reproduced in this book which, in most cases, have never been moved from the wall on which the artist hung them, and are therefore new to the majority of my readers. Ferneley told Eardley Wilmot that he painted one of these big canvases in fourteen days, and all the famous hounds in it were portraits. He never shrank from either hard work or technical difficulties in these large compositions, and upon them chiefly will his final reputation depend. In one or two he inserted

his own portrait, on horseback, to show he knew his business from personal experience.

Among his best are the late Mrs. Bourke's very fine group of the Meet of the Quorn in 1831, with Sir Harry Goodrick, which was sold in 1915 at Christies'; Lord Forester's "Hunting in the Belvoir Vale," which has grown rather dark with age; the Duke of Portland's "Run with the Pytchley in 1824"; Mr. H. W. Wykeham-Musgrave's "A Run near Melton Mowbray in 1821," not quite so successful a composition as the rest; and the very beautiful water-colour sketch of the Meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate in 1859, here given in the colouring of the exquisite original (one of a pair) now for the first time reproduced. The present Earl of Plymouth has the painting of the Quorn with Assheton Smith and other famous sportsmen, which Ferneley completed for his ancestor in 1819, and nearly all the names in it are known.

It must not be thought that because I admire Ferneley's work so much (and there is more of it in Tipperary and elsewhere in Ireland, which I have no space here to mention) that I would for a moment depreciate the best work of Henry Alken. Far from it. But I do enter a strong warning against the many second-rate works, some by Henry Alken, Junr., and others by unknown forgers, that are too often attributed to the real artist which Henry (Senr.) could undoubtedly be. He overworked himself; and some of his earlier pictures, turned out with amazing rapidity and skill, are naturally as unworthy as most pot-boilers must be. But look at Mrs. Bourke's two lovely paintings of "The Find" and "The Death," and you will see what breadth of handling, what knowledge of detail, and what true creative imagination he could display when he was moved to his highest level. There are many reproductions of his ever-popular series illustrating "Nimrod's" no less celebrated article on the Quorn; but a perfect set of proofs with the best colouring will fetch as much as seven hundred guineas to-day; and you can always tell which is the Squire, because he wears a cap instead of a top-hat. The set chosen for reproduction here in colours was deliberately selected for its soft and balanced harmony of restrained colour, which is probably nearer the tone of the original paintings I unfortunately have never seen. But the pictures he painted of the Grand Leicestershire Steeple-chase are in the beautiful collection of Mr. Oswald Magniac, whose grand-father was Alken's best patron; and at Colworth the artist often stayed to paint the horses. From his best paintings should the artist really be judged, and not from such hurried work as the pictures of the Two-Hundred-Mile Match, or the pigeon-shooting at the Red House Club, Battersea, a one-sided and overcrowded composition which owes its only

celebrity to the extreme rarity of any perfect engravings from the painting. Only one perfect copy (without a key) is known in England, catalogued by Siltzer as an aquatint by R. G. Reeve, 18½ by 12 inches. The one reproduced in this book was most kindly secured for me by Mr. Ackermann from the United States. There was once a " pamphlet " as well as a key-plate for this, and Mr. W. C. Cripps gives me the date on his copy as 1828, as does Mr. George Kendall. Apparently the publisher was Benjamin Barling.

Henry Alken's eight pictures of the Grand Leicestershire Steeplechase of March 12, 1829, were painted to the order of Mr. Hollingworth Magniac, of Colworth, Bedfordshire, Master of the Oakley, father of Mr. Charles Magniac, M.P., and grandfather of Mr. Oswald Magniac, their present owner. Each of the frames bears a very careful and complete description of the scene represented, which is further elaborated by Mr. Charles Magniac's own notes, and by " Nimrod's " article in the *Sporting Magazine* for April 1829. The rules read at the start by " Nimrod " himself, who is shown on horseback in front of the competitors in the first picture, are as follows :—" Anyone opening a gate ; going more than a hundred yards on a road ; or, if discovered within three days after the Race to have directly or indirectly caused any fence to be broken or cut down, to be considered distanced. Anyone crossing or jostling another at a fence, or riding over another when down, to be distanced. No servant to be allowed to ride for this stake." A sweepstakes of ten sovereigns each, for hunters at 13 stone, four miles over Leicestershire, was drawn up by Mr. White at Melton, with fifty added by Sir Francis Mackenzie of Ross-shire. They raced from Nowsley Wood to Billesdon Coplow, about four miles, with some real raspers on the way. The pace was very hot all through. Captain Becher had a bad fall in the first mile and was out of it. Then Mr. Guilford was severely hurt by his horse rolling over him. Then Captain Ross lost his stirrup in a thick bullfinch, and every horse except his Polecat fell. Mr. Valentine Maher was judge, and they finished in the following order :—

1. Mr. F. Nicholson (black coat) on Sir Harry Goodricke's b. g. *Magic* (Switch tail).
2. Dick Christian (brown coat) on Mr. Maxse's grey, *King of the Valley* (a raw horse).
3. Bill Wright (blue coat) on Mr. Patrick's b. m. *Lazy Bet*.
4. Mr. Heycock (black coat) on Captain Ross's b. h. *Clinker* (square tail, snaffle bridle).

The following were unplaced : Captain Ross (black coat) on his b. m.

THE FIND

From the Painting by H. Alken in the collection of the late the Hon. Mrs. Henry Bourke.

Polecat, Captain Becher (red coat) on Mr. Barclay's b. g. *Bantam*, and Mr. Guilford (brown coat) on Sir F. Mackenzie's b. g. *Spartacus*. Mr. Tollemache could not start his grey gelding *Jerry* owing to an injury to its leg. The betting was 5 to 2 against Clinker; 6 to 1 Lazy Bet; long odds against the others. It was decided after this that all riders should in future wear caps and jackets. Another result was the famous match between Clinker and Clasher described by Osbaldeston. To these eight paintings I need only add the four long water-colour drawings of hunting, which Henry Alken made, among many others, when he was staying with Mr. Hollingworth Magniac. They are in a totally different style from the steeplechase pictures just described, and they show not merely the high level of skill which Henry Alken could attain, but also his very remarkable versatility of method. They also are in the collection of Mr. Oswald Magniac. They are almost unrivalled for delicate detail, and Alken never did better landscape-backgrounds in his life.

Ben Marshall, I believe, would have beaten all the rest in reputation if we knew all his work. What little of his own original painting now comes into the market fetches thousands to other people's hundreds, which is all to the good; but he has been so spoilt by his engravers that very few people really know how sound was his drawing, how mellow his colour, and how admirably he could convey the spirit of a rural or a sporting scene. Lord Rosebery's most interesting sketch, at the Durdans, of Chifney, Wheatley and Robinson on one canvas, shows how beautifully Marshall could draw a man's seat on a horse. His well-known picture of "The Squire (not Osbaldeston, but Henry Legard in 1812) and his Favourites" is an excellent example of his best style. The beautiful painting here reproduced in colour from the collection of Captain F. J. Osbaldeston Montagu, of Shortgrove Hall, is another. It is called "A First-rate Shot," in the engraving. But the painting gives as good a portrait of Osbaldeston himself as any of those I have mentioned, and also conveys the atmosphere of a good shooting morning with a spirit and accuracy beyond praise.

By Francis Grant the most famous painting here given (from its engraving by C. G. Lewis in 1839) is the Melton Breakfast, of which Lord North has a fine example and Major Guy Paget has a coloured print by C. R. Stock. General Robert Gordon Gilmour thinks that the background is a room in the George Inn at Melton, which was shared by Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord Rokeby, and Mr. Walter Little Gilmour of Craigmillar, one of the Quorn's champion heavy-weights and a friend of Stirling Crawford, who named his St. Leger winner after Craigmillar Castle. The original of our engraving (exhibited in

the Royal Academy of 1834) was painted for Rowland Errington (shown last on the right in the group), who was Master of the Quorn from 1835 to 1838. The first Lord Cromer married Rowland Errington's daughter. Lord Errington inherited the painting from him, and it used to hang in his house in Tite Street, Chelsea. Surtees remembers an engraving of it in "Ask Mamma," where he speaks of the pictures at the Fox and Hounds Hotel being "all in the old woodeny style that prevailed before the gallant Grant struck out a fresh light in his inimitable 'Breakfast.'" Lord Errington thought it represented a room in the "Old Club" at Melton, and General Maxse is of that opinion to-day. Possibly those also are right who recognise the George Inn. For there are two versions of this painting. The second was painted for Mr. Little Gilmour in 1837, who asked Grant to add two of his friends to the original group, and bequeathed it to the Duke of Rutland in 1887. It now hangs in the small dining-room at Belvoir with the key in Grant's writing underneath it, and was reproduced in Dale's "History of the Belvoir Hunt." There is in this no map on the wall. All the pictures represented are single horses with their riders. At one end Lord Macdonald is added (sitting), and at the other Lord Eglinton, possibly because when Little Gilmour died in 1887 he was the last survivor of the famous Eglinton Tournament of 1839.

Even more attractive, to those who like the suggestion of latent activity, is Grant's fine equestrian group of Sir Thomas Sutton and his hounds, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1848, and finely engraved by J. Bromley. There are only two unmounted figures: Jack Morgan, who leans to his lamed hound, as I have noted before, and Captain Frank at the other end. The horsemen are all well-known supporters of the pack.

The difficulty of correctly naming all the gentlemen in the group which I have called "Twenty Top-hats" has brought me many an amusing adventure, and none of us discovered the reason for our variegated attributions until, by the kindness of the respective owners, I was able to place side by side and carefully compare the versions owned by Colonel Colvin, by Lord Galway, by Mr. Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, and by Mr. C. M. Prior of Adstock Manor, whose knowledge has been almost as valuable to me as his pictures. The group had sometimes been called "A Meeting at Tattersall's," and a complete key has never been published before. I know of other copies in the possession of the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, Dr. Oldmeadow (signed "Joshua Dighton, 6, St. Michael's Terrace, Pimlico"), Captain S. Reeve, Mrs. Trollope Bellew (whose grandfather, Lord Kesteven, was many years Master of the Cottesmore), Mr. F. B. Pitman; and no doubt there are many more. My

researches began with a group of fifteen, kindly lent me by Sir Guy Graham, in which only Sir Bellingham Graham was actually recognised at that time. But it soon became clear that everybody else had twenty. Within a fortnight it emerged that identifications were forthcoming, each evidently correct, which could not possibly be all reconciled with any single copy of the group; and I found that No. 12 (counting from the left) apparently lived a kaleidoscopic existence as B. Colvin Esqre, James Hall, the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Galway, Mr. Pitman, and several other members of the aristocracy. Besides this, the hirsute and substantial form of Mr. Henley Greaves flitted to and fro like an uneasy phantom, and new personages like Henry Villebois, the Earl of Macclesfield, Sir Henry Peyton, Henry Morritt, Lord Eglinton, Lord Rosslyn, or Lord Yarborough made transitory appearances. At long last the enigma was solved. Whenever a new client asked for the group, the kindly artist added another top-hat, no doubt for a slightly increased fee, and the figure most easily used for this purpose, without change to the rest, was the Protean form of No. 12. I have often wondered whether the gentleman whose face remains obscured in every version was a client who omitted the customary emolument. We shall never know. But the group here given, though probably different (in at least two cases) from every other, is that containing Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. James Hall, the father-in-law of the Rev. Cecil Legard, in whose well-known and delicately accurate handwriting the key was made which Mr. Prior so kindly lent. Of my device of painting the numbers on the top-hats, for purposes of identification, I am very naturally and inordinately proud. I took it from some rough pencil notes on the back of one of Dighton's originals.

Of course Joshua Dighton, the maker of this group of millinery and whiskers, is not to be confounded with that real artist the great Robert Dighton (1752–1814), and I have unearthed a third of the same name, one Richard Dighton of 5, Hugh Street, West Eccleston Square, who has left his name and address on the very charming portrait (in the collection of Colonel F. Colvin of Henfield) of Henry John Conyers. The companion picture of the Rev. Joseph Arkwright is by Joshua, who also did a very excellent full-length profile of the first Earl of Leicester (T. W. Coke of Holkham, 1754–1842), and another on horseback of the Duke of Cleveland. From Robert Dighton I can only be fairly sure of the drawing in Colonel Stanley Barry's collection, which is obviously too old to be Squire George Osbaldeston, and is most probably his forbear, Humphrey Osbaldeston, who had a good deal to do with the Turf.

Of the work by other artists, examples will be found of Sextie (eng. by D. G. Thompson), R. B. Davis (eng. by J. W. Giles, and J. Harris), E. Gill of

Northampton, Whetham (eng. by J. Webb), the attractive painting of the Day family by Abraham Cooper (now Messrs. Leggatt's), which was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1838, and Charles Towne's fine portrait of the Squire's hunter, Starlight, in which the distant background is very remarkably and minutely rendered ; the original is in Messrs. Ackermann's collection.

Portraits of the Squire

More portraits of the Squire are given here than have ever been collected together before. I may take first (A) the various groups in which he forms a part, and then (B) the separate works in which he stands alone.

(A)

1. He stands holding Assheton's bridle, with Furrier at his side in Ferneley's " Quorn Hunt," 1825.

2. He appears in the whole of Henry Alken's set of eight paintings illustrating " Nimrod's " article in the *Quarterly*.

3. In two pictures by Alken and one by Pollard he is shown riding Emma, Tranby and another horse, in the famous Two-Hundred-Mile Match against Time.

4. In Pollard's paintings (engraved by G. and C. Hunt) of the St. Alban's Grand Steeplechase, of March 8, 1823, he is shown in the capacity of Umpire, leading the competitors from the Turf Hotel to the Start ; and again in Chalkley Field (still in his top-hat and tail-coat) riding at a terrific fence, well up with the leaders and close to the finish.

5. In the Northampton Grand Steeplechase of March 23, 1833 (painted by Pollard and engraved by Pyall), he is shown at the Start on Grimaldi. But both he and Captain Becher fell.

6. In F. C. Turner's painting, engraved by Pyall, he is driving Tom Thumb in a racing buggy and a white top-hat along the Cambridge road for a wager on August 30, 1830.

7. In Ferneley's " Hunt Scurry " he appears blowing his horn as he takes a fence, with hounds behind him running hard in the opposite direction.

8. E. Gill of Northampton made a painting for him (engraved by Messrs. Ackermann) of the finish of his great victory, across country, on Clasher over Dick Christian on Captain Ross's Clinker.

9. In Ambrose Isted's pencil sketch (published by " The Druid ") he is shown on foot patting a hound's head and talking to a friend on horseback.

10. Best of all, after No. 1 in this division of my list, he is grandly painted

by Ferneley in Major Mervyn Thorneycroft's picture, flying a fence on Assheton between Holyoake and Goodrick.

This makes twenty occasions on which he is shown by contemporary artists with others in the same picture. He is shown alone in the following, which are roughly arranged in chronological order :—

(B)

1. *Uncertain.* Oil painting by an unknown artist in the collection of Dr. C. B. Richardson, showing a young man, standing, at Hutton Buscel in " country-made " hunting kit.

2. *Uncertain.* Sepia painting by an unknown artist in the collection of Mr. Philip Baker (Stratford-on-Avon), showing a young man, seated, holding a bumper of port and waving a fox's brush over his head. There is a considerable likeness between this and No. 3.

3. A rather older man of about thirty, with curly hair, engraved by Roffe for Vol. 87 of the *Sporting Magazine*, after a painting by Woodhouse, which has always been accepted as authentic.

4. The engraving by P. W. Mayking which hangs in the M.C.C. Pavilion, in white clothes with a bat under his arm, and beneath it his crest and the words " George Osbaldeston Esq., M.P."

5. Ben Marshall's painting in the collection of Captain F. J. Osbaldeston Montagu. Undoubtedly the best we have. It shows the Squire with his gun and his favourite dogs Nell and Peg (bringing up a partridge), and a pair of thoroughbreds in the distance.

6. This painting (No. 5) was engraved by R. Woodman and entitled " A First-rate Shot."

7. A variant of Nos. 5 and 6 was also engraved by R. Woodman, showing a slightly older man, somewhat differently dressed, with the butt of his gun on the ground, and two different dogs. I have not seen the original painting, said to be by Ben Marshall.

8. A painting by an unknown artist in the collection of Mrs. Williams of West Drayton, showing the Squire on his Sorella, winner of the One Thousand.

9. Another portrait as a jockey, engraved by J. B. Hunt for Vol. 148 of the *Sporting Magazine*, after the painting by Harry Hall. Beneath is the signature " Yours truly George Osbaldeston."

10. The print by " J. C. W." in Wildrake's " Cracks of the Day," with the signature " George Osbaldeston." He stands in a frock-coat and top-hat ; and a hunting-scene is shown in the lightly-indicated landscape of the background.

11. A very fine full-length profile by Joshua Dighton in the collection of Judge E. N. Chapman of Lincoln. This shows an old gentleman of about seventy with an almost ecclesiastical urbanity of feature and white hair.

12. The portrait (engraved by J. Brown after a photograph by J. Watkins) for which he tells us in his Memoirs that he sat for *Baily's Magazine*, in which it was published. Obviously a lifelike portrait.

13. Another photograph, evidently taken almost in the last year of his life, and preserved by Mrs. Williams of West Drayton.

14. A very fine oil-painting by an artist hitherto unknown, which may be compared with No. 3 in this list, but has never, to my knowledge, been reproduced. It shows the Squire in the scarlet hunting coat which Creevey so much admired at Sulby, and it is now in the collection of his great-nephew, James Montagu, Esq., of Cold Overton.

Many photographs and engravings of the Squire's various houses, together with the medal struck for his twenty-first birthday, are here published for the first time, but need no special catalogue.

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SQUIRE OSBALDESTON: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I.—THE MEET AT ASHBY PASTURES

CHAPTER I

Birth and Expectations—Extravagant Tastes Inherited—Losses of a Lifetime—Schooldays at Ealing—Prowess in Games—Misleading a Sister—Scrapes and Floggings at Eton—The Sussex Footpad—The Butcher's Encounter with Him—Murder of Captain Sargent—Doings at Brighton—Oxford Days—A Rowing Match—The "Dumb Twins"—A Practical Joke—Lord Nugent Suspended—The Head's Antipathy to Yorkshiremen.

HAVING often refused the most earnest solicitations of my friends to write a history of my life I at last yielded to a far more powerful and influential inducement, viz., the irresistible request of a dear and faithful wife. We have been married upwards of 5 * years, and a mutual attachment has existed up to the present time; may it continue to the end of our lives!

I am seventy years old, and it cannot be expected that I should remember every incident from my boyhood. I never contemplated writing the story of my life, and many occurrences have passed out of memory. I am fully prepared to be deemed in my dotage for attempting this recital at all, as it can only be of interest to the few, as a narrative of the exploits of a sporting character.

I was born on December 26th, 1787, † in Welbeck Street, London, and presume therefore that I am a cockney; but I have generally been called a Yorkshireman because my estates were in Yorkshire. In those days ladies did not like to trust to country accoucheurs, and in consequence my mother came up to London for her confinement.

My father died when I was only six years old, being then about thirty-five, and my mother younger. She continued a widow until her death, and died sincerely lamented by her children. I have often dropped many a tear to her memory: a cleverer woman never existed, nor a better mother. None of her children have inherited half her intellect. I had four sisters, and all have married; two are dead, leaving many children behind them, and the survivors have many also. As I was the only son, of course I was the object of the greatest anxiety and interest to my mother, particularly as I was the heir to

* I read the figure, indistinct in the original MS., as "8"; information subsequently obtained showed it should be "5," as now printed.—E.D.C.

† Should be 1786: see pp. 165 and 168.

large estates. I had the power of cutting off the entail when I reached twenty-one, and this I did.

Notwithstanding her superior abilities, my mother was very extravagant; she was fond of society and gave large parties, leading what is called a fashionable life. Instead of my being a ward in Chancery, which I ought to have been, her brother, Sir Walter James, and Mr. Smith, a close connexion, were appointed [the three] trustees to my estates; they neglected their duty, allowing my mother to exceed the income in order to gratify her ruling passions, notoriety and gaiety. Had a proper allowance been made her out of the income, a large sum of ready money would have been delivered over to me when I came of age.

Here I may be permitted to make use of a sporting phrase, viz., "Great truth in breeding": her son (the Old Squire) inherited her propensities, extravagance and imprudence. Bred up in luxury and extravagance from the age of six years with the prospect of large estates to come into my possession at twenty-one, I became reckless and thoughtless of the future, and trusted to men who proved untrustworthy.

Mine has been a life of plunder; no man has been so persecuted, robbed and cheated, by stewards and gentlemen who professed to be friends, by trainers, jockeys and betting men who live by plunder and make it their study. It is a well-known fact that at the present time five or six of the betting men have £400,000 or £500,000 among them, and many others of the same class £30,000 or £40,000. Several of the jockeys also have £30,000; one has £40,000; one or two of them £20,000, though only twenty-two years old. Perhaps five or six others have from £10,000 to £20,000. As it is impossible that they could have realised these sums by their profession alone, it is a natural conclusion that they have "worked the oracle," as they call it, and are confederates with the betting men.

The latter keep many racehorses, and by placing them in several different training stables they have the key to them. Some of the younger jockeys also keep racehorses. One of them is supposed to have fifteen or sixteen. They run them under fictitious names and may be denominated "pirates"; they sail under false colours. Many gentlemen have been ruined by this system, but those at the head of affairs don't exert themselves to put down such practices; from what motives I shall leave my readers to form their own opinions.

I can only say that I have a clear conscience; I have never made any money by betting against my own horses, and only hedged my bets when I doubted their chance of winning. "A bet is not a good one until it is hedged," they say.

II. DRAWING COVER

On a fair calculation I have lost nearly £200,000 by betting and keeping racehorses during a period of 45 years; and £100,000 through the misdeeds of agents, etc. I blame my own folly and extravagance. I am an example of the adage that "A fool and his money are soon parted."

I cannot remember any circumstances in my life before I was nine years old except the fact that my sisters and myself lived with our mother at Hutton Bushell, the family residence, about seven miles from Scarborough and eighteen from Malton. We divided our time between Yorkshire and London, where my mother every year rented a good house; she had a large acquaintance and used to give great parties.

I have forgotten what school I went to in my very early years, but I recollect when I was between eight and nine being sent to a school at Ealing kept by a clergyman by the name of Carr. There I remained about two years, until Dr. Carr either died or retired; then I was removed to the Rev. Mr. Wallington's on Ealing Common, not 300 yards from the present railway station. Both Dr. Carr and Mr. Wallington were excellent men; the first very kind and lenient, the latter a most gentlemanly man and an excellent scholar, but rather severe.

From my childhood I was full of mischief; very active and very strong, with a wonderful constitution; all my thoughts centred in athletic feats, in which I indulged and excelled until Nature forsook me. Even when at school at Ealing no boy could beat me at any game, nor any man at a great many afterwards. I was the best cricketer in Mr. Wallington's school, which consisted of eighteen or twenty boys; we won a match on Ealing Common against Dr. Nicolas's school, which numbered four times as many pupils. I was the leading star at all our games while I remained at Wallington's. I must have committed many delinquencies while I was at Ealing, but the only one I remember is my over-indulgence in fruit. Dr. Carr had a large garden full of fruit, enclosed by a high wall. I climbed the wall and ate so much that I was dangerously ill. When I got well I received the punishment I doubtless deserved. I suppose it is the two consequences, illness and flogging, which have impressed this incident on my memory.

Other people sometimes suffered from my example of an adventurous spirit; among them my youngest sister, who was my constant ally when at home. I was about eleven years old when I induced her to join me in climbing on to the top of a very high summerhouse in the garden and jumping down on to the lawn. I escaped with a bad shaking, but she fell on her head and was stunned, though the lawn was soft; worse, her nose was so injured that,

despite the care bestowed upon her by Dr. Dundas, it never recovered its proper shape. We were then living at Twickenham, where my mother had a beautiful house with a garden sloping down to the Thames.

When about thirteen I was transferred to Eton. Most of the boys resided at Dames', as they called them; but I boarded with a private tutor named Briggs. Having arrived at a more mature age for mischief, I committed a good many sins against the rules of the school, most of them of an athletic character. I could beat any boy at single-handed cricket, or any boy of my age at fisticuffs. I belonged to the first rowing boat in the school, and our crew could beat any other from Windsor Bridge up to Surley Hall, the usual course for all our races. Bumping one another's boats was the fashion then, but now it is called fouling.

Being a wild, playful and particularly healthy boy, I was too fond of indulging in games to be attentive to my lessons, and I frequently got flogged for not being perfect in them; also for other transgressions. Dr. Goodall, to whom the boys gave the name of "Silvertip," for reasons old Etonians will remember, was then headmaster, and Dr. Keate undermaster. The former was an excellent master and a very fine man, gentlemanly and kind; the latter was a little crab—very unpopular among the boys, being very severe and most eccentric.

I was in the Lower School for a year or so, and of course Dr. Keate was our master. He was very absent-minded, and had a trick of picking at a wart on the side of his face, a proceeding which sometimes made us laugh. We used to look out for it. Unfortunately, one day I smiled and whispered to the boy next me, which so enraged Keate that he reported me to Dr. Goodall, and I was flogged for it.

The boys and townspeople had occasional turns-up, to use a pugilistic term, and I remember during one such row some of the masters, headed by Dr. Keate, ordered the boys to retire to the college. After some delay all did so except one named Ponsonby, who at first refused to obey the doctor's command, but shortly after did do so. On the doctor's representations the whole school was summoned next morning, and after a severe lecture from Dr. Goodall, Ponsonby was expelled. Thanks, however, to the intervention of influential friends at Windsor Castle, an abject apology from him was accepted, and he was reinstated.

I used frequently to steal out for a couple of hours with a gun, and of course shot anything I could. I had the good fortune never to be detected. Twice I got what the boys called "sham leave," which meant writing in the name of some relative to ask for leave of absence. My mother at that time lived at a

III.—TALLY HO! AND AWAY

place called Springfield, near Horsham ; and the first time I took sham leave another boy came with me to Springfield, where for a few days we shot and fished and enjoyed ourselves. Of course, my mother winked at it, because if found out we should have been expelled.

Mr. Aldridge, who was a relative of Mr. Smith, one of my trustees, lived about two miles from Springfield, and I was frequently there shooting—or, I should say, learning to shoot—with Treen, his keeper. I fired away vast quantities of powder and shot without killing anything, and was in consequence the laughing stock of my sisters, who used to declare that if I ever shot anything they would eat it raw, feathers or fur and all. I well remember the day when I brought home my first victims, a partridge and a hare, and insisted on trying to make the girls keep their word. Of course I failed in that, but they never bothered me about my shooting afterwards.

The second time I took sham leave my companion was a boy named Prince (now an M.P.). We rowed up to Maidenhead and remained in that vicinity fishing and otherwise enjoying ourselves.

I was very clever at making squibs and crackers in those days ; and once I " got pepper " for my ingenuity. Dr. Briggs, my tutor, had a servant who used to meet her sweetheart at night within sight of the window of the room occupied by myself and other boys. We proposed to have a lark with the two, and I told the others to leave it to me ; and one night when I guessed the pair were just below the window I dropped one of my squibs on them ; it went under the girl's clothes and set her petticoats on fire. Her swain was caught at a disadvantage, but he succeeded in putting out the flames before she was burned ; and nothing worse happened than a fright to the servant and a flogging for me.

I had a great fancy for racing even in my Eton days. I remember running over to Ascot, witnessing some of the races, and saving my bacon by running back in time for school, a feat not easily accomplished. Now I think of it, I should not say that I saved my bacon, as this exploit cost me a flogging and a double school lesson.

Whenever opportunity offered I hired a gig and drove about ; sometimes I went alone, sometimes I was accompanied by another truant. After some practice as a whip I attempted to drive a tandem and took with me a kindred spirit, whose name I have forgotten. On our return we drove through Windsor Park and coming down the hill called, I believe, St. Anne's Hill, the horses overpowered me and ran away. There are avenues of trees on each side of the road, and my team, swerving off, came in contact with a tree ; we were sent flying headlong, the gig was smashed, and I was badly shaken ; but I don't

recollect whether my companion and the horses were injured. I do remember, though, that I underwent another flogging; also that I was so stiff and sore that I could not unbutton my small clothes to receive the birch, and another boy was obliged to perform the office of valet for me. Time has obliterated many other misdeeds from my memory.

There were a good many fights during my time; the most determined was one between two collegers named Davis and Thackeray, each about nineteen. The former won; he was a most athletic fellow, who became champion of the school afterwards.

[*MS. missing.*]

I remember while my mother lived at Springfield an extraordinary occurrence that took place. Captain Sargent, a retired officer, lived with his family about four miles from Petworth very near the Sussex Downs. He was very intimate with our family; one of the finest men I ever saw and what I call a devil-may-care fellow, as bold as a lion. He was about thirty years of age. He had been in the Dragoons, and one of the privates of the regiment deserted soon after he left it. There is a continuation of woods all the way from Arundel Castle to Goodwood; and in these the deserter lived for some time the life of a bandit, committing many robberies on travellers. He was the terror of the neighbourhood, armed as he was with the carbine and bayonet he had stolen. The woods being so extensive, and he never remaining long in any one of them, it was difficult to capture him.

When the scare was at its height a butcher of Arundel, a big, strong man, jeered at the fears of his neighbours, saying that all he wanted was a good stick with a heavy knob; with that in his hand he should not care a d—— for the bandit. It happened that the butcher was thus armed when, on one of his daily journeys, he did encounter the robber. He said that he tried to get near enough to use his cudgel, but the foe was too wide-awake; and the result of the interview was that the butcher, obeying orders, emptied his pockets into his own hat placed on the ground and was allowed to escape with a whole skin on condition that he did not move till the bandit was out of sight.

From the description given him of the robber's person and his carbine and bayonet, Captain Sargent was almost sure the man was So-and-so, mentioning his name; and, most imprudently, he went, alone and unarmed, to see if he could meet the bandit. Unfortunately he did meet him. What passed between the two was never known, but Sargent was found dead, shot through the body, evidently at very close quarters. It was thought that he, recognising the man, had ridden close up to him, thinking that his influence as an officer of

IV.—THE PACE BEGINS TO TELL!

the same regiment would serve to ensure his safety; but there was no means of learning the truth.

The murder created great excitement in the district; numbers of people turned out to help the police in their search of the woods, but they failed to discover the man until the militia were called out to scour the district thoroughly. After several days spent in ransacking the woods the murderer's hiding-place was brought to light; he was concealed among the osiers round a large sheet of water. The militia-men did not try to take him alive, but shot him like a dog where he lay crouched.*

When I was sixteen I left Eton. It was customary on your departure to make the headmaster a handsome present in money, and he, in return, presented you with some books; on the principle, I suppose, that exchange is no robbery. But I am afraid books were never of much use to me. Whether my mother was afraid of my being expelled for my frolics and breaches of the rules of the school, I cannot remember, but on leaving I was transferred to the care of the Rev. Mr. Carr, son of my old Ealing schoolmaster, who was then incumbent of Brighton. He afterwards became Bishop of Chichester. This change did not effect any transformation in me, as I pursued a reckless career until I went to Oxford.

A few weeks after my arrival at Brighton I went out hunting, and soon I became acquainted with two gentlemen exactly to my taste: Mr. Newnham of Newtimber and Captain Bridges, the latter commonly called the "Mad Captain." Mr. Newnham was a gentleman of fortune; his residence, Newtimber, was not above two miles from the celebrated Devil's Dyke and about seven or eight from Brighton. The captain was merely a casual visitor. I paid Mr. Newnham, who was at least ten years my senior, constant visits; we used to go out hunting together, and afterwards return to his house, where we would sit up all night, drinking and talking over the exploits of the day. Of course there were other visitors, amongst whom occasionally was "Mad Bridges," who was a great crony of mine. He and I had many larks together; among other freaks we rode down the Devil's Dyke at a gallop, a proceeding not without danger, for if the horse stumbled and fell it was not more than an even bet on his rider being killed or disabled for life.

It is fifty years since my Brighton days, and I cannot remember a fifth of our doings. We used to ride races and short steeplechases on the Downs.

* Lady Dorothy Nevill in *Under Five Reigns* gives a somewhat different account of this episode. She states that Captain Sargent (of the 9th Foot) was in command of the militia; that the deserter-foot-pad, whose name was Allen, shot him dead when called upon to surrender, and the men, seeing their officer fall, fired a volley and killed the man.

One day while on our way home after hunting we came across some hurdles put up to pen sheep, and proceeded to jump them. The shepherd became very abusive, swearing that if we attempted to do it he would stick us with his pitchfork, and he stood by the hurdles ready to put the threat into execution. The captain and I held a council of war, and agreed to charge him simultaneously, the captain in front, myself in his rear; this manœuvre so confused the enemy that he did not know which of us to try and stick. Mad Bridges was riding a highly *menaged* horse which could gallop round a shilling, and when the shepherd attacked him Bridges twisted his mount round, thus avoiding the thrust, while I, passing behind the man, caught the pitchfork out of his hands. We carried it for a couple of miles and threw it into a pond.

Dr. Carr, my tutor at Brighton, was very kind, and for a long time put up with my follies and wild doings without much remonstrance; and when he did lecture me I am afraid it did not produce much effect. Anyhow, after a consultation with my mother, it was decided that I should be sent to Oxford; thus it came about that after some two years at Brighton—it may not have been so much—I was consigned to Brazenose College.

Having sown some of my wild oats I did not pursue so reckless a career at Oxford, though once at least I came very near being sent down. I enjoyed life at college; I kept two hunters and hunted three days a week until I lost one of my horses, through the stupidity of the groom. Wishing to give the horses a gallop he rode one and led the other, a nag I called Grog, well worth 200 guineas. Grog was very fresh, and kicked and plunged in his gallop; at last, "over-kicking" himself, he fell on his head, breaking his neck on the spot. Had the man ridden Grog and led the other I don't believe the accident would have happened. The man was too idle to exercise the two separately, as he should have done.

I used to go out poaching, as I suppose you would call it; my plan was to hire a hack and take somebody with me to hold him while I shot over some preserved ground until I saw the keepers coming, when I immediately remounted and rode off.

I kept up my rowing; occasionally, after going on the river, a party of us would dine at the Star and Garter (a first-rate hotel), and we generally got drunk; under these conditions we sometimes got into fights and rows with the townsmen when returning to our colleges. I don't remember any special lark of this kind—there were a good many of them—but I know that when anything of the sort was going on I was certain to be in it.

I had left off rowing for more than twenty years when I took my seat in a

V.—"SNOB" IS BEAT!

boat again; being engaged in cricket, tennis and pigeon shooting during the summer months, I had no leisure for rowing. My resumption of the oar came about in this way: a Guards crew rowed from Oxford to London in the shortest time ever known, and naturally a good deal was said about the performance, making the gallant officers proud of their achievement. The four oarsmen challenged any amateur crew in England to race them over any distance; so I, being acquainted with several first-rate rowers in some offices in London, little if at all inferior to the professionals and myself, selected three of them and accepted the Guards' challenge. The course was from Westminster to either Putney or Hammersmith—I forget which; but I know we beat our opponents easily, to their great astonishment. Much money changed hands over this match. I must have been between forty and fifty at the time. I rowed some other races in a boat called a "randan," pulling two oars, with varying success; but of course at that time of life my day was gone by.

To return to my Oxford days. I was not really guilty of any part in the misdeed for which I was nearly sent down; indeed, I was as innocent as the unborn child, though charged as *particeps criminis*. It came about in this way: we used always to dine in Hall—a most beautiful piece of Gothic architecture with painted windows, etc.; and among the regular diners were two brothers by the name of Farrer.* They were remarkably quiet and formal in their manners, so quiet that they went by the name of the Dumb Twins. Their sedateness did not meet with the approval of the wilder spirits, and it was the subject of discussion among us, who could not understand such apathy and indifference to everything but dinner as was displayed by the Dumb Twins. We said that if their room were in flames they would scarcely exert themselves to escape. Lord Nugent, a particular friend of mine, who occupied the adjoining rooms, said he must try if he could not animate them, and his method of doing it at any rate roused the victims. He and I sat side by side at dinner, the Dumb Twins close by, and near the door. Among other viands on the table one day was a hash of some kind with a great deal of gravy. The Farrers were dressed in their best evening toggery, their hair powdered after the fashion not uncommon in those days. Nugent took up the dish of hash as if to help himself, then poured the whole contents over the heads of the Dumb Twins and immediately bolted out of Hall.

The victims were bewildered by the streams of hot gravy pouring down

* "Farrar" in the MS. The Bursar of Brasenose College states that the reference is to James William and Oliver Farrar who matriculated in 1802. Lord Nugent was then Lord George Grenville.—E.D.C.

their faces, but only for a moment; they saw Nugent rush through the door and, jumping up, gave chase. He, however, had enough start to reach his rooms and sport his oak; he only "got to ground" just in time, for he had at last succeeded in animating the Dumb Twins. He did not venture to appear again until the next day, when he and I were summoned before the Head of our college. As I sat close to Nugent at the dinner-table and was known to be his particular friend, it had been assumed that I was implicated, but after various witnesses had been examined I was declared innocent. The Head, however, summed up before he heard the evidence, if I may use the expression; as soon as we entered his room he began, and gave us a most awful lecture, threatening expulsion. In the event he condemned Nugent's conduct as subversive of all decorum and decency; as most ungentlemanly and degrading; he could only compare it to the act of a drayman or coal-heaver in a low coffee-shop. Had Nugent not possessed influential friends he must have been expelled; as it was he had to write a most humble apology to the Dumb Twins, and was suspended for one term. He and they were never very friendly afterwards, owing a good deal to the way other undergraduates quizzed them. The incident had one good result: it put a stop to practical jokes in Hall; at all events during my time.

The Head of our college entertained a sort of prejudice against me. I forget on what occasion it was, but I was obliged to appear before him, and instead of answering some question he put to me I made some statement which did not meet his views. "Ah!" he said, "I can't bear a Yorkshireman because he always offers to back his opinion by a bet." (Of course he knew that I was a Yorkshireman.)

Now, vulgar as such a proceeding may be, and perhaps not at all convincing to your adversary, yet if it comes off you have the satisfaction of winning his money, which nine times out of ten annoys him more than being beaten in an argument.

VI.—FULL CRY—SECOND HORSES

CHAPTER II

A Yorkshire Election—Mrs. Osbaldeston as Canvasser—An Accident—Birthday Festivities—Stunned by a Cricket Ball—Purchase of Southern Hounds—Their Independence and Want of Pace—Purchase of Dwarf Foxhounds—Match, Harriers *v.* Foxhounds—Fire at Hutton Bushell—Militia Experiences—A Poaching Cleric—Mrs. Osbaldeston's Trick on Him—Move to Ebberston Lodge—Sporting Amenities of Ebberston—Purchase of Lord Monson's Hounds—Hunting the Burton Country—The Beautiful Miss Burton—First Love Affair—Sir Richard Sutton—100 Pheasants in 100 Shots—97 Grouse in 97 Shots—20 Brace of Partridges in 40 Shots with an 18-bore.

WHEN turned twenty I left Oxford and went home. It was soon after my return that the present Earl Fitzwilliam, then Lord Milton, contested the county of York [1807], his opponents being Mr. Wilberforce and Lord Harewood, then Lord Lascelles. I believe 20,000 voters polled, and of these Lord Milton had 9,000 plumpers, but he obtained a majority over his opponents of only 150 or 200 votes. He was a Whig. Lord Lascelles was a Tory, as also, I believe, was Mr. Wilberforce. Had the last named not been standing Lord Milton's majority would have been much larger, for he was supported by most of the Dissenters as well as by a good proportion of the gentry. I am not sure whether Mr. Wilberforce was a Dissenter or not; his extraordinary popularity with all sects and classes was chiefly due, of course, to his indefatigable exertions to promote the emancipation of the slaves. He was a little thin man and looked exactly like a Primitive Methodist parson; his voice corresponded with his appearance. I believe his election expenses were almost entirely defrayed by subscription. It was said that the election cost Lord Milton £100,000. The poll was kept open for 21 days.*

My mother was a most enthusiastic politician, and came out as a strenuous and devoted supporter of Lord Milton. She actually canvassed in person every voter within 20 or 25 miles of Hutton Bushell, and it was universally acknowledged that to her extraordinary exertions his victory was due. Perhaps no lady ever performed such a feat, or even attempted it.

* £64,455 was subscribed to pay the expenses of Mr. Wm. Wilberforce. The poll was open for 15 days.—*Dic. of Nat. Biog.*

During this election stories were current showing the innate pride of some of our aristocratic noblemen. Lord Fitzwilliam, father of the late earl and grandfather of the present peer, was a bosom friend of the then Earl of Carlisle, who had been a schoolfellow of his. As the earl had considerable influence locally, owing to his large estates adjoining Malton, for which borough Lord Fitzwilliam returned two members, the latter applied to the earl to render him all the assistance he could in favour of his son, Lord Milton. The earl's answer—according to popular report—was to the following effect : " My dear Fitzwilliam, Whatever votes I can command you shall have ; but I could not stoop to ask a favour of any plebeian."

Another story was going about to show that Lady Carlisle either inherited or imbibed the same failing as her husband. She was taken suddenly ill and sent for the apothecary at Malton, six miles from Castle Hawood, their residence. She ordered her maid to be present when the apothecary came, and the woman acted as interpreter, every question being put through her and every answer given through her. The doctor recommended bleeding as absolutely necessary, whereupon her ladyship's response was : " Tell the doctor he may bleed the Countess of Carlisle."

The race meeting on the Knavesmire was proceeding whilst the election was going on, and as endeavours to canvass would have been of no service to the cause and must only have interfered with my mother's labours, there was no reason why I should not be at the races. I rode to the course one day on rather a fidgety hack, and while returning home the horse slipped up on York Bridge and, falling, rolled over me. A cork-cutter by the name of Rawdon who chanced to be passing picked me up insensible, and I was carried to his shop close by. He declared that my neck was dislocated, and that he, with the assistance of bystanders, pulled it into place ! I should say the good man was mistaken, but however that may be, so precarious was my condition that the best medical men in York would not allow me to be removed from Rawdon's house for ten days or a fortnight ; and only then because my mother was so anxious to get me home to Hutton Bushell. A very considerable time elapsed before I recovered ; but I was perfectly well by December 26th [1807], on which day I attained my twenty-first birthday.

I was, as I have said, the only son and had the power to cut off the entail ; thus I was the object of the most intense interest to my mother and of far more value to her than all my sisters. Independent of my power to cut off the entail she was dotingly fond of me, much more so than of any of her daughters.

We had the usual display of joy, mirth and hilarities on my coming-of-age ;

an ox was roasted whole, and our tenants and any poor people who chose to come were entertained at dinner. Our guests partook so copiously of the ale provided that more than half of them were beastly drunk. This had been anticipated, and arrangements made for those who should be incapable of reaching their homes; our stables and coach-houses were extensive, and we removed the horses into a farmyard, leaving the premises free for the temporary accommodation of helpless guests, who were made as comfortable as possible till they recovered.

To the best of my recollection it was in the following summer that another unpleasant accident happened to me. In those days Yorkshire cricket was in its infancy, and I, wishing to encourage the game, collected from our neighbourhood two sides composed of a few gentlemen and several rustics. I captained one side and put our opponents in first. While placing my men one of them, without any notice, threw the ball with all his strength to another man as a catch; being a novice and a clumsy fellow, he threw it wide and hit me on the eye. I was not above twenty yards away, if so much, and the blow floored me like a bullet. I was intent on putting the men into their places and did not see him in the act of throwing or could easily have caught the ball. I was so stunned that everyone thought I was dead. The effects of the blow kept me in bed for a fortnight, and for some time afterwards I was totally blind in that eye; many months passed before I could see with it, and it has ever since been smaller than the other. I remember how grievously disappointed I was, being unable to shoot all the following season.

It was about this period that I built kennels on Beckford's plan at Hutton Bushell and bought my first pack. This consisted of the long-eared, blue-mottled Southern Hounds which I bought out of Sussex. I hunted them for a time, but became disgusted with their independence and their way of hanging on the line. You could follow all the intricacies of hare-hunting with them, for they would never leave the scent, not even if you viewed the hare. Many times I made my whipper-in go and try to whip them on, but he could never do it; they only sat down and howled, and would not come to either horn or voice. I think I am justified of my term "independence." In Sussex many of the rustics used to follow these Southern Hounds on foot, so you may guess what sort of pace they went.

I got rid of them before long and bought a pack from the present Earl of Jersey. They were picked dwarf foxhounds, about twenty inches high, and as beautiful a pack as could possibly be seen. I hunted them myself, chiefly on the wolds, which resemble the Wiltshire or Sussex Downs; we had extra-

ordinary sport with them ; they were so fast that many thought the foxhounds could not beat them, and a hunting parson, brother of Digby Legard, who was M.F.H., persuaded me to match them to run a drag against his brother's hounds. We ran two couples each, five miles on the wolds, and the foxhounds only just beat the harriers.

That match was memorable for the incident that followed. It took place at the end of January or the beginning of February, and we had a large party at Hutton Bushell for the occasion. We did not dine till two hours after dusk ; Mr. Howard, a clergyman, who rented a small house of me about six miles away, and some other of our visitors had been out shooting, and on our return we played billiards, my sisters and the ladies having gone upstairs to dress for dinner. While we were playing the butler rushed in looking like a ghost, and exclaimed : " Oh lord, sir—the house is on fire ! " The alarm was given, and the ladies, half dressed, poured down to the drawing-room wing below their bedrooms.

There were no engines nearer than Scarborough except one belonging to a Mr. Langley, three miles off, and he refused to lend it ! The villagers and our servants kept up a supply of water with buckets, but their efforts were useless. There were two wings ; the one in which the fire broke out was that which contained the kitchen, servants' hall, etc., and over these were bedrooms. The snow was deep and the roads were almost impassable, so it was three hours before the engines arrived from Scarborough, and long before then the kitchen wing had been destroyed, and also part of the centre of the house. There was a wide passage connecting the two wings, and it was agreed to try and block up this and save the drawing-room wing ; so masons from among our village helpers bricked it up as solidly as time allowed. Thus that portion of the house was saved, and guests, family and household assembled there while we sent out to collect eatables. Only three bedrooms remained habitable and we were obliged to billet out our visitors like soldiers, in the village.

We had friends among the officers of the regiment stationed at Scarborough, and two of them, hearing of our misfortune, started with the fire-engines ; they had not come far when they were called back by their C.O., who put them under arrest (!) and sent an ensign in their stead. That colonel —Grant by name—had risen from the ranks and was a regular martinet.

I was going to add that this officer had no gentlemanly or Christian feeling in his composition, but perhaps it was his duty to act as he did. I was never able to understand the military point of view ; having been Jack of all trades I was once an officer myself. It was about fifty years ago when the local militia

VII.—THE WHISSENDINE

was first embodied in Yorkshire, and a gentleman by the name of Fothergill, who owned considerable property and lived within ten miles of my residence, was appointed colonel. He had been in the Army for many years, therefore was a very proper person for such an appointment. I was lieut.-colonel under him; not on account of any military knowledge I possessed, but merely because, owing to my large estates in that part of the kingdom, I had influence in the neighbourhood. Our major and captains were nearly as great novices as myself, so the colonel had a most responsible office. He was a testy old file, very fidgety, and not at all a favourite among his officers. The regiment was quartered at Scarborough, which has now become a beautiful watering-place and a borough. There is a very high rock on the north side of the town upon which are some barracks, generally occupied by regular troops, and in front is a grass space on which we were exercised. All the officers, barring old Col. "Testy," were well pleased when our training and drilling were over, though we had got on tolerably well until the old crab was taken ill and could not leave his house, so that I had to take command of the regiment.

I was not at all competent to discharge the duties of colonel, so I applied to the adjutant, who had been in the Regular Army; and he stood by me on parade and instructed me as to the commands I ought to give, and saw that they were executed. We managed to get on all right at drill; but I failed, I suppose, as a disciplinarian. It was in this way. The men had to rest for an hour or two between different parts of their drilling and did not seem to know what to do with themselves; so to amuse them I got up races, jumping in sacks, and so on, which they enjoyed. This, it appeared, was not at all a proper thing to do; for when, after two days, the colonel got well and resumed command he was exceedingly angry at my proceedings and termed them a breach of military duty. I don't remember the expressions he used about me before all the men assembled on parade, but I know they were not complimentary.

I believe our regiment was disbanded the second or third year, but I cannot be positive.

I was writing about the fire at Hutton Bushell, and billeting out. Some of us slept at the parsonage, near the house. We were not at all willing to accept this hospitality as we were not on good terms with the incumbent. He was a regular poacher and my mother had played him a trick which he could not forgive or forget. He had about 150 acres of land in the middle of our preserves which he would not let us rent of him; this would not have mattered had he been content to shoot in a sportsmanlike way, but he was not. There were a good many hares on his ground, and he used to give a man a shilling

or two for every hare he reported sitting. When he received such news he would take his gun and shoot the hare on its form.

My mother heard of this practice of his and determined to cure him of it. She had a hare stuffed, and having invited some friends to see the fun, they concealed themselves behind the hedge, while the parson's man, who had been bribed to do my mother's bidding, set up the stuffed hare in a form and went to report to his master. The parson duly appeared with his gun, accompanied by the man, who pointed out the quarry. I don't know what his feelings were when he, picking up the hare, discovered so many people laughing at his discomfiture. They showed themselves at the right moment, just when he found out the trick. He must have been very much ashamed at being caught in so unsportsmanlike a proceeding, for he crept away home like a dog with his tail between his legs and did not appear for a considerable time, procuring another clergyman to do duty for him until the " nine days' wonder " should be forgotten. It quite cured him of shooting hares on their forms.

As my mother made no secret of her share in the trick it was long before the parson became reconciled to our family ; relations were still strained when Hutton Bushell was burned, so it may be supposed that we did not accept the shelter of the parsonage longer than we could help.

What remained of our house being uninhabitable, we took one in Scarborough for a time ; I forget for how long, but I think it could have been only a few months. It happened that Ebberston Lodge, the seat of the Hothams, twelve miles from Malton, was to let in consequence of the death of a member of the family. It was a mere château in the Italian style of architecture and not large enough for us ; but we took it. At a later date I bought the place and built on wings to make the necessary accommodation. I might have saved myself the trouble, as the family remained together for only a short time afterwards ; my sisters married, leaving only my mother and myself at home. To provide companionship for her, two cousins, daughters of Mr. Smith, of Stopham (one of my trustees), joined us ; one of them died ; the other remained with my mother until the latter's death, which took place at Bath many years afterwards, at the age of sixty-four.

I still kept my harriers and hunted the wolds as I had done from Hutton Bushell. The manor of Ebberston joined a large estate of my own, so that I had a great range of shooting independently of the Hutton Bushell preserves. There were about 10,000 acres of moorland with a fair quantity of grouse, besides partridges, pheasants, hares and rabbits. There were also about 4,000 acres of tillage. The Lodge was situated at the end of a valley on either

side of which were beautifully-timbered slopes; behind the house were some large fishponds containing trout, which gave fair sport, though they never came to any size owing, it was said, to the coldness of the water. The park, also behind the house, was rather small; we had deer in it and, more to the point, there were rabbits. I was particularly fond of rabbit-shooting, and planted, therefore, some circular coverts in order to improve it. This succeeded only too well; the rabbits increased to such an extent that during the winter when the snow lay deep—and in that part of the world there would often be two or three feet on the level ground—they gnawed round many of the largest trees on the valley slopes, thus killing them. This sort of thing could not go on, and we had to set to work and destroy most of the rabbits within a couple of years or less after we took up our quarters at Ebberston.

Lord Monson, whose residence, Burton, was about two miles from Lincoln, died about this time, leaving a young widow. He had only been married a few years and his heir was quite a child when he died. He possessed a capital pack of foxhounds with which he had hunted what was called the Burton country; at his death it lay vacant, and as both hounds and hunters were for sale I bought the pack for £1,000 and some of the horses to strengthen my own stud. I engaged Lord Monson's first whipper-in, Wilson by name, and a kennel huntsman; and with this establishment entered upon the mastership of the Burton.

The hounds I thus purchased formed the basis on which I built up the pack with which I hunted different countries for thirty-five years; that is to say until I retired from the hunting field for ever.

We had the most extraordinary sport during my period of office in the Burton country [1810–1813]. The gentlemen of the hunt presented me with a large silver waiter having foxes' heads as handles, with a most complimentary inscription on the back, as a token of their appreciation. This valued testimonial is still in my possession.

When I assumed the mastership of the Burton my mother and I moved to Lincoln, where we took a house called The Palace, close to the Minster; it was an old Gothic building and had apparently been the abode of some bishop or other ecclesiastical dignitary in former days. It was completely secluded from the town by high walls as ancient in appearance as the house itself, and enclosing very pretty grounds entered by a venerable porched gate.

Close to the gate there lived a widow lady, by the name of Burton, who had a most beautiful daughter. I had frequently seen her at the window before we became acquainted with them, and I certainly admired her. Mrs. and Miss

Burton became frequent visitors, but despite the beauty of the young lady there was such a lack of animation both in her countenance and demeanour that my interest waned instead of increasing. I was an ardent admirer of the ladies and full of youthful vigour ; and I believe I was quite prepared at the beginning of our acquaintance to fall head over ears in love. But I did not ; to the disappointment, I fancy, of her mother, who hoped to see us united. Mrs. Burton was of Irish extraction, and being of no fortune it was only natural she should wish to see her beautiful girl well settled in life. Ere long she did ; destiny had better fortune in store for the young lady than marriage with myself ; a few years after she married Sir Richard Sutton (a lad about fourteen at the time of which I write), by whom she had nine or ten children. She did not live very long, dying when she was thirty-five or thereabout.

Lord Monson's widow was the lady who captured my affections. She was a beautiful woman on a small scale, with a complexion like enamel, a most animated expression and splendid teeth ; hers was a most brilliant countenance. Her figure was one of perfect symmetry ; also her manners were most engaging, and she was very accomplished. She paid frequent visits to my mother, with whom she was in political sympathy ; nothing cements friendship more than politics, and the two ladies were great cronies. By reason of the proximity of the kennels and stables to her house, too, I had constant opportunities of meeting her apart from balls and parties ; and as it was impossible not to admire a woman endowed with such charms I fell deeply in love. She had, however, one fault (very common among beautiful women), she was a great coquette.

She played her old game on me, leading me on to flatter myself that I should be her accepted lover ; this continued until the end of the second season, when to my horror and dismay, I found she had been making a fool of me. She had higher quarry in view, and some years after married the Earl of Warwick. Her brother, Lord Pollington, now Earl of Mexborough, was a great friend of mine ; he used to shoot with me constantly at Hutton Bushell, and I with him at his place, Methley, near Pontefract. He exerted all his influence with Lady Monson, as also did my mother, but to no purpose ; I was thrown over. It was several years before I recovered from what was a severe blow. None but those who have experienced disappointment in love can know the tortures undergone by the sufferer.

I have mentioned Sir Richard Sutton, and may here say that the first horse he ever rode hunting was a grey galloway of mine ; he used to come out with my hounds. Many years afterwards he hunted the Burton country [1824–1842] ; also Leicestershire [1847–1856], the latter until his death. It is needless

VIII.—THE DEATH

for me to speak of his prowess as a sportsman ; his reputation is too well known to call for comment ; but I cannot refrain from paying a tribute to the memory of the best and kindest friend I ever had in my life. His death was a great shock to me. He died very suddenly from an affection of the heart. For years he shot with me in Yorkshire, and I with him over his estates in Norfolk ; he was a splendid shot, as his friends are aware.

I shot 100 pheasants in 100 shots one day during one of his battues at Lyndford. Ninety-eight birds were picked up at the time, and two more subsequently ; a performance which he always cracked up as the best he had ever witnessed, and I dare say few have done as much when five or six men are shooting together.

(*MS. missing.*)

Two other shooting exploits of mine may be worth recording. In Scotland I once bagged 97 grouse with 97 shots, twice killing two birds with one barrel, so that virtually I killed 95 out of 97 birds. One day in Yorkshire, shooting with my neighbour, Richard Hill, Esq., of Thornton, on his ground, I killed 20 brace of partridges at 40 shots, never missing one. I did this with a flint and steel of 18-bore, made by the celebrated Joe Manton.

CHAPTER III

Sir Richard Sutton's Purchase of Hounds—Hunting the Burton Country—Foxes on the Wragby Side—Sport on the Spilsby Side—A Long Run—Shaw, the Belvoir Huntsman—Goosey, the First Whipper-in—Anecdote of Lord Forester—Of Dr. Paley—Hunting on a Bare-backed Horse—Amours—Standing for Parliament—An Election Dinner—How Reputation for Eloquence may be Acquired—Brief Career as M.P.—An Impatient Member—Mastership of Mr. Musters's Country—Kennels Built at Thurgarton—Mr. Sherbrooke—Lord Winterton's Idea of Cropped Horses—Mr. Lowe—Albino Girls—Strange Illness of Day, Whipper-in—Another Wrong Diagnosis—A Year's Anxiety Through a Bite.

SIR RICHARD bought a pack of hounds from the celebrated Thomas Assheton Smith, who hunted Lincolnshire for a short time [1816–1824]. The pack had a great reputation, but I told him the hounds were too big; I was certain they could not turn quickly, and, further, that they would not prove stout. He ridiculed my prognostications, but at the end of the first season he wrote and confessed that I was a true prophet. I sent him a couple of stallion hounds of a sort I had proved to be as stout as the day was long; from these he bred exclusively for some years, and they became the progenitors of the excellent pack he afterwards possessed. He upheld them as the best sort in England.

I hunted the Burton country for four or five years, and affirm without hesitation that it was the best scenting country I ever hunted in my life. In proof of this assertion I may cite the two following circumstances. The first was that two hounds separated from the pack immediately after we found, ran and killed their fox, the pack killing theirs also. The second was similar, with the difference that three hounds ran and killed a fox while the main body killed theirs.

The Wragby country was the finest I ever saw; a dead flat, mostly grass, with scarcely a drain throughout its area, so that it carried very little stock. The coverts were woodlands, many of them very large, but not an earth in any; hence the foxes were stub-bred. Its only fault was the almost total absence of rides in the woods, but the bottoms were covered with rough grass which made the scent better than in any other woodlands I have ever hunted. No

THOMAS ASSHETON SMITH, ESQ.

From the Engraving by D. G. Thompson after the Painting by William Sextie. By courtesy of Messrs. Fores, Piccadilly.

SIR RICHARD SUTTON WITH HIS HOUNDS

From the print by J. Bromley after the Painting by Grant. Lent by the courtesy of Messrs. Vokes, of Piccadilly

Horsemen from left to right Col. Lowther, Lord Granby, Mr. Green, Mr. Houston, Mr. Wood, Ben Morgan, Mr. T. Assheton Smith, Duke of Rutland, Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. H. Heathcote, Mr. Banks Wright, Henry Sutton, Charles Sutton, Richard Sutton. On foot, Jack Morgan, examining a hound's foot (on the left), Captain Frank (on the right).

fox could gain a yard on the hounds, and the consequence was that, being stub-bred, they went away and ran for their lives; but not until they had been badgered for more than a month, as the following sequel will show. Lord Monson did not like the Wragby country, nor did his huntsman, because the foxes would not fly—a result of hounds not sticking to them sufficiently, as I learned from my first whipper-in, who had been with his lordship in the same capacity. Seeing what a beautiful country it was, and that it only wanted regular hunting to make the foxes fly, I determined to stick to it till they did. It was full of foxes, but as they had never been really pressed, they did not know what hounds were.

For four or five weeks we constantly hunted those woodlands, but it was not until the last day or two that the foxes would leave the coverts. We used to run for hours and hours during the first four or five days without killing even one. This was due to their number. There were so many that hounds were continually changing. At last we killed one or two, and ever after that had the most splendid runs possible; the foxes had learned their lesson and would fly in all directions.

I remember betting a gentleman a trifle that we had so mastered them as to cause them to fly from a large wood of 400 or 500 acres as soon as they heard my horn. I posted my whipper-in close under the wood at the point I thought the fox would break, the friend with whom I made the bet and a few others with him. I threw hounds into the wood and began blowing my horn, and within five minutes at most a fox went away in view of the whipper-in and my friends. They gave a view halloa, the whipper-in blew his horn, hounds flew to it, and we had a most capital run ending in a kill.

I hunted the Spilsby side of the country for a month during the autumn and spring for a year or two. It is very good country for three days a week between Horncastle and Louth, joining the Wragby country on one side and Lord Yarborough's on the other. The woodlands were good—nearly equal to the Wragby. This country is now vacant. Sir Charles Anderson, who lives about four or five miles from Gainsborough, used to declare that we had forty runs and killed forty foxes; but Sir Charles is an enthusiast, and allowance must be made for his admiration of his country, the hounds and their management. I believe, however, that we did have twenty successive runs ending in kills during the years I hunted the country; but I did not keep a regular journal of our sport, therefore cannot be positive.

The present Lord Yarborough's grandfather hunted a few times with my hounds, and I remember his meeting us near Gainsborough when we had first

a middling run of an hour, after which we drew again, and found within a mile of Gainsborough. Hounds ran to six miles below Lincoln, almost reaching the Wragby woodlands, and for the last six miles nobody was with them. A butcher and another man got them together and shut them up in a barn. My horse tired before I reached Burton, and I left him at the kennels, got another and rode by hearsay (that is, I rode by the information I collected on my road); and brought the hounds home. Gainsborough is eighteen miles from Lincoln, and the point hounds ran to is six miles beyond the town, as nearly in a direct line as the crow flies. Mr. Charles Chaplin of Blankney, M.P. for the county, got as far as Burton, which is further than anyone else did. He was the best sportsman in the country and a capital rider for a heavyweight.

I forget now whether the hounds killed their fox or not.

The late Duke of Rutland hunted the Wilsford country adjoining the Burton, and I used to go out with his hounds occasionally, his Grace sometimes hunting with mine. I met his one day near Sleaford, fourteen or fifteen miles from Lincoln, and we drew a great many coverts without finding a fox. In almost every covert one hound kept running something, and after he had thus amused himself in several the duke was roused. "Shaw," he said, riding up to his huntsman, "I think that hound finds a fox in every covert." Shaw seemed to feel this a rebuke. "Please your Grace," he answered, pulling off his cap, "it is only some small varmint." The hound continued his misbehaviour until the whipper-in, getting a chance, gave him a taste of his thong which silenced him; but Shaw looked no happier when, a woodcock flying up before the pack in covert, Mr. Grosvenor—a clergyman—said: "Never mind, Shaw; they're steady from woodcock at any rate."

Shaw was a man of particularly aristocratic appearance and very good-looking; he was believed to be the natural son of a gentleman. He generally made use of fine words to show his superiority over his fellow servants, and sometimes made mistakes. Thus, in describing a run Lord Forester and I had missed through his lordship acting as my guide by a short cut to covert, he said of the beaten fox: "Poor fellow! Hounds ran him so hard that at last he was quite superannuated!" On another occasion, speaking of a candidate he had been interviewing for a place in the duke's stables or kennels, he reported that the lad would not do as he "had an implement in his speech."

Nevertheless, he was a most tactful and agreeable man. One day when he came over to hunt with my hounds a gentleman rode over a bitch called Tidings and killed her on the spot. It was quite unpardonable, for I had warned him not to ride so near hounds only a few minutes before. He was loud in his

regrets and lamentations to me and also to Shaw, who happened to be near when the mishap occurred. Shaw's response seemed to me a model of what such should be: "Very unfortunate indeed, sir!" touching his cap. "Accidents will happen. Did not see—— Rather too impatient—— Could not avoid——" Leaving the offender to decide for himself whether he should bear blame for the fatality or poor Tidings. Perhaps Shaw would not have been so lenient had he known what I told him afterwards, that the bitch was got by one of the duke's hounds, and was one of the best hunters in the pack. He looked at me with a long face, saying under his breath: "She was worth a hundred guineas, sir."

Goosey, a most respectable looking man and a first-rate sportsman, was then first whipper-in to Shaw; he succeeded him as huntsman, and after hunting the Belvoir for many years, at last became kennel huntsman. He used to imitate Shaw as well as he could in his mode of addressing gentlemen and in his manner generally, but was not very successful—indeed, one gained the impression that his idea was to burlesque his predecessor. I remember one day they were going to draw a covert in the Vale of Belvoir near a canal, and were waiting for the Duke to come up before throwing hounds in. Two horsemen happening to be on the canal bridge when his Grace appeared, Goosey shouted, "His Grace is arrived! Please to clear the bridge and then we will exhibit!"

Goosey's wife was a good-looking woman, but she was unfaithful to him, and used to meet gentlemen who were visiting Belvoir Castle. Goosey was very fond of her, but whether he was aware of her infidelity I do not know. At last she bolted, and Goosey was almost out of his mind about it; he could scarcely do his duty. Shaw, who was very partial to him, endeavoured to console the man; he reasoned with him and strove to put the woman's character in a light that should convince Goosey that he was better without her, and ended his oration by giving reasons for knowing she was "a damned bad one!"

While telling anecdotes I may as well repeat two others that come to my memory. One relates to Lord Forester, one of the finest riders of the day, who married the Duke of Rutland's sister, and hunted regularly with the Belvoir. He had a strong sense of humour, and they used to tell a story of him which illustrates it. It was this: he jumped into a saw-pit which was so full of sawdust that neither he nor his horse was hurt; another rider soon followed him, and at once began to shout his loudest, wishing to warn others against their fate. "Hold your tongue, do!" said Forester, "and we shall have the pit full of them!"

An anecdote was told in Lincoln of the great Dr. Paley. During the old Lord Monson's time some of the officers quartered there asked him to dinner. They had been out hunting and came home highly pleased with their day's sport. After dinner they discussed the events of the day until Dr. Paley's patience was exhausted and he interrupted with a speech which has become famous : " Gentlemen ! I think you have talked enough about hunting now. I'll tell you what hunting really is—a parcel of men with vacant minds meet at the covert side. The dogs smell a stink, they run and the men gallop after them. That's hunting ! " Dr. Paley had a touch of the Lincolnshire accent which would have given point to his remark.

On one occasion, hunting with the Duke's hounds, we had a most excellent run which I have particular reason to remember. I rode a horse called Brown George ; he was a very hard puller and bored a good deal. Soon after getting away I was well up with hounds and came to a partly open gate ; I tried to lift it, but before I succeeded the girths burst and I came to the ground with the saddle. Hounds were running hard, so I left it and jumped on Brown George bare-backed, and thus rode him throughout, taking every fence and brook till we ran our fox to ground. The horse being in hard condition his backbone was very prominent, and as I had to ride in the same way, fourteen miles, to Blankney, I suffered. I was so sore next day that it was impossible to go out with my own hounds.

All young men have amours in their time, but the recital of these is neither decorous, proper nor interesting except to those concerned. Still it may be expected that I refer to a few of my own experiences of the kind. " Kissing and telling " is against all honour, is base ingratitude and most degrading to any man who pretends to the character of a gentleman. Therefore the lady's name must be omitted from the following narrative.

She was a young married woman, good-looking, in the best society and constantly visited among our circle at Lincoln. Her husband was not so young as she was, but he was young enough, and a regular dolt. He had not the penetration to detect his wife's infidelity, though she was of the most amorous disposition, as the sequel will show ; and very inconstant, changing her lovers as her capricious fancy dictated. My improper intimacy with her did not last above a year, but we kept up an acquaintance which eluded the vigilance of all her friends and she was visited as usual. I drove a team in those days and she frequently took the box seat by my side. Before long I became disgusted with her capricious behaviour and gradually declined her favours. Very soon after my secession she bestowed her charms on a young hunting

T. GOOSEY

From the Lithograph by J. W. Giles after the Painting by R. B. Davis. By courtesy of Messrs. Fores, Piccadilly.

LORD FORESTER

From an Engraving by J. Brown. Reproduced by Courtesy of "Baily's Magazine"

JOHN CHAWORTH MUSTERS, ESQ., AND HIS HOUNDS AT ANNESLEY PARK

From the Engraving by C. E. Wagstaff after the Painting by R. B. Davis. Reproduced by courtesy of Col. Stanley Barry, D.S.O.

THE SOUTHERN HOUND

[illegible] Engraving by J. Scott after the Painting by Reinagle

parson (a great friend of mine) with whom she associated for eight or ten months. At the end of that time she cast him off, having become acquainted with an Army officer whose regiment was quartered at Lincoln; her relations with him were the same as they had been with the parson and myself.

She was certainly very reticent concerning her "indiscretions." I did not suspect the intrigue with my clerical friend at first and might never have done so but for the singular step he adopted to make me aware of it. Dining at her house one day he put into my hand under the table a note which I found to be a description of certain personal peculiarities which only an accepted lover could have known and which I knew to be correct.

The captain to whom I have referred was in full possession of the citadel when I left Lincoln.

Not far from the residence of that married lady lived a young woman by the name of Green, supposed to be a natural daughter of a member of the Monson family. She was very good-looking, and though a member of the frail sisterhood was not at all common. She had had two daughters by two different gentlemen before I became acquainted with her, and was very anxious to have a boy. I told her, jokingly, she was certain to have one by me; and so it proved. He is still alive: sent abroad at the pressing solicitations of some influential friends of mine, he has done well in the world, is married and has a family.

As I do not consider my relations with this lady an intrigue, she being probably well known as the mother of two children by different fathers in the neighbourhood, there is nothing dishonourable in my mentioning her name.

It must be thirty years ago, while I was on a hunting visit to my friend Sir Richard Sutton, at Lincoln, that I had an adventure I may recall. In course of my wanderings on non-hunting days I met with two cousins who had left their homes for a lark. Croxton Park Races were to come off two days later, and I intended to go; in course of conversation with the girls I asked if they would like to come with me to Nottingham. They accepted my invitation and we travelled by the coach. We engaged a large well-furnished bedroom in which there was only one bed. It was a cold March day and we had a good fire in the dining-room where we had an early supper, or what might be called a fashionable dinner, as it was past eight o'clock when we sat down. One of the cousins was very shy and would not come to bed, and in consequence the other one and myself occupied it. But about one o'clock in the morning the fire went out and the timid cousin, finding the room grow cold, yielded to persuasion and came to bed. Thus I was "doubly blessed."

They would not accompany me to Croxton Park and returned to their homes in the direction of Tattersall in Lincolnshire. I gathered that they were daughters of farmers in that neighbourhood.

It was during the third or fourth year of my hunting career in the Burton country that I became a Member of Parliament. In those days East Retford, which is some twenty or thirty miles from Lincoln, was a borough, and under the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, who always returned one member, if not the two the place was entitled to send. There was a general election, and my mother, in her political enthusiasm, prevailed on me to stand. I did so much against my inclination, and was returned, but not without paying dearly for the distinguished honour, as it is deemed. I did not consider it an honour at all; I thought it a great bore. A gentleman by the name of Marsh, who had practised with some distinction as a barrister in India for some years, was the other Whig candidate, and we beat the Duke's man out of the field. Marsh was a clever fellow, a good speaker, with plenty of assurance; and as I had no pretensions to oratory I left it to him to amuse the electors with his harangues, contenting myself with a short address explanatory of my political views.

After our election [October 8th, 1812] we gave the electors a grand dinner in the Town Hall. Many of them were of the humbler classes and there were scenes when it was found that there were not seats for all at the same time. Those who could not sit down at first stood behind the seated like hawks watching their prey; and when these considered the diners had eaten enough, fearful that there would be nothing left, they began to eject them from their chairs. The diners naturally objected and a regular row ensued, the entertainment resolving itself into fights. It was with great difficulty that order was restored; as soon as Marsh could make himself heard he addressed our constituents on the impropriety of their conduct; he spoke so tactfully, appealing to their good sense and good feelings, that they were not offended; on the contrary, he restored their good humour and they received his speech with great applause.

Soon after my election I was afforded a glimpse of the manner in which honourable members who have no oratorical gift may gain a reputation for eloquence—at least among those who know them through the newspapers. There was a reporter for the House of Commons, by the name of Finnerty, an Irishman, I believe, who happened to be at Lincoln about the time of that election. In some way he became acquainted with my mother, and thus I met the man. I so well remember his telling me that if I would only speak for two

or three minutes in the House he would put into his paper the best speech possible! I have forgotten what his paper was.

I had, however, no taste whatever for public life; I was so entirely engrossed with hunting, shooting and athletic feats that I could not turn my thoughts to politics, and it was only in response to my mother's entreaties that I attended the House on urgent occasions.

At that time the Catholic question was brought forward every session, a matter upon which Whigs and Tories were inveterately opposed. The divisions were so close that the Tories, although in office, obtained only very trifling majorities. I remember once being obliged to attend and vote on the question and the Government majority was only three or four. During the debate Canning and other first-rate orators had addressed the House for many hours, and after midnight Bathurst, a Tory, rose, to the great discomfiture of his weary fellow-members, who knew him to be no orator whatever; on the contrary, he was only a plodding, even a stupid debater. I was in the gallery with several others, and one of them who seemed a little the worse for liquor forgot himself when Bathurst rose. "I came here to vote with the Tories," he shouted in a stentorian voice, "but if you don't sit down, I'll be d——d if I don't vote against them!"

Of course the Speaker looked up at us to see, if he could, which member had so misconducted himself; and shortly after the gallery was invaded by the Sergeant-at-Arms. But before his arrival the bird had flown, and those of us who remained could deny having uttered the words; we also pleaded ignorance of the name of the culprit. I know we all wanted Bathurst to sit down!

My memory is so defective now that I cannot say how long it was after this incident that the dissolution of Parliament took place; it might be eighteen months or two years; whenever it was, however, I retired with all my honours thick upon me and gave up thought of politics for the remainder of my life.

I cannot remember the exact year, but think it was either 1813 or 1814 that I gave up the Burton country and took Mr. Musters's in Nottinghamshire [now Lord Harrington's], which was then vacant. It is a very bad country and very inconvenient for hunting, as the river Trent, which divides it, is so wide and deep that hounds and horses must be taken over in a boat to go to covert, and return in the same manner. On the right hand of the high-road from Newark to Nottingham the coverts are mostly woods and fir plantations with a very few gorse coverts. Over the Trent are artificial coverts of gorse, etc., and now and then a spinney. The banks of the river, which are very steep on that side, are covered with hazel, ash and other trees and form good holding for foxes;

but these extend so many miles and are so full of earths that the foxes only run a large ring, skirting sometimes the gorse and other coverts, before they return to these wood-clad banks and endeavour to go to ground. Thus they are fatal to sport and the only chance of a run is to find a fox five miles away, on the extreme boundary of the country which joins the Belvoir, and blow him up before he reaches the river bank ; or he may run over the Vale into the Duke of Rutland's country.

Mr. Musters lived at Annesley within two or three miles of Newstead Abbey (Lord Byron's place). He had kennels and stables attached to the house, and hunted alternately one fortnight the country as far as the Trent and the next that on the other side of the river, having kennels there also. As I could not rent the Annesley kennels and stables, nor hunt the whole country from the kennels beyond the river, I took a place called Thurgarton, near Southwell, about midway between Nottingham and Newark, two miles from the Trent, and built kennels there.

Thurgarton was a pretty good house, but I was obliged to build stables as well as kennels, a very expensive business ; the more because I only hunted the country for a year, or it might be two years.

Mr. Sherbrooke, the Chairman of Sessions, who lived about three miles from Thurgarton, was the leading sportsman in the country ; he was most gentleman-like and agreeable, but rather pompous. He was very particular about his horses and very difficult to please regarding their appearance and performances. He used to make me laugh when he said, as he sometimes did, " Sir ! I hate a horse which brushes his fences or only just clears them. I like one, sir, that clears the top, binding and all, and never puts his rider in mind of a fall ! "

It does not relate to hunting, but mention of Mr. Sherbrooke's niceness about his horses reminds me of Lord Winterton's singular notion. His lordship was very particular in selecting his carriage horses and hacks, and had a strange fancy for cropped horses ; he scarcely ever used any others. My uncle, Mr. Smith, of Stopham, and his lordship were discussing horses one day and, to the amazement of the former, Lord Winterton let fall some remark which showed his belief that cropped horses were a distinct breed ! That they were foaled without ears ! My uncle assured him that this was not the case, that the operation of cropping was performed by man ; but he failed to convince his lordship of the truth of his statement.

The Rev. Robert Lowe—generally called Bob Lowe—a relation of Mr. Sherbrooke, lived on the other side of the river. He hunted regularly, and was

T. WINGFIELD

From the Painting by R. B. Davis in the collection of Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake

RICHARD BURTON

From the Engraving by J. Harris of the Painting by R. B. Davis. Lent by courtesy of Messrs. Fores, Piccadilly.

a good shot and fisherman. He had two daughters with red eyes and hair as white as snow; a curious thing was that the girls could see better in twilight than they could in broad day; the light dazzled their eyes. They never appeared in public.

We had sport as good as, perhaps better than, Mr. Musters ever showed, but it was impossible to have such sport as Lincolnshire afforded; good foxes were fewer, and it was inferior as a scenting country. My whippers-in were Wingfield and Day; the former a very clever fellow with only one eye, who had been first whipper-in to Mr. Smith; he had, however, a very bad temper. Day was a very light weight, and good tempered; a capital servant; I was very fond of him. He had a strange illness while with me; it attacked him suddenly, and all the medical faculty from Nottingham and Southwell gave him over, assuring me he could not live a week. His friends took leave of him, expecting his death at any moment. That was forty years ago, and he is still alive; within the last ten years he was huntsman to Mr. Green in Leicestershire, and kennel huntsman to Sir Richard Sutton till the baronet's death.

Some years after while I was Master of the Quorn I had another equally satisfactory experience of the fallibility of doctors. Burton, my first whipper-in, took a bad fall with a horse we called Robin Hood—so named because I purchased him of a farmer who lived in the Forest; and a capital hunter he was. Burton was completely stunned for some time and was obliged to keep his bed. The doctor who attended him said his lungs were very much affected, and the horse falling on him had increased the inflammation; he thought the man in a precarious condition. Just at this time the wife of Mr. Gisborne was in the last stage of consumption, and there was a consultation of physicians from all parts of the kingdom. As I was very anxious about Burton's condition I thought it an excellent opportunity to send for them and obtain their decided and candid opinion. After examining and questioning the patient they came to the conclusion that he was in a deep decline and would not live a month. I used to visit Burton daily in the cottage he occupied near Quorn; I was very much pained by the matter, for I had a warm regard for him; but his illness having been pronounced hopeless, I was obliged to engage another whipper-in, which I did with the proviso that if Burton recovered he was to resume his old place.

About ten days after the doctors had been, while I was sitting with the invalid, he said, "I don't think, sir, I'm consumptive." I asked why he thought that. He answered, "Because I can give a good view halloa now"; and he gave one which made the room ring again, as they say. He had had a

very hectic appearance, but the doctor who attended him kept him so low that his colour had nearly vanished, and he was so weak he could only just walk across the room. Having shown that his voice was so strong, he said : " I'm sure I'm not in a decline, and if you have no objection, sir, I should like to consult Dr. Arnold of Leicester." I told him he might have a doctor from London or from any part of England ; but as he seemed to pin his faith to Dr. Arnold I sent over to Leicester for him.

The doctor came, and after making his examination, which took some time, he said : " You are no more consumptive than I am. Yours is a liver complaint." He then questioned him about what he was living on, and when told slops and roots, such as sago, etc., Dr. Arnold told him to " eat mutton chops and drink port wine until I order to the contrary."

Burton did what he was told, and in about three weeks he resumed his duties. That must be above thirty years ago and he is alive now. Before he came to me Burton was second whipper-in to Mr. Assheton Smith when he hunted Leicestershire, and of whom I purchased Quorn. He afterwards became huntsman to Lord Southampton when he had the Quorn country.

I had a very disagreeable experience myself while in Nottinghamshire. A dog supposed to be mad bit one of my hounds, and the hound bit me. A medical man informed me that a dog so bitten might show signs of madness at any time within twelve months. I am not ashamed to confess that I had a very uneasy life until the year expired, taught that the hound might go mad at any time during that period. He was, of course, separated from the pack and confined by himself ; and I watched him daily with the greatest anxiety, convinced that if he did go mad I must die of that horrible disorder, hydrophobia.

CHAPTER IV

Mr. Musters as Sportsman—" Bowled Out " by a Countryman—A Rustic's Retort—A very Dead Fox—The Hare-hunting Hounds—A Single-wicket Match in Notts—Mr. Budd—Match Against Lord Frederick Beauclerc at Lord's—His Peculiar Trick—Another Single-wicket Match—Cricket in Kent—Tennis Match, Hand *v.* Racket Against Barre—Against Marchasio—Mastership of The Atherstone and Derbyshire Countries—One Way of Drawing for a Fox—A Row in the Hunting Field—Challenge of Sir Henry Every—A Fox in an Icehouse—Curious Kill with Lord Middleton's—A Tuft-hunting Divine—Lord Middleton's Retinue—The Drawbacks of Tight Riding Breeches—Reckless Shooting of Sir James Musgrave—Characters of the Atherstone Country.

LINCOLNSHIRE was vacant for some time after I left; then, for a short period it was hunted by Mr. Musters. The handsomest man of his day, of great assurance and very imposing address, he was a great favourite with the ladies. As a sportsman and Master of Hounds he was less successful. There was a great want of dash in his hounds and he had so tutored them that with his voice he could make them " bay " at anything. He piqued himself on his ability to account for more foxes than any other huntsman in England, and by way of attaining that distinction he regularly practised on the credulity of his field, or the greater part of it. When he found the fox had beaten him he used to cast in all directions in search of a rabbit-hole, drain or earth of some kind, and having found it he would take his hounds near, get off his horse and look into the hole, when the hounds at once began to bay. He would then observe to the field that the fox must have gone to ground here as hounds could not carry the scent further than this rabbit-hole, drain, or whatever it might be; and as nine people out of ten accepted his assertion his object was attained.

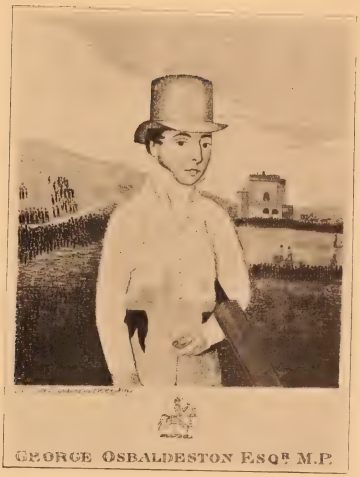
He was badly bowled out on one of these occasions by a Lincolnshire rustic in a smock-frock, who chanced to be at hand. Hunting in the neighbourhood of Blankney, the fox beat hounds after a run of some duration; and Mr. Musters looked about, after his practice on such occasions, for a hole; he found one that seemed suitable and had his hounds speak at it; then, by way of improving the case he proposed to dig. While waiting for a spade that rustic appeared on the scene and knowing what was toward, knelt down to peer into

the hole. After a glance he peered up at Musters with the remark, " 'E bain't here ! " " How should you know, you clod-hopper ? " demanded Musters. " 'E bain't here ! " repeated the man. " This 'ere 'ole is as chock full o' cockwebs as it can 'old ! " The presence of cobwebs of course proved the countryman right, for manifestly if a fox had gone to ground there he must have swept them away before him. The story got wind, and remained a standing dish in the country for a long time. It did something to reduce Musters's reputation to the level of that of other sportsmen.

That rustic's demolition of Musters reminds me of the answer given by a countryman to another M.F.H. There were two packs, rivals, the names of which I have forgotten, but that is not material. One of the packs ran a fox into the country of its rival and came to a check. The Master and others rode up to the man and asked him if he had seen the fox. The rustic said he had, but from his manner the M.F.H. thought he was lying, and began quizzing him. Finally he asked, " What did the fox say to you ? " The countryman, who had had enough fun poked at him, saw his chance. " Wot did 'e say to I ? " with a slow grin. " Why 'e axed I 'oose 'ounds these a-be arter 'im, and w'en I says as they wos yourn he says, ' Oh, then I shall tak' my time.' "

Two other tricks played by Mr. Musters I witnessed myself. The Rev. R. Lowe (father of the poor girls with red eyes) and myself hunted with him one day in the Nottingham Vale. We had a pretty fair run up to a certain point, occupying perhaps forty minutes, and, finding that his adversary was likely to master him he looked about, as usual, for his friend, an earth. In jumping over a fence he saw a dead fox near a ditch, and, nobody riding the same line except the Rev. Mr. Lowe and myself, the rest of the field were not aware of it. He cast about in different directions, and observed that the fox must have gone to ground. At last he cast back, and nobody followed him, the field declaring he must have gone forward. He jumped off his horse and the hounds began baying at the fox which he held up in his hands. I laughed exceedingly with Lowe, and when the ceremony of breaking up took place hounds would not eat him. The Rev. Mr. Lowe said, " He must have died some time ago, for the hounds won't touch him." Of course many were of the same opinion, but they only laughed.

Mr. Musters had a residence adjoining the Vale of Belvoir which, I think, he called Wiverton Hall ; he had some nice coverts all round it, and in them he made some false earths. Some considerable time before the foregoing occurrence he had two or three couples of draft hounds from me. Among them were two most determined hare-hunters which we could never break.



THE CRICKETER

From the Engraving by P. W. Maykins. Reproduced by courtesy of the M.C.C.

JACK STEVENS ON DICK ANDREWS, WITH RAMBLER (FIRST HOUND), GAIETY AND NABOB

From the Engraving by J. Webb after the Painting by Whetham.

Lent by courtesy of General Cowie.

I was out with him on another day, and we found some few miles from Wiverton Hall, and after running pretty well the fox seemed to be making for those coverts. As he got near Wiverton the hounds began to run hard; and seeing my late two wild beggars were running at the head of the pack I knew what game was up. They ran into one of the coverts and came to a check. Musters then rode into the covert, and knowing where the false earth was, got off his horse and the hounds began baying at it, the field remaining outside. I did not like to expose my brother huntsman, so I made no observation. I joked him about it afterwards. Though he would not confess it, I told him that my two friends were leading and I knew their propensities too well.

Now, as Dr. Paley said to the officers, "You have talked enough about hunting," at all events for the present. I shall turn to cricket.

My mother still lived with me in Nottinghamshire and, the neighbourhood being quite as good as Lincoln from her point of view, she kept up her parties, etc. I was quite disgusted with the country, and determined to leave it as soon as another became vacant. The only incident of my residence in Notts worth mention is the match I made between gentlemen who hunted with me against any two of the County Club, my side to be allowed a fieldsman. Dennis and Hopkins were selected by the Club, and I secured for my fieldsman Lambert, who was by far the best cricketer in England in a double match, and the most wonderful man that ever existed at catching a ball. Perhaps I may be allowed to mention two facts in support of my statement. I could bowl faster than anybody at that time, and to give my readers an idea of the pace I could put on the ball, two stops were required behind the wicket-keeper to stop it. I could bowl across Lord's cricket ground, from one end to the other, and sometimes when I bowled a man out the bails were found fifteen or sixteen yards from the stumps. Lambert frequently caught the ball behind the wicket, and stumped men out when I was bowling.

Now for the issue of the match against Dennis and Hopkins, who were both first-rate performers. I won the toss and went in first. I had scored 70 runs and was not out when they asked me to let them go in against that number; to which I assented. I was careless at first as I knew no four or five men, to say nothing of only two, could get 70 runs; after they had made five or six Lambert came and whispered to me, "Don't let them get twenty, as I have betted they don't!" I then commenced in earnest, and they got only about four or five more in their four innings, not having been out once up to the moment of Lambert's request.

I could beat anyone at single wicket, even my friend Lambert, and nobody

ever attempted to play against me singly. As wicket-keeper, fieldsman, bowler and batter, no man ever equalled Lambert. Apropos batting and catching, Mr. Budd was the hardest hitter I ever saw; several times he hit the ball over the palings without touching them. In one match Lambert was bowling and Mr. Budd caught the ball a half-volley, hitting it as hard as he did when he sent it over the palings, and Lambert caught it with one hand, throwing it up as if he had taken it out of his pocket. The eye could only follow the ball for half a second and then it was out of sight.

When I first appeared in the character of a cricketer at Lord's I was about twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Lambert was the first to discover I was so fast a bowler. Lord Frederick Beauclerc, a first-rate player, very long-headed and a great judge of the game, was not then aware that I could bowl so great a pace, and by the advice of Lambert I made a match to play against Lord Frederick and Howard; the latter not so fast a bowler as I was, but steadier. Some time before the match came off I was taken very ill and was confined to my room. I wrote to Lord Frederick, informing him of my situation and saying how obliged I should be to him if he would consent to postpone the match. He wrote a very laconic answer back, declining my request, and I thought nothing then remained to be settled but a forfeit. I named this to Lambert, who came to see me. He said, "I think if I could be allowed a fieldsman I could beat them both." I told him I thought such an issue never could occur, but if he liked to try the experiment he should have the stakes if he won.

I applied for a fieldsman, but with the same result as attended my suggestion of postponement. Lambert then said that if I could only hit a ball and get a run he could *claim* a fieldsman. I told him I was so weak and reduced I could never accomplish it; but at his earnest desire I consented and went to Lord's in my carriage. Fully half the match was over and Lambert being just then out, I went in; but from the quantity of medicine I had taken, and being shockingly weak from long confinement to my room, I felt quite dizzy and faint. Lord Frederick bowled to me; luckily he was a slow bowler, and I could manage to get out of harm's way if necessary, but it did not so happen. I hit one of his balls so hard I had time to *walk* a run. He then became vexed and desired Howard to bowl; but I gave up my bat and claimed a fieldsman. This claim was not admitted. When I walked the run many of the spectators cheered, all the cricketers knowing the circumstances. The match was not over that day as Lord Frederick had to go in against Lambert's score. I attended and saw the issue, and was never more gratified in

my life than I was when Lambert bowled his lordship out and won the match [by 15 runs].

Lord Frederick had a trick of raising his left shoulder higher than the other to make spectators who did not know better believe that he was deformed; to add to the deception he used to put his pocket-handkerchief under his cricketing waistcoat to increase the pretended deformity. When Lambert bowled him out there was a general cheer; and his demeanour returning to the pavilion put me in mind of Crooked-backed Richard.

Several years after this match, Lord Frederick, myself and Mr. Budd played one against Lambert, Howard and Shearman, the three best men in England. We beat them, getting 26 runs, while they got only 18 in the six innings. At the end of the first day I found my arm so stiff and painful that I could not bear to use it; I applied stimulants and other remedies recommended, but to no purpose. Lambert had to go in the second day against 8 runs, and we gave the match up as lost. I told Lord Frederick that I could not bowl, but he plied me with sherry till I was nearly drunk, and I went to work. Every ball I delivered gave me the greatest pain, and I thought my only chance was to bowl at the leg stump, when, should a ball shoot it might put Lambert out. After eight or ten deliveries it did so happen, and he never got a run. Of course, I was delighted at our victory, but not more so than I was at being released from a task which gave me acute pain. A surgeon examined my arm afterwards, and said I had broken a small bone like a splinter on the top of the shoulder. It was a month before my arm was quite well.

Throwing was not allowed then, except in one instance, and the following is the exception: Eleven of England, Lord Frederick, Mr. Budd and myself being three of them, played a match against eleven of Kent. Our opponents were allowed to throw, and we were not, but we won the match easily; it was played on very rough ground at a place called Rootam Naps.

I went down to Godstone in Kent and played in a match on the common to oblige Lambert. On this occasion I took all the ten wickets, and they got only 30 runs. Perhaps such a singular event never happened before, and has not since.

I was very fond of tennis, the national game of France, whose players are the best in the world. Barre, or Barr, was the finest player in France, and I believe is so now. I made a match with him, I to play with the hand only, he using his racket, which sounds a very absurd thing to do, but when explained it will be seen this was not so marvellous.

We played five setts, he giving me 15; and I won four of them. The

Dedans, as I think they call it, is a large opening at the end of the court in which the spectators sit. A net is placed across the middle of the court over which you must strike the ball, and on each side of the court at the bottom are figures ; No. 1 nearest the Dedans, and 2, 3, and so on. The nearer you strike the ball to No. 1 the better, and sending it into the Dedans counts more than any other stroke. There is a pent-house, as they call it, and on serving to your adversary you must hit the ball on to it, and then he strikes it back over the net to you. I mention these little items because a great many don't know what tennis is.

Barr was a most powerful player, and with his racket he could drive a ball with most terrific force. I was perfectly aware of his powers, because I had played the common game with him, and I had a very thick leather glove made, knowing that unless I wore such he would soon disable my hand ; but in spite of this precaution, it was so dreadfully contused I could not use it for a fortnight afterwards. Of course, I was obliged to catch his ball, hold it and return it over the net. He, knowing this, struck it with all his force into the Dedans, but the spectators, wisely, had a strong net across it. " Forcing the Dedans," as they call it, from the side wall, is most difficult to return ; sometimes I could not hold the ball. Had I not varied my throwing when I served to him, the ball coming thus so differently from being delivered by a racket, I should never have had a chance. This so vexed and bothered Barre that he lost his temper. Whenever I caught the ball from one of his tremendous drives he very seldom returned it. When he served to me I caught the ball off the pent-house, which was a great advantage. There never was an English player who could have played him on the same terms.

I beat an Italian by the name of Marchasio without any odds, every sett. I never heard a man swear more than he did ; but it must have been most mortifying to be beaten by an Englishman with his hand against the racket at the national game.

I now return to my hunting narrative.

Derbyshire and the Atherstone country became vacant nearly at the same moment, and remained so for some time ; the consequence was that a great many foxes were destroyed in both countries, and it was thus impossible for either of them separately to support a pack of hounds. I took both of them over [1815] and hunted the two, giving each a fortnight alternatively. I had establishments, stables and kennels in each, but resided chiefly in Atherstone, where the countries joined. My mother shared the house, but spent much of the year in London, entertaining and being entertained.

The Derbyshire country had been hunted by Lord Vernon for a good many years, his huntsman, Lawley, and the hounds attaining great celebrity. The hounds being for sale when I undertook to hunt both countries, I bought them, and by drafting a good many which were not so good as had been reported, also some of my own, I made an excellent bitch pack.

A very unpleasant occurrence took place in the Derbyshire country. Sir Henry Every, who lived [at Egginton] near Burton-on-Trent, kept harriers; he had some large osier beds near the river which it was intended we should draw. I remember well the morning; it was very stormy, the wind was high, and the snow drove in my face with such force that I could not see anything, and I took advantage of the stackyard for shelter until the storm ceased and we were able to continue our way to Sir Henry's house, where the meet was.

This delay caused us to arrive rather late, and when we reached the house eight or nine men armed with long poles and accompanied by Sir Henry's keeper, appeared. I could not divine the purpose for which they were intended, and asked Sir Henry to enlighten me. "Sir," he answered, "my men will beat my osier beds instead of your hounds drawing them as I don't intend your hounds to eat my hares." I remonstrated, reminding him that I had drawn the coverts before, and the hounds had not killed any hares. He, however, was inexorable, and the men began to "beat" the osier beds.

Before I relate the result of this unheard-of proceeding, which I consider was an insult to me as Master, I should mention that great jealousy existed between the Lawleys, father and son, and my servants. The elder Lawley had retired a few years before and his son hunted the hounds until I bought them. The latter was one of the field present when this strange operation with poles was performed.

The men kept shouting while they thrashed the osiers and this excited the hounds, who pricked up their ears and whined; it was with great difficulty we kept them from breaking away. Strange to say, the men frightened a fox out; and as the Trent bounded the osier beds he was obliged to run over large grass pastures in full view of the field; we all saw him run through a gate. Although the shouting and thrashing had excited the hounds they soon settled to their work. Then another singular proceeding took place. A gentleman in scarlet rode after the fox the moment he left the osiers and followed him to the gate, about a quarter-of-a-mile distant. He threw it open and then pulled up, right across the gateway, so that hounds could only pass between his horse's legs! I galloped up and asked him to come away as hounds were coming on the line. He said he did not care a d—— for me or the hounds and he should

remain there as long as he liked. To this there could be but one answer and I made it, saying that if he did not move out of the gateway I should stop the hounds. Again he replied that he did not care a d—— whether I did so or not. He stayed in the gateway, and I turned to Wingfield, my first whipper-in, and ordered him to stop the hounds. With great difficulty he did so, aided by the second whip.

In the meantime young Lawley and a friend of his, an auctioneer from Derby named Brady, who knew the country, had got into a road and they happened to view the fox; accordingly they began shouting "Tally-ho!" I took no notice, having stopped hounds; and presently Brady came galloping up and approached me in a fashion that promised trouble. He was a big fellow of perhaps fourteen or fifteen stone, and I knew him for a blustering, noisy blackguard. Coming close to me he demanded before the whole field and my servants, "What's the matter?" His manner was most impudent, but I took no notice of that and told him what had taken place. He then shouted, "You are a d——d liar and a d——d humbug!" I said if he repeated it I would knock him off his horse. He then put his fist in my face, saying, "A man of your size to talk of knocking me off my horse!" and snapped his fingers. Telling him that size had nothing to do with it, particularly when the bigger man was a bully and a coward, I bade Wingfield take my horse, dismounted and told Brady to get down and I'd show him how much size went for. He turned pale but did not attempt to get down; so I gave him a cut or two with my whip and turned away.

This episode finished, Sir H. Every rode up and asked if I intended to hunt the fox. I said I was surprised that he should ask such a question after the way he and the rest of the field had allowed anyone to behave as the man in the gateway had done, making no attempt to support the Master; also after the most unsportsmanlike and offensive method he had adopted of beating the osier-bed with poles instead of permitting hounds to draw them. He did not reply, but turned to Lawley and Brady, saying, "Go and let my harriers out!" They did so, but whether they attempted to hunt the fox or not, I don't know; he would have been three miles away by that time and I had no inclination to stay.

We returned to Atherstone next day, and I lost no time in relating the facts to Lord Stamford. He was a most mild and gentlemanly man, but lacking in decision. He agreed that I had been treated in a very unsportsmanlike and offensive manner, but he thought that neither he nor the committee could interfere. As I considered Sir Henry Every's conduct a personal insult I endeavoured to prevail on Lord Stamford to act as my friend in the affair;

but he declined. Being aware that no time must be lost in such cases I rode over immediately to a gentleman by the name of Floyer who lived near Lichfield and put the matter before him. Floyer was a thorough man of the world, sensible and decisive; he quite agreed that I ought to call Sir Henry out, failing an apology, and accepted the office of my friend. "But," he added laughingly, "after such conduct you may depend upon it he is like Brady, a coward and won't fight."

He proved a true prophet. He went at once to the baronet's residence and found him at home, and extracted a complete apology in writing.

We had many a laugh over the affair afterwards. Some wags at Derby wrote some ridiculous verses, quizzing Sir H. Every and Brady, and comparing me to David slaying Goliath. Some of Sir Henry's friends cut me, but the great majority of gentlemen in his neighbourhood were particularly civil. Needless to say, we never drew any of his coverts again, nor any part of the country adjoining his. It was no deprivation to us, because at this time the foxes in the Atherstone country had begun to increase and there was sufficient country without Sir Henry's.

We met one day within a few miles of Atherstone and drew several coverts belonging to an eccentric clergyman. All were blank, and we were jogging on to another covert a couple of miles away when the clergyman's gardener overtook us and, riding up beside me, said, "I've got a fox in the ice-house." We all laughed; I was inclined to dismiss the man's assertion as nonsense; but members of the field who knew the gardener assured me he was a man of veracity and I might depend on his statement. So I yielded to persuasion and turned back, laughing in my sleeve, as they say, at the improbability of the story; I also thought that, though the gardener said he had seen "Charley" (so he called the fox), it would have left the ice-house before we arrived. However, I was wrong; the fox was still there; we put him out and he gave us a good run.

My mother resided with me when I hunted the Atherstone country, and at that time Lord Middleton hunted the Warwickshire country formerly hunted by Mr. Corbet. He was an old friend of my mother and father, and he invited me to go over and see his hounds, which I did at my mother's particular request. I only went out with them twice, being anxious to return to my own. The first day we had a very good run and killed, but we had no run on the second. Lord Middleton was very particular as to his dress, very proud, and assumed the character of a great Eastern potentate. On that first day when we found and went away, hounds after running for a quarter of an hour divided and half of

them swam over a river after one fox and the other half went on with the other fox. One of the whippers-in followed the hounds which crossed the river, and the field kept with the others ; in due time the whipper-in brought up the remainder. His lordship was very much vexed and said he did know where to find again. He was going home, but just then one of his crack riders whispered to me, " He will find directly if he will draw Linthefield Bushes. You can ask him, being a Master of Hounds and his invited guest, but I dare not." I did ask him ; and if my readers could have seen the hauteur on his countenance and the scowl upon it they would agree with my description of his character. He answered, pulling off his hat, " Sir, my huntsman shall attend me." We found and went away very soon, and had an excellent run ; and killed, though in an extraordinary way. I rode a beautiful chestnut horse, a first-rate hunter. He carried me most splendidly, and the old peer fell in love with him, and purchased him ; but before I mention the terms of the sale and his conduct after it, I will explain the manner in which the fox was killed. Lord Middleton was not a good performer over the country, and never saw anything of the run ; but after running hard for an hour he saw hounds making for the river Avon, near Stratford. Knowing that it was very wide and only to be crossed by swimming, he made for a bridge he knew, accompanied by one of his whippers-in and two or three hounds, and they *met* the fox and killed him. Only three of us were with the hounds then ; close to the river they checked, the fox having turned short along some large meadows ; and he ran right into the view of Lord Middleton, his whipper-in and the straggling hounds.

Hearing them shouting near the bridge, I took the hounds and in going to them they got on the line and I let them alone. When we got up to them Lord Middleton was like a child with a rattle, and held the fox up in triumph.

We were not above five or six miles from the kennel, and he was so condescending and so agreeable, pointing out the different parts of the run, that nobody could believe it was the same man. The next day we had very little sport, but we had a grand dinner afterwards and a dance, and supper in the evening. A clergyman, who was either the pastor of the parish or an intimate friend of his lordship's, was one of the guests. He composed some most fulsome and ridiculously complimentary verses in honour of Lord Middleton and his hounds, and recited them after supper. This divine was what we used to call at Oxford a tuft-hunter. (This term of reproach arises from the fact that every nobleman wore a gold tassel on his cap.) It is not at all uncommon to meet with this sort of dignitary attached to high establishments.

I will mention now the sale as named before. Lord Middleton took a great

MR. MAXSE'S HUNTER COGNAC

From the Painting by Ferneley, now in the collection of Gen. Sir Ivor Maxse, K.C.B.

fancy to my chestnut horse, and after examining him and questioning his huntsman he gave me £300 for him. The next day I returned to Atherstone to hunt with my own hounds. Four or five days after my arrival the horse was ridden home by one of his servants, bringing a note for me. His lordship wrote to the following effect, "I have ridden the horse twice and he won't suit, therefore I have returned him." I was exceedingly surprised and vexed, as he could not with grace have returned the horse unless he was lame; the laconic style of his note, too, added to my indignation; and I told my mother I should keep the money and try the case at law. But she persuaded me not to do so; she said, "The horse is of as much value to you as the money, and worth every shilling of it; and it would produce a regular quarrel between you and Lord Middleton and sever our acquaintance."

About thirty years after this period he paid me a visit in Northamptonshire, when Sir R. Sutton brought his pack of hounds to join mine. It was at the end of the season when we always hunted Rockingham Forest until the end of the first week in May. We all took up our quarters at the inn at Kettering. Sir Richard and myself had been out hunting five or six times with our united packs before his lordship's arrival. His retinue consisted of his huntsman, valet and an old leary-looking damsel and a young girl not more than seventeen. We were quite astounded at her appearance, but of course we soon discovered the character of the two females. He had written to order rooms before his arrival. They never dined with us nor did I see either of them even once during their visit. He was so suspicious of the baronet and myself that their apartments were in a different part of the hotel; and he watched us like a cat; so did his valet. He must have been more than seventy at this time, and when in the prime of life he was always considered very much below mediocrity in his proceedings among the ladies; then what must he have been then! It is something like a man having some beautiful horses and can't ride any of them. Sir R. Sutton was perfectly aware of his want of power among the female sex and no doubt the young girl had discovered it long before.

Lord Middleton had just purchased a beautiful brown horse, for £500, I believe, and he brought his huntsman to act as groom *pro tempore* to give him the opportunity of seeing both packs of hounds. My hounds hunted four days in the week and Sir Richard's two. A laughable scene occurred when he was out with mine, which may be worth mentioning. Sir Richard was not at all well on that morning and he remained at home. Lord Middleton took me to covert in his carriage and I soon perceived that he was in a state of excitement. He knew that I had known Sir R. Sutton from a boy and that I was his most

intimate friend; he began by questioning me about the baronet's character and his propensities, and he said at last, "Surely he will never so forget himself as to make any overtures to my young friend." I told him I "should not like to trust him," and I did not know any man more likely to take advantage of any opportunity which might present itself. I thought he would have ordered his carriage to return, leaving me to get to the covert in what way I could, but luckily he did not, although he returned very soon after we found.

There were two or three ladies at the meet and a most ridiculous exhibition occurred. His lordship always hunted in leather breeches; they were so tight that he could scarcely move in them. His huntsman brought his horse to him to mount, and after trying for ten minutes he could not get on his back. They tried to lift him up, but could not accomplish it. At last his huntsman thought of a plan which did succeed. They took the horse and forced him into a ditch by which the height was very considerably reduced, and two of them carried him like a child and placed him in the saddle. Of course all the field smiled, particularly the ladies. These proceedings occupied nearly half an hour, but his address to the ladies after he was mounted added to their mirth. He rode up to them, and, taking off his hat, he made a most fulsome apology, praising their patience during the delay which he had occasioned. Very soon afterwards we found, and he returned home directly; to look after Sir Richard, I suppose.

I described the whole scene to the baronet on my return and how I worked on the feelings of the peer when I told him Sir Richard was a most dangerous character and had remained at home on purpose to get acquainted with the "young friend." We often laughed over the incident afterwards. The peer took his departure with his seraglio about two days afterwards, but with what feelings I cannot divine, though I have no doubt they were not of a very pleasant nature, as our company did not appear to be very agreeable to him.

A trifling circumstance occurred between Lord Middleton and Sir James Musgrave when the latter was out with the peer's hounds which does a little to show his proud character. Sir James was a regular hunter with them, and Lord Middleton knew him perfectly well. The baronet rode hard, but not with good judgment, and occasionally overrode the hounds. The peer was vexed with him on some occasion and addressed him in the following manner: "Mr. Musgroves, Mr. Sir James Musgroves !——" when the baronet turned round, and immediately Lord Middleton said to him: "I beg your pardon Sir James Musgrave. I did not think it could be you." My readers may be aware that the baronet rode over me and broke my leg, a description of which incident

I shall give later: he also rode over Sebright, my first whipper-in, and a gentleman by the name of Allex, a first-rate rider and sportsman; very fortunately for them neither was hurt seriously.

Sir James was as jealous when shooting as when hunting. He was one of the leading members of the Old [Hats ?] Club, and he shot with me at my own place in Yorkshire several years and also at Sir R. Sutton's in Norfolk (Lyndford Hall). One day we were shooting pheasants at the latter's. Sir Richard, Sir James and myself with some beaters walked through a broom covert which had been lately cut down. I was on the left hand of Sir Richard and Sir James on his right. A cock pheasant got up and flew right across Sir Richard's face; and Sir James knocked it down within two yards of Sir Richard's feet, and, being so near, blew it to atoms. The whole charge struck the body and you could scarcely have discovered what it had been; some of the entrails and blood were sprinkled over Sir Richard's shoes. Of course Sir Richard was very much vexed, and turning to Sir James, said: "Well! This beats all your former jealousies and exceeds anything I ever witnessed in my life. If the keeper can collect any part of the remains, which I doubt, it must form one of the number you generally take with you to Melton as a sample of your crack shooting." Sir James grinned, but made no apology; the act was so glaring he could not make any.

His visits after this circumstance were not near so frequent. He had partaken of all my best shooting in Yorkshire for many years and I happened to visit Cheltenham for my health. His place was not more than twelve or fifteen miles from it, and he invited me to his house, but said he had no shooting to offer me, but some fishing; he knowing that I was not a piscator. I was perfectly aware that he had some very good shooting and I was so disgusted with his want of gratitude that I declined his offer.

The Atherstone country from Hinckley up to the Forest belonging to the Quorn, though very good, was not first-rate. The fields were rather small and a good many were grass, but they carried a good scent. Almost all the coverts were either artificial or small woods and spinneys. We very often had a good run from those within five or six miles of the forest, as the fox generally ran for the place, which was full of unstopped earths. The interior part of the country was on the right-hand side of the road from Atherstone to Nuneaton, extending a good way towards Coleshill.

I cannot state how long I hunted the Atherstone in conjunction with the Derbyshire country; but I think it was only two seasons. [1815–1817.]

CHAPTER V

Purchase of Ebberston Lodge—An Untrustworthy Agent—Borrowing Money—Separation from Mother—A New Steward—He Proves Untrustworthy—Legal Proceedings—A Bibulous Lawyer—Mastership of the Quorn—Anecdote of Mr. Meynell—Thomas Assheton Smith—His One Defeat at Fisticuffs—The Mare Elmhirst—Her Jumping Powers—Mr. Moore of The Old Club—Practical Joke on Mr. Assheton Smith—A Steeplechase Match which Did Not Come Off—Sir Harry Goodricke—Mr. Francis Holyoake—The Clinker *v.* Radical Match Made.

IT was about the time I gave up those countries that I bought Ebberston. The property had been entailed, but after we rented the place several of the inheritors died in quick succession and it came into the market. I resolved to buy it and did so, the purchase money amounting, I think, to about £50,000. I had some outlying property many miles from my Allerton estate, adjoining the Ebberston, and this I sold to meet the sum required.

Mr. X——* was my agent at that period, and he managed my estates. He lived about three or four miles from Beverley, at a place belonging to Lord Hotham, who had a fine property in that neighbourhood. Mr. X—— was agent for his lordship and likewise for two or three other gentlemen, and was also the leading partner in the —— Bank. A very shrewd, long-headed and cunning fellow, he lost no opportunity of taking undue advantage of his employers.

There were some magnificent grass fields about his house, many acres in extent, and he used to buy a great many young horses annually; these he kept for a year and sold for high prices to the London dealers who attended the fairs. Thus he might be called a horse-dealer as well as a banker and agent. His elder brother was an attorney in practice at Beverley, and a most useful coadjutor he was; between them they worked the oracle to the great advantage of themselves.

My readers will naturally conclude from this statement that I did not consider either of the brothers very honest. It was a most unfortunate and destructive connection for me, as will hereafter appear. Had I entertained then the same estimate of their services as I do at this moment I should now have

* Osbaldeston's charges against this gentleman are such that I suppress the name.—E.D.C.

in my possession a very large sum of money instead of the amount being in the hands of their families. I had a person named A—— who called himself steward under Mr. X——; he was only an understrapper who looked after the tenants in the absence of his superior. Mr. X—— had amassed a large sum of money even at this time, and he died, it was said, worth £200,000. He became a money lender, and it is almost needless to state that he took special care to make his loans on the best security and at a very high rate of interest.

Having so many irons in the fire and being successful, the world naturally gave him credit for being a very clever person; how he rose to the position he did was a matter into which nobody inquired; it sufficed that he "had the blunt." Charity, they say, covers a multitude of sins, but money covers quite as many.

The outlying property of mine to which I referred was sold by private contract and so was Ebberston; and no doubt between the two sales Mr. X—— pocketed a good sum. I had every confidence in him then, and was guided entirely by his advice in matters relating to my estates and all money affairs.

My mother, as I said earlier in this narrative, had exceeded the income of the estate during my minority, so that when I came into possession at twenty-one I was in debt to some amount. In consequence of the large establishment she kept up in London and giving parties, etc., and my keeping hounds without any subscription and a few race-horses, between us we exceeded the income to a greater extent than she had done. To meet such an accumulation of expenses I was obliged to borrow some thousands, and under necessity continued that ruinous course for at least twenty years. Mr. X—— advanced what money I required on mortgage, charging rather high interest. Of course he had a salary as well.

I was so absorbed in hunting, racing, shooting, tennis, rowing, ladies, etc., I was too idle to give up a few days occasionally to investigate his accounts, and confided in his honesty and reputation. His elder brother, the attorney, was my solicitor, so between the two I got into a regular hornet's nest, though at that time I had not the penetration to discover it. Mr. X—— must have been about sixty, the limb of the law about sixty-five. The former kept up a fictitious rental which led me to believe I had a larger income than was really the case. He gave me a list of the tenants in arrear, which arrears I never received even to the end of the chapter. By this stratagem he made it necessary for me to borrow further from him.

After a few years the elder brother died, and not long afterwards Mr. X—— followed suit. I don't remember when it was that he died, but it was during

the first term I hunted Leicestershire, as I know his son, J—— X——, visited me at Quorn soon after his father's death. J—— X—— was a most complete chip of the old block. He used to hunt and shoot with me, and we were great friends. Although his father left him a good fortune he pursued the same business; he was not my agent, but I borrowed a good many thousands from him. My mother and I had some arguments relating to expenditure about this time and we could not agree; she attributing the excess of disbursements over income to my extravagance and I attributing it to hers. We parted, and I bought her a beautiful house with pleasure grounds on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond, where she lived until her death, which took place at Bath.

In the course of one of my snipe-shooting expeditions in the Fens I met with a gentleman-farmer by the name of Z——. He bore a high character in that part of the world for his agricultural knowledge and also for his strict integrity; and during this shooting excursion, which lasted several days, I sounded him about becoming my steward. After some objections on his part which I was able to overcome, we came to terms, and the agreement was signed subject to references, which proved perfectly satisfactory. As he was tenant of a large farm of course he could not commence his new occupation until he had sold off all his stock and arranged other matters; and these affairs occupied some months. When he had settled them up he came to Ebberston to take up his new duties.

"New brooms sweep clean," they say. For a year and a half he managed my estates exceedingly well, inducing the tenants to adopt better agricultural methods, but this beginning was merely a blind to mask his designs for the future. He raised the rents and many of the old tenants failed and were sold up. He humbugged me that as the landlord I was the first creditor to be satisfied and therefore he had better seize the stock on the different farms and sell it, but instead of seizing the cattle he drove it all away on to the wolds during the night, so that for a long time we could not find a beast. Eventually we discovered that he had raised a considerable sum of money on the cattle. He had persuaded me to employ a relative of his to assist him, and this man turned out to be his confederate.

On investigating his accounts we found he had robbed me in every way he possibly could, but he and his relation had bolted before we found this out. I determined to prosecute him, but my legal adviser, after examining his accounts and inquiring into all the circumstances, assured me that he could not be convicted; and, on application to a Judge in Chambers, a counsel, Mr. Blackburn,

was appointed to sit as Commissioner. When Z—— found it was to be a mere debtor and creditor account he reappeared and went through the whole of the business with the greatest effrontery. The inquiry lasted a week and at the end the Commissioner's award was that, I think, £2,000 was due to me. However, before he made his award Z—— found how things were going and bolted again; he was *non est* on the last day of the inquiry, and I have never seen or heard of him up to the present time. Bringing my witnesses to London, paying counsel, and my solicitor's bill and other incidental expenses cost a large sum, which, in addition to the loss of the award, made a serious matter.

At the death of Mr. X——, the attorney, Messrs. Campbell and Phillips succeeded to the business at Beverley, and became my solicitors; the former being the leading partner, used to come out frequently to Ebberston. He was addicted to drink latterly, and one day he arrived just before dinner, a little "gone" even then. I had some friends dining with me, among them Sir James Musgrave. We had some extraordinarily fine, but strong, ale at that time; and Musgrave seeing the solicitor's elevated condition, mischievously determined to complete his downfall; and my other guests, seeing the baronet's intention, entered into the fun. They kept asking the lawyer to take wine with them. He had already drunk a good deal of that ale, and the consequence was that he suddenly dropped off his chair and lay on the floor dead drunk. With the assistance of the servants he was put to bed. His exclamation after drinking a glass or two of the ale excited a good deal of merriment. "Sir!" he said to me, "This beverage is too good for mortals. It is fit only for gods and goddesses!" The poor man was so ashamed of the exhibition he had been led into making of himself that he left the house in the morning before I was up, although he had come over on business.

He only lived a few years, continuing his drinking propensities until they floored him. His partner, in consequence, had all the business to himself and acted as my solicitor; but, singular to relate, he also killed himself by drink not many years after Campbell's death.

About the time I resigned the Atherstone and Derbyshire countries the celebrated Quorn country in Leicestershire became vacant, and I took the Mastership. The stables and kennels and, I believe, the house at Quorn were built by the famous Mr. Meynell, the first Master of Hounds who hunted Leicestershire. Independently of his superiority as a huntsman and breeder of hounds, he was a very shrewd and clever man, who knew how to control his field. He was, I suppose, troubled by unruly sportsmen in his day as I was in mine, but perhaps not to so great an extent. He had his own way of dealing

with offenders as an anecdote told of him shows : One of his field being anxious to get a good start used to place himself at the place where he expected the fox would break, and this naturally annoyed Mr. Meynell very much. Instead, however, of blowing the gentleman up after the usual custom, he sent his whipper-in with orders to pull up close by the offending sportsman ; and as soon as the man had obeyed his instructions, the Master began blowing *him* up. " You d——d fool ! Don't you know better than that ! Come away instantly ; spoiling the sport of the whole field ! " This had the desired effect ; whipper-in and offender vanished immediately.

After Mr. Meynell's time [1753–1800] the country was hunted by Lord Sefton and Lord Foley. Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq., of great celebrity in the hunting world, purchased the house and premises, together with the farm attached, of Lord Foley. " Tom Smith," as he was always called, held a very high place in the hunting world. There is a story that Mr. Nicholl, a first-rate sportsman, who hunted the New Forest [1814–1828], was asked one day his opinion of " Mr. Smith." " Do you mean the Heaven-born huntsman ? " inquired Nicholl, remembering that there was another Master of the same name.*

" Tom Smith " excelled elsewhere than in the hunting field. He was a very choleric man, and in consequence had several " turns-up " to use a pugilistic term, in all of which, except one, he came off victorious. The exception was when a miller or carter interfered with his horse while he was in the bank in Leicester. The man insulted him, and Smith immediately pitched into him. The fight was of short duration, for the man got the best of it. He must have been a powerful antagonist, for Smith was 5ft. 10 in. or more, weighed 12st., and was very strong. He was so pleased with the way the man fought him that he sent a present of money by his servant that same evening. Tom Smith was very hard-featured, not at all good looking. He has been dead several years ; I shall always respect his memory, for he was one of the most honourable men that ever existed.

[*MS. missing.*]

Bunney, the residence and domain of Lord Rancliffe, about eight miles from Nottingham and seven from Loughborough, was one of our meets. Lord Rancliffe, a most gentlemanly man and amusing companion, was an excellent rider, and possessed a capital stud of horses ; he constantly hunted with us. A park of considerable dimensions was attached to the house ; it contained

* Mr. Thos. Smith, of Hill Place, M.F.H. Hambledon 1825–29 and 1848–52.

MR. MAXSE'S HUNTER BARON

From the Painting by Ferneley, now in the collection of Gen. Sir Ivor Maxse, K.C.B.

THE SQUIRE WITH THE QUORN

From the Painting by Ferneley in the collection of Major Mervyn Thornycroft

"The leading figures are Mr. Hoiyoake, on Crossbow and Mr. Osbaldeston, on Assheton, both taking a flight of rails abreast, whilst Sir Harry Goodricke, on Dr. Russell, is charging a gate a few yards to their right. Mr. Maher on Potash, and Mr. Green are close in their rear; Sir James Musgrave and Major Forester appear going well to the left. Lord Plymouth has since purchased Assheton for 400 guineas." Nimrod, 1825. S.M. 66, p. 222. The view is taken from Tilton Hill, looking north.

deer, if I remember correctly, but at all events it was surrounded by very high walls such as would keep deer from escaping. We met one day four or five miles from Bunney, and there was a large field out, among whom was my predecessor, Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq. As my readers are aware, he was considered the boldest and most determined rider of his day. We soon found a fox and he made for Bunney; he climbed the wall and ran across the park for a wood about a mile off. I had at that time a mare we called Elmhirst, having purchased her from a colonel of that name. She was scarcely 15 hands, but very long and a bright bay. Before I bought her Sebright, my second whipper-in in Lincolnshire, rode her over some of the highest walls I ever saw jumped in that country. Col. Elmhirst was a timid rider himself, and he put Sebright up to see what the mare could do. When hounds came to the wall of the park some of them could not jump over. I was riding Elmhirst, and she carried me over without touching it, but not a soul followed, not even the great Assheton Smith; and I had the hounds entirely to myself for twenty minutes.

Whilst Assheton Smith hunted the Quorn [1806–1817], I was out with him one day in the Harborough country. He was drawing a wood, and while so engaged the field collected under the side of it. Opposite to where we were waiting was a very high gate, the top bar of which was arched, and the ground near so deep that it was like a slough. Among the field was a gentleman by the name of Maher, an Irishman, one of the leading members of the Old Club. He was a capital rider and a good sportsman, and on many occasions he and I have been the only two remaining with hounds at the end of a long day. While we were talking and joking on hunting matters, Maher suddenly observed, "I should like to see anyone jump that gate with the slough before it." I was on the mare and said, in a careless manner, "Oh, I could jump it easily enough." He answered, "You're joking!" and looked earnestly at Elmhirst, as if he thought it was impossible for such an animal to accomplish it. I said I would bet him £10 I did it, and he took me on. Many of the field told me I should break my neck, but they cleared out of the way, and I rode back 30 yards and cantered gently at the gate, over which the mare flew like a bird, if I may use the expression. Why I make use of that term is because I never, during all my hunting life, met an animal to be compared with her in jumping powers. I could only compare the sensation of riding her over fences to being carried in a chair by a sling; it was a most pleasant feeling and quite different from any I ever experienced on any other horse. For a burst or an hour's run nothing could beat her; that extraordinary jumping power allowing you to ride straighter

over the country than you could on any other animal. She could not, however, endure a long day; she was not stout.

The Old Club at Melton Mowbray was the leading one, and consisted of four members at the time of which I am speaking—Mr. Maher, Mr. Moore, Sir James Musgrave and Mr. Maxse. Mr. Moore, I believe, was regarded as the head of it. He was a great critic, but perhaps less of a judge and sportsman than he would have had his friends think him. A great sportsman ought to possess a thorough knowledge of all the intricacies of kennel management, as well as of the hunting and breeding of the hounds and their different properties. Also a Master of Hounds requires excellent judgment in managing the field, and he must be able to ride sufficiently well to see what hounds are doing. Not one of these requisites did the critic display. Though he would ride over most of the fences he was afraid to gallop any pace—or, if not afraid, he did not do so—hence when hounds went away with a scent he was shut out by the numbers before him and saw nothing of the run. He could not distinguish one hound from another.

The Cottesmore country adjoined the Quorn on one side and the Belvoir on the other, both being within a few miles of Melton. Lord Lonsdale (the present peer's father) hunted the Cottesmore; his hounds were a fine pack, but too large for so hilly a country, and were not quick hunters; they tailed when the scent was good, and were what I call "dwellers," as if they had a distant cross of the Southern Hound or Bloodhound. Some of their notes also gave me that idea.

The Belvoir hounds were a capital pack, very fast and stout and quick hunters; they showed excellent sport and were remarkable for quick bursts. Mr. Moore admired the Cottesmore much more than either the Belvoir or the Quorn, and was always bothering me and Goosey, who was then the Duke of Rutland's huntsman, with his opinions on the superiority of Lord Lonsdale's hounds and hunting over ours. One day when he was out with the Belvoir he kept dwelling on his old theme; and in describing the extraordinary patience and close hunting of the Cottesmore, ended by saying to Goosey, "Do you know Lord Lonsdale's are such wonderful hunters they can actually *walk* a fox down?" Goosey, who had often before been annoyed by Moore's praises of them, answered, "I take leave to say, sir, that you must make haste after him some time of the day."

Mr. Moore also was continually extolling the superiority of Mr. Assheton Smith's riding over that of any other man, until his repetition of it became wearisome. I was dining one day at the Old Club when he once more began

on the subject; and being nettled by his everlasting praises of Assheton Smith's performances, I offered to ride a steeple chase against him with a horse I then had named Shamrock for 500 or 1,000 guineas a-side. Moore jumped at the offer and I made the match, the terms of which we drew up immediately, subject of course to Assheton Smith's agreement. Smith, however, declined to accept the challenge, and his refusal produced a great deal of fun and chaffing on my part, to the inexpressible dismay and vexation of "old John Moore," as he was called. I had told him before the answer arrived that Smith would not accept it, and if he did he would be beaten.

After the refusal I said I thought he had not the pluck, because any man who had not the courage to encounter a woman would not have the courage for the other encounter. I then related the trick which Sir H. Goodricke had played Mr. Smith at Lincoln. (I should explain that Sir Harry was exceedingly mischievous and beyond measure fond of practical jokes.) Mr. Assheton Smith hunted Lincolnshire, or rather the Burton country, for a good many years after my departure, and Sir Harry hunted with him, both residing in the town. Smith, by way of attaining popularity, used to attend all the card parties, at which he met a good many ladies. He became acquainted with a young woman of the frail order who was known to Sir Harry and some other young fox-hunters, and he made an appointment with her to come to his house. After much fruitless exertion he failed to accomplish his purpose; and attributing his incapacity to a very bad cold, requested her to call again on a specified evening.

She agreed, but in the interval told her friends, among them Sir Harry, what had passed. He ascertained from her when her visit to Smith was to be repeated, and they arranged that if her experience on this second occasion was the same, she was to signal by coughing or in some other way. On the appointed night Sir Harry and a few others, disguised in smock-frocks and furnished with marrow-bones and cleavers, assembled under Smith's bedroom window; and, the signal being given, they struck up the most discordant noise to an accompaniment of laughing and coughing. Smith was exceedingly exasperated, but this attack on his privacy was so unexpected that he could think of no means to disperse his tormentors. He must have known what it meant and that the story would spread about the town, and it was some days before he appeared again at his card parties. When he did the ladies, only hearing that he had been confined to the house by a cold, congratulated him on his recovery with expressions of regret at being so long deprived of his society. I leave my readers to imagine what his feelings must have been on such an occasion;

he could not possibly know whether the ladies were acquainted with all the circumstances or not. He never attempted to discover who his disguised nocturnal visitors were.

Sir Harry Goodricke was the most leading rider and sportsman at Melton ; he had a capital house there and kept a first-rate table : also he had an excellent stud of hunters. A gentleman by the name of Holyoake who was his bosom friend, lived with him. Mr. Holyoake was a sharp fellow and a great toady to the baronet—what we called at Oxford a tuft-hunter. He also had a good stud and betted a great deal of money on horse-racing, having always a large book on all the great races. He was completely subservient to Sir Harry's whims and fancies, but was amply repaid for such sacrifices, as will appear presently.

Sir Harry Goodricke was very proud of his horses, particularly of one whose name I forget. I dined with him one day at Melton and we were discussing the merits of various horses and their riders when he expressed some contempt for all that had been mentioned in comparison with his own stud. My whole thoughts were engrossed with the hounds, and my ambition and pleasure were to show a run if I possibly could attain that object. I never attempted to lead the field, as riding was quite a secondary consideration with me ; I was quite content to be near enough to see what hounds were doing. Had I endeavoured to lead, all would have ridden at me, and the hounds would have had no chance—at first at least—of settling to their work ; and I should have been quoted as an example and an excuse for their over-riding, which was bad enough as things were.

Sir Harry in consequence had not a very high opinion of my riding or of my horses ; and he gave broad hints to that effect in the course of our conversation. I therefore felt prompted to try to make a match with him, and offered to ride against him for 500 guineas on Shamrock, the horse I mentioned before ; I suggested ten miles across country, he riding his favourite ; we were to ride catch-weights, and as he was much heavier than me, I should have had the advantage of a stone and a half. We made the match and it stood until within three days of the date appointed, when, owing to the interference of his friends and my own, objections were raised and I was reluctantly obliged to meet their wishes. So the match never came off.

Sir Harry's old family residence in Yorkshire was called Ribston ; it is supposed that the famous Ribston Pippins were first planted on his estate and are so called from that circumstance. It was said that he had £18,000 or £20,000 per annum.

He remained at Melton for a few years after I gave up the Quorn and died

rather suddenly at the age of thirty-seven or thirty-eight. He never married, and to the astonishment and bitter sorrow of his heir (not by law but by consanguinity) left the whole of his property to Francis Holyoake. His heir was his nearest relation, and a more gentlemanly, pleasant or more honourable man never existed. He and Sir Harry were on the best terms up to a certain period when a most fatal and untoward event occurred, in consequence of the unaccountable caprice on the part of the baronet. The gentleman had sold him a horse but never asked for payment for at least a year; having very moderate means, and being in distress for money he wrote to Sir Harry in the kindest manner for a settlement. This so offended the baronet that he immediately altered his will in favour of the tuft-hunter before named.

That was the story commonly accepted; whether that appeal for payment really cost the heir his inheritance it is impossible to say; but it is certain that Sir Harry was very whimsical and capricious. Also he was very envious; he could not bear anyone to suggest a plan and put it into successful execution unless it originated with himself. Further he was very jealous of any other man's riding. He had one very odd fancy; which was that he always slept naked without even a cap on his head! It was said that one of his stipulations was that Holyoake should hunt the Quorn country; and so he did for a season or two and then retired; but the report was that Sir Harry intended he should hunt it for many years.

Mr. Holyoake, a few years after these occurrences, retired from the hunting field and also from the Turf. He has lived a most retired life ever since, and is what his sporting friends call "hedging for the next world." He married George Payne's sister, and it is through her influence that he has adopted his new mode of life. I must be permitted to observe that I don't at all condemn him for his resolve; on the contrary; nor do I approve of the sarcasm implied by the word "hedging."

In his Quorn days Mr. Holyoake had a good stud of horses, among them a thoroughbred bay called Clinker, which was a great favourite of his; Mr. Holyoake considered Clinker invincible across country. Capt. Ross, famous as a pigeon shot and for his feats with rifle and pistol, some of which I will narrate in due time, made a match for 500 or 1,000 guineas a side to ride Clinker against any horse Lord Kennedy could produce, carrying any fox-hunting gentleman of the captain's weight (13st.) from Barkby Holt to the Coplow in Leicestershire. Lord Kennedy's choice was a horse named Radical belonging to Assheton Smith; a thoroughbred and very fast; and his rider was Mr. Douglas, who was said to be a capital performer over the country; but he proved as indifferent a pilot as did the bold captain.

CHAPTER VI

The Clinker *v.* Radical Steeple Chase—Six 'Chases Ridden and Won—Polecat *v.* Pilot—Mr. Clutterbuck's Black *v.* General Charritie's Grey—Grimaldi *v.* Moonraker—Grimaldi *v.* General Charritie's Grey—Clinker *v.* Clasher—My Verses on the Subject—Races on the Flat—A Disgraceful Decision at Bedford—A Fall Through Saddle Turning at St. Albans.

MR. FRANCIS HOLYOAKE took the business of training Captain Ross in hand and gave him many instructions, which he required, being, as I have hinted, but a moderate performer in the pigskin. He had a good deal of money on his favourite, and for fear the captain might miss the line he made him ride over it three or four times a week for five or six weeks before the match came off; also Ross rode Clinker several times. In consequence of Mr. Holyoake, and occasionally other friends, accompanying him they nearly smashed the fences, and there was not a good one to be cleared over the whole line.

The match [31 March, 1826] excited extraordinary interest; the winning post under the Coplow was surrounded by booths and shows with all the accompaniments of such exhibitions. As I was hunting every day I did not go to see the captain practising over the line, but an hour or two before they started, being mounted on one of my hunters, I saw that I could follow them near enough to see the fun.

They started in a field close to Barkby Holt; it was a stubble, the rest being nearly all grass. At the end of this field was a gate, and close beside it a gap made by the captain during his drilling. When they reached the gate both made for the gap, but having no hands, their horses got so jammed together that neither could pass through; and, Radical stopping, Douglas tumbled over his head over the gate. Ross's bridle was so entangled in Radical's that the horses could not get away for a second or two. Douglas, not hurt, got over the gate and remounted, but by the time he had done so Clinker was two fields ahead. Each was allowed a pilot; and a farmer and horse-dealer by the name of Tomlin was Douglas's. Seeing that the rider of Radical was a very poor performer, Tomlin advised him not to ride at the gaps but to take the fences

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON ON CLASHER WINNING THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE AGAINST CAPT. ROSS'S CLINKER, RIDDEN BY DICK CHRISTIAN

The four-mile course from Great Dalby Windmill to within a mile of Tilton-on-the-Hill was done in sixteen minutes
From the Print dedicated by R. Ackermann to the Squire, after his painting by E. Gill of Northampton. Lent by courtesy of Messrs. Fores, Piccadilly

CHALKLEY FIELD CLOSE TO THE FINISH OF THE ST. ALBANS GRAND STEEPLECHASE, MARCH 8. 1832

From the Engraving by G. and C. Hunt after the Painting by J. Pollard. Lent by courtesy of Messrs. Sabin, Bond Street

Squire Osbaldeston is umpiring on horseback in the centre of the foreground. Moonraker ahead, clears seven yards in one leap, Grimaldi (the grey) is second, Corinthian Kate, third. Capt. Codrington on Bloomfield and Mr. Weston on Peacock have fallen in the chalk pit.

nearly in the same line. But his advice was perfectly useless; Douglas gained on Clinker for about half a mile, but when he had ridden half the course he tumbled into a deep ditch, and there remained until the captain had reached the winning post.

The cheering and exultation of Clinker's partisans was tremendous; and the captain, from his manner and expressions, considered that he had achieved a great victory and was a first-rate steeplechase rider. I remarked at the time that he would some day pay for his vanity, and so it turned out. Two greater tailors never exhibited in a steeplechase. "By my troth they both rode like hackney coachmen!" as a huntsman observed.

Before this event occurred the captain had made a match with Mr. Gilmour to ride a horse of his against one of the latter's, owners up, but I forget the names of the animals and the distance. As I did not witness this match I can give no description of it, but to the astonishment of all the hunting fraternity (including myself) Ross won. How he ever could have beaten Mr. Gilmour I never could understand. The latter was a capital rider for a heavy-weight, and Ross, as I said before, was a mere tailor.

The invincible Clinker about this time won a great steeplechase handicap, very easily beating seven or eight picked horses; he was ridden by Alcock, a farmer, who was a good rider. They finished near The Coplow on the contrary side to the Ross and Douglas exhibition. Clinker was the terror of all the Meltonians and the whole country, and nobody would make a match to produce a horse to run against him. To make use of a vulgar expression, Clinker was the "Cock of the Walk," and remained so for nearly a year; but he met with defeat at last.

Here I may relate the story of my own steeplechase matches; I rode six and won them all.

The first was with Captain Ross, who matched himself on a mare he called Polecat to ride against my horse Pilot. We were to race five miles, even weights, across Leicestershire for, I think, 500 guineas. We started between Skeffington and Rolleston, and finished at Carlton Clump in the Harborough country; and the horses being good hunters and pretty evenly matched we kept fairly well together for a mile, when I began to improve the pace. About one mile from the winning post the captain and his mare, taking a fence, fell into the ditch on the landing side, his mount being very distressed; by the time he got out I had won [December 5th, 1829].

He attributed his defeat, correctly no doubt, to this accident, and challenged me again on the same terms. This second match [December 12th,

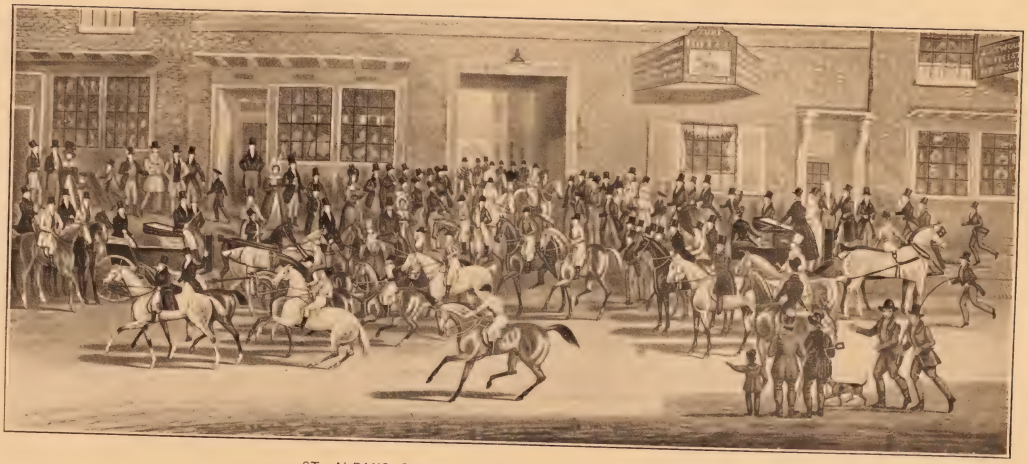
1829] came off over a different country. I was then hunting Northamptonshire and stipulated that it should be run there as I could not leave the hounds to give him his revenge. We started from Kelmarsh and finished at Waterloo Gorse. Neither of us got a fall in this race; I made the running and beat the captain again in a common canter.

A gentleman by the name of Clutterbuck who hunted with my hounds in Northamptonshire purchased a little black horse of a farmer in that country, the most extraordinary animal for his height I ever saw. He was only 14·2. Mr. Clutterbuck matched him against a grey horse [Napoleon] belonging to Colonel (now General) Charritie. I rode him, but I forget who rode the other. The line was from near Daventry to within half a mile of Dunchurch. The black horse [Clipstone] won easily; he was a most wonderful fencer for his size, as quick as lightning over the fences; it was quite a pleasure to ride him over the country [26 March, 1833].

Captain Evans, a very old friend of mine, who hunted formerly with the Duke of Beaufort, and has now the cleverest pack of hounds in the Kingdom, in Dorsetshire, had at that time a most beautiful grey horse he called Grimaldi; one of the finest horses I ever saw, and thoroughbred. Evans ran him at the St. Albans Steeple Chase and, ridden by a foxhunting friend of his, Grimaldi came in second. I told Evans at the time that his horse could not have lost if the friend, whose name I forget, had ridden with any judgment, and persuaded him to match Grimaldi against the winner, Moonraker, which belonged to Elmore the horse-dealer. This horse had scarcely ever been beaten—never in deep ground. We dined at the ordinary on purpose to make the match; Elmore and his friends jumped at the offer and the match was made for £500 a side.

The line was over Elmore's farm beyond Harrow, almost all grass but very deep. I rode Grimaldi and Seffert rode Moonraker. I soon found that I could outpace him and was sure to win barring an accident; and I did win by nearly 100 yards. General Charritie was a strong partisan of the Moonraker party, and about an hour before starting I found him and Seffert inspecting the line; so of course I did the same, which delayed the start.

We matched Grimaldi a second time; this race [6 April, 1833] was against the grey horse belonging to General Charritie which I mentioned before, giving him two stone. The line was in the Dunchurch country, nearly up to Dunchurch, the distance five miles. I rode Grimaldi and Captain Becher rode the general's horse. There was a good brook about a mile from the winning post and this was so swollen by the heavy rains it was like a small river. Grimaldi



ST. ALBANS GRAND STEEPLECHASE, MARCH 8th, 1832

The Turf Hotel, with the horses and their riders going to the field, preceded by G. Osbaldeston, Esq., Umpire, and Mr. Colman, Clerk of the Chase
From the Engraving by G. and C. Hunt after the Painting by J. Pollard. Lent by the courtesy of Messrs. Sabin, Bond Street

was not fond of water, but I sent him so fast that he was obliged to jump at it. He jumped as far as he could, but the brook was too wide for him and we went in, overhead. It was with difficulty we got out. I was of course soaked, and my boots were full of water; also the horse was so frightened that I could not remount for a few minutes. The consequence was that Becher, who had cleared the brook, got nearly three fields ahead of me. However, when Grimaldi did suffer me to mount his superior speed enabled us to catch him, but only when we were within fifty yards of the end. Nevertheless, I won easily.

The sixth and last steeple chase match I rode was made under the following circumstances: Captain Becher was very sore at his defeat on General Charritie's grey, and after that match was continually singing the praises of Clinker. I had a bay horse I called Clasher, which I bought of a farmer in Lord Yarborough's country; whether he was thoroughbred I don't know, but he had all the appearance of it. He was an extraordinary fencer, a capital water-jumper, and very fast. One day after dinner Becher was vaunting the merits of Clinker, and I said I would run him with Clasher. He laughed, evidently thinking I meant it as a joke; but finding I was in earnest he came to terms and the match was made, I stipulating that if Clasher should be lame it was void. It so happened that I did lame him while hunting my hounds, and the match was accordingly postponed. Clinker in the meantime had passed into the hands of Captain Ross, who sent him to be sold at Tattersall's on a Monday. I happened to look in on the Sunday and met several men I knew who chaffed me, saying I had been afraid to run against Clinker after all. I explained why the match had not come off, and no more was said.

Next day, two or three hours before Tattersall's sale began, General Anson, Ross, myself and two or three others met to shoot pigeons at the Red House, Battersea. As soon as Ross saw me he began chaffing: "You have been crabbing my horse to injure the sale of him," he said, "and you know you didn't dare run him, though you told people you weren't afraid to!" When I laughed, telling him it was not too late to make the match now, Ross took me up at once in good earnest, saying if I really meant it he would send a messenger to Tattersall's to countermand the sale. The upshot was that he withdrew the horse from the list, and we signed Articles for a thousand a side, five miles across country, even weights; the event to come off immediately after the York Spring Assizes (I was High Sheriff for Yorkshire that year [1829] and was consequently obliged to attend the Assizes). Ross stipulated that I should ride my own horse; I was hunting Northamptonshire

at that time, and was rather vexed with myself for having agreed to this, because, hunting hounds myself, there was always the chance of a fall which might disable me and forbid my riding the match, in which case I should have to forfeit the whole £1,000, the terms being p.p.; and I stood all the money myself.

It was inserted in the Articles that we were both to go over the line before starting. This we did the day before the match with the late Sir Harry Goodricke, who was my umpire, and Captain White, who was Ross's. There were two brooks, one of which was wide, the other a mere nothing. Somebody remarking that the former was a pretty big jump, Goodricke made light of it, saying he could do it on the horse he was riding. He rode at the brook three or four times, but his horse would not look at it.

As I knew the line thoroughly I agreed with my head groom that I should make the running. We started near Dalby on the Melton side and finished within a quarter of a mile of Tilton-on-the-Hill, one of the finest lines in Leicestershire, and very severe, being hilly, high-ridged furrow, and deep. I forgot to mention that Dick Christian, one of the best riders of that day, rode Clinker. About half-way was Sir Harry's brook, and in the same field was a haystack, and the best place to take the brook was to leave the stack on the left hand. While going up a strong hill in the same field, before reaching the haystack, Christian said, "I beat you, for a hundred!" Turning my head, I saw him bearing to the other end of the field and shouted, "Where are you riding to? This is the line!" At the same time I saw a man on horseback close to the brook. I afterwards discovered that there was a ford which they had found the day before, but I knew nothing about it. Christian walked Clinker through it, and lost the race by doing so. My horse cleared the water with about a yard to spare. The next field was a large one and hilly, and covered with molehills. There was a sheep-track in the direct line, and I made all sail along it. Christian lost about 60 yards by walking through the brook, and having to gallop uphill over the molehills.

He nearly caught me at the end of the field, but I knew he must have distressed his horse, and made as strong running as I could down to the next brook. We had then to rise another hilly field which was within two of the winning post. There was a baulk, as they call it, along a hedgeside, and through this hedge was an opening which was the only practicable way out of the field. It was so intricate that we had agreed to place a man opposite to it; and the moment the fellow saw I was in front he hid himself in the ditch. I saw him under my feet, for luckily I determined to go at the first

THE NORTHAMPTON GRAND STEEPLECHASE OF MARCH 23rd, 1833
THE START IN THE FIELD CALLED MERRY TOM BETWEEN SPRATTON AND BRIXWORTH

From the coloured Print by H. Pyall after the Painting by Pollard in the collection of Major Guy Paget, Sulby Hall.
The Squire is in the middle on the grey Grimaldi.

THE NORTHAMPTON GRAND STEEPLECHASE OF MARCH 23rd, 1833

From the coloured Engraving by H. Pyall after the Painting by Pollard in the collection of Major Guy Paget, Sulby Hall. The Squire and Capt. Becher both out of it. Mr. Solloway wins easily. Mr. Westley takes a toss.

CAPT. ROSS ON CLINKER

From the Engraving by Webb after the Painting by Vernelet. By courtesy of General A. H. Cowie, of Yeatton.

opening I saw, and it happened to be the right one. At this moment Christian's horse's nose nearly touched the tail of mine. We had to turn short to the left and jump a moderate fence into the winning field, and went at it almost abreast. His horse was so dreadfully distressed that he tumbled into it, and I cantered on to the winning chair. My horse was much distressed also; so much that I thought at the time, "*If* I can clear this last fence I shall win, because the ground Christian had lost, going wide to that ford and crossing the molehill field, besides the pace I had ridden, must have beaten him.

Clinker could not get up for 20 minutes; he lay groaning, and staling all round him.

I wrote some verses on the occasion which have never been seen by any person except my most intimate friends. As I am now seventy-three years old, and therefore past the age of duelling I don't feel so much alarmed as I might have been at the time they were written, because no doubt at that period they would have excited the anger of the bold captain of pistol notoriety. I can assure him they were not composed under any hostile feeling, but as a burlesque, and should he feel offended at the spirit in which they were written, I am sincerely sorry. I thought they might amuse the parties who witnessed the match, and as I was the vanquisher no remnant of jealousy could exist in my mind.

The following are the verses :—

What is Clinker or Christian or Polecat to me
When mounted on Clasher, whose pace, do ye see,
Is equal to Tartar's or the famed Zinganee
For fencing he's scouted by the great Holyoake
But he goes such a pace that the Clinker he'll choak
The Humbug will out and the Captain so bold
Will find to his cost that his Clinker's too old.
They neither could go the best pace in their day,
And what is old Christian when Clasher makes play
For a mile they may go, but after I'm curs't
If both see their way for I'm sure they'll be burst
Then what has the Squire from Clasher to fear
From such a set out of Scottish bugbear?
If the fences are smashed like the famed Coplow race,
Why, Clinker with Clasher can ne'er go the pace
Then the Captain's outwitted and I'm sure it's no sin
For the many good Christians he's oft taken in.

When I beat Captain Ross the first time on Pilot and he remained in a ditch until the race was over I might have said, "Humpty Dumpty had a great fall, All the King's horses and all the King's men Could not get Humpty Dumpty up again."

I may mention three or four particular races I rode; I should not do so, except in my own defence. To oblige Mr. Baily, the bookseller in Cornhill, I sat for my portrait to be inserted in his magazine. A gentleman who writes under the name of "Argot" called upon me to request that I would supply him with an account of a few of my exploits to accompany the portrait. I did so, but did not mention any of the races I have ridden—indeed I did not name the subject. After praising my doings, he took the liberty of observing that my performances as a jockey were not at all equal to those as a steeplechase rider.

He must have derived his information from some unreliable source; I have ridden races for nearly fifty years and never had a horse bolt with me in my life. An Irishman by the name of Macdonough, who rode races with me at Heaton Park and Croxton Park, a good jockey and steeplechase rider, had a horse bolt with him; he had no control over the animal, and nobody would ride him on the second day of the meeting. The owner applied to me, and I rode the horse; and though he was inclined to play the same game, he found he could not, and I kept him as straight as a gun-barrel.

At Brighton I rode a horse of my own called Chat in a sweepstakes, and won, beating five or six others. The second was ridden by Lord Strathmore, and I just nailed his lordship on the post. Flatman, the celebrated jockey, and some others came up to me afterwards and said: "You rode wonderfully and won entirely by riding." About five years ago I rode a horse called Young Norman at Goodwood for Mr. Greville; Mr. Elwes rode one of his own.

A most disgraceful decision against me was given by the stewards of the Bedford meeting, then in its infancy, some years ago. I was riding a mare I had bought of a farmer after she had won the first race—The Yeomanry Plate. The owner had walked her fourteen miles to the racecourse, and for two hours before she started, and I thought she must be a fairly good one to have won as she did. The last race was a handicap for all the horses that had run, and among them was a thoroughbred horse belonging to Mr. Ongley, which, from the weight given him, was thought likely to win. Mr. Ongley's groom, with whom I had been acquainted for some time, asked me to ride the horse, and I told him that unless I could procure a 3 lb. or 4 lb. saddle I should be over weight. Mr. Delmé offered to lend me one; but just as we were going to saddle he sent word that he should require it himself, which was not true. Of course, I could not then ride Mr. Ongley's horse. The farmer of whom I had bought the mare had put her in for the handicap without

my knowledge, and as she had become my property I said I would ride her, to which he made no objection.

The race was a mile, and about eight or ten started. We had not gone above 150 yards when some gentleman's horse bolted and ran right across my mare; had I not stopped her a most fearful collision must have occurred. This untoward circumstance lost me seven or eight lengths; but notwithstanding, and to my great astonishment, my mare won and another mare belonging to one of the stewards, Mr. Val. Kingston, was second. I was delighted with the win because the farmer was a most respectable yeoman and the stakes were worth more money than I had given him for the mare—viz., £100. To my great surprise and dismay, however, when I went in to weigh a complaint was lodged against me for crossing. I said a more unfounded charge never was made, and I explained exactly the state of the case, adding that I had been most fortunate to escape some serious injury. After a great deal of argument by Mr. Kingston's party it was arranged that at the expiration of five days we were all to meet before the stewards, bringing our witnesses. I forgot to mention that the name of the other steward was Mr. Church.

My readers will be astonished at the conduct of the stewards when I say that they met on the *third* day instead of on the fifth as arranged, without any notice to me or the farmer, and decided that Mr. Kingston's mare was the winner.

A more barefaced, disreputable swindle never was committed; it is incredible to me that Mr. Kingston should have been able to persuade Mr. Church to meet two days before the appointed time and then give such a decision; and Mr. Kingston would not have acted as one of the judges in his own case had he any sense of shame in his composition.

It is rather singular that these two mares ran against each other again about a fortnight afterwards with the same result, but their encounter led to an extraordinary accident. Neither of them was thoroughbred, and they were entered in a stake for half-bred horses at St. Albans.

A man by the name of Messer trained Mr. Kingston's mare; and as he lived within two or three miles of the racecourse, I sent mine to him also, taking the precaution to send my own groom to see that there was no foul play. Messer had a brother who assisted him in his business; the former saddled Mr. Kingston's mare and the brother saddled mine. The course was a very bad one, exceedingly hard and having a great many stones on it; there was also one very sharp turn.

I rode my own mare and won, Mr. Kingston's being second, thus repeating the result at the Bedford meeting.

There was also a handicap for which I entered the mare, and, I believe, Mr. Kingston's was in it also. Having no suspicion of any intention on the part of the Messer brothers to play me any trick, I did not examine my girths or surcingle before mounting for the handicap. The race was a mile, and when I came to the very sharp turn I mentioned both girth and surcingle flew, with the result that the saddle turned round and I was sent flying. My head came in contact with a flint, receiving a gash, deep and 3 inches long. Although stunned I attempted to rise, but immediately I got on my feet I fell down. A number of people came round, among them Peter Crawley (afterwards champion of England), and he raised me to rest my head against his knee. I could only articulate that if I had not fallen I must have won, and then became insensible.

A very clever surgeon who resided at St. Albans happened to be among the spectators, and he sent off immediately for a chaise, which conveyed us to the Head Inn. I had received a very severe cut on the side of my head, and the surgeon was at first doubtful whether I had sustained concussion of the brain. After a few days I was sufficiently recovered to go to London, where I placed myself under the care of Mr. Bradley Cooper, a nephew of the celebrated Sir Ashley Cooper, an old friend with whom I had often shot pigeons, and a clever surgeon. He thought erysipelas might ensue, but I escaped this and eventually quite recovered.

I have no doubt that the act of the Messer brothers was intentional; up to that time I had been riding races for thirty years and had seen jockeys fall, but I never knew a saddle turn thus when the surcingle was properly adjusted, and I firmly believe that the Messer brothers played me this trick on purpose as they both were uncommonly vexed in consequence of my mare beating theirs twice. Old Messer's visage was enough to convict him; he was dark and sallow and you might see a cunning, vicious smile on his countenance.

It is with great regret that I have committed to paper the foregoing narrative of Mr. Kingston's proceedings, because we never had a quarrel in our lives, though I certainly did make some comment on the decision before-named. He shielded himself by throwing the blame on his colleague, who, he pretended, decided the case alone, but I know he was seen at the meeting. We are on the best of terms even to this day, and as I have no means of proving that he did act in his own case as I mentioned before, I will give him the benefit of the doubt and throw the onus on Mr. Church's back.

CHAPTER VII

Capt. Ross as Pistol Shot—A Foolish Challenge—Pigeon Match, Ross *v.* Lord Kennedy—Lord Kennedy's Pigeon Match with Ball—Capt. Ross's Keeper, David—Escape from a Bog—Mr. Poulett's Ducking—A Gig Accident—Strange Method of Gun-cleaning—Ross's Shooting at Redmandale—Sir B. Graham and Ross—York Assizes—The Minster Incendiary—Found Insane—Murder Trial—Failure to obtain Reprieve—Execution of the Murderer—A Singular Belief.

I HAVE said that Captain Ross did not make a good figure across country, so I shall now speak of him as a shot, in which capacity he excelled. He was a wonderful shot with a pistol; he used to amuse himself occasionally at Melton by shooting the cats on the tops of the houses; he made a match with Mr. Blunt, a Sussex gentleman who was formerly in the Army and was shot through the ankle at the Battle of Waterloo; he was lame from the wound, but in spite of it hunted from Melton every year until very near his death. He was a most gentlemanly man, very clever, agreeable and lively, and rode exceedingly well. Ross made a match with him to shoot at a playing card placed at 40 yards, betting that he would hit it twice out of three shots, and won his bets. Blunt was a very good pigeon shot and shot many matches with me and the captain at the Red House.

Ross and I were both members of the Old Hats Pigeon Club, but Blunt was not. One of the rules of the club was that you must hold your gun under your elbow until the bird was on wing; also the bore of the gun must be of the regulation size and the charge only 1½ oz. of shot. The captain challenged Blunt to shoot him a match at pigeons according to the Old Hats rules; but, instead of accepting it, Blunt sent him some ridiculous doggerel, scoffing at the rule about the method of holding the gun below the elbow. Instead of laughing at the absurdity Ross took it seriously and sent a friend to Blunt, who of course referred him to a friend. Happily the two seconds were sensible men of the world, and the affair was quickly and amicably settled.

It is almost superfluous to mention that Ross was one of the leading pigeon shots of those days; and I imagine I shall not be deemed an egotist if I name myself and Lord Kennedy as two others. We used annually to shoot sweepstakes and sides at the Red House during the summer, but I never shot a

match singly against Ross. He bought from me a single-barrelled gun of large calibre made by the celebrated Joe Manton, for which he gave me £100. He tried it at the Red House at twenty pigeons and killed them all. Having done it he said, " I shall not miss any in future with this instrument." He was so proud of his performance that he held himself invincible with his new purchase.

I went down with him that year to his castle near Montrose to shoot grouse on Lord Panmure's moors. Lord Kennedy lived about 25 miles beyond Montrose on his wife's estate, and Ross made a match with him to shoot a certain number of pigeons ; I forget how many, but I think 200. The captain considered the match a certainty for him, and so did I, he having killed every bird up to the moment he declared his confidence in the result. As I stood umpire, I had no money on the match. Lord Kennedy beat him, although Ross's shooting was first-rate. Ross was much annoyed at his defeat, particularly as Lord Kennedy, who had heard of the trial of that single-barrelled gun at the Red House, chaffed him about it.

Soon after this Lord Kennedy undertook to shoot with a single ball at fifty pigeons boxed at 100 yards, taking 50 to 1 on each shot. The match took place on the sands near Montrose, and frequently we could see how near the ball went to the bird as it flew out to sea. It put me in mind of what we called at school " cutting ducks and drakes " with flat stones. After missing the pigeon the ball often skimmed on the water for several hundred yards before it disappeared. Lord Kennedy killed two out of the fifty birds, so he won a good stake.

I was once out with Ross and Lord Kennedy, deer-stalking, but we had very little sport. We danced all the night before with the Highland lassies at a dance given by Lord Kennedy ; we never went to bed, merely changed our dress and started about four in the morning and did not return until seven in the evening, walking all the time. The shooting belonged to the Duke of Atholl. We only killed one stag and we all shot at him at the same time, so to which of us the honour belonged it is impossible to decide, though in all probability the captain was the most entitled to it.

The captain had a keeper called David, a regular Scotchman who used to wear kilt, plaid, etc., and in this attire attended his master when shooting. He was a drunken fellow, but in his own way religious. One Monday we were going to shoot on Lord Panmure's moors and David was to take the dogs, guns, etc., over on the Sunday, in order to be ready for us on the next morning. Nothing, however, would induce him to leave Ross Castle until

after twelve o'clock on Sunday night. Another time, when Ross and I had hired a small moor not a great many miles from Perth, we arrived at our quarters on Sunday, August 12th falling on the Monday. David was our caterer, and he forgot to order any beer, whisky being his own chief beverage. The captain ordered him to go to a place a few miles off and get some, but he would not do it; he said it would be very wicked to buy on the Sabbath.

In consequence of Lord Panmure (the present Lord's father) giving so many of his friends leave to shoot, we had very poor sport indeed, and only remained in that quarter for about two days. On our return to Ross's castle, we went out roe-shooting and killed several in the woods. I went out snipe-shooting in a neighbouring bog one day and bagged twenty couples, though I did not start till twelve o'clock and returned in time for dinner. During our visit to Lord Kennedy's place I went out several times snipe-shooting instead of partridge-shooting. I killed twenty or twenty-one couples one day, but it nearly cost me my life. Most of the snipes congregated in one particular part of the moss, and it was a service of danger to approach it; but unless one did no sport could be had. I was young and very keen and saw no danger. Endeavouring to reach the place I first waded through mud up to my knees, and as I proceeded got deeper and deeper; the whole moss seemed to quake all round me. I was within a short distance of the place I wanted to reach when I sank suddenly to my chin, saving myself by extending my arms and holding out my gun. Fortunately at this moment the keeper got a long rail and pushed it out to me, and I supported myself with it till he could take my gun; then, clinging to the rail, I was pulled out. The man had cautioned me before I got into this unpleasant situation, but I was what is called foolhardy and made light of his warning. Had it not been for his pluck and ready resource in approaching me over such ground, I must have been smothered in the stinking black mud.

That incident reminds me of another which happened in Lincolnshire, where I was snipe-shooting; not of the same nature but rather laughable. A man by the name of Nightingale, a most expert fenman and gunner, always accompanied me on such expeditions. I had been shooting for two hours in one washe, which was divided from another by a large drain upwards of 21 ft. in width, and I wanted to cross it in order to beat the fresh ground, many snipes having flown over and settled on it. Had the drain been only 18 ft. wide we could have jumped it with a pole, often having accomplished such a feat before. Nightingale found a small boat like a gunning boat, and said if I would kneel down in the centre he would push the craft over from

the bank, as it would only hold one person. He warned me not to move from the centre or it would capsize. I had a retriever with me, and it was very unlucky I had. Just as Nightingale pushed off the boat the dog jumped in and upset it; and at once I was over my head. Fortunately I caught hold of the boat with one hand and did not let go my gun until Nightingale pulled me out.

Sometimes a friend or two shot with me in the fens. They were not used to jumping drains with a pole, and when they ridiculed the idea of not being able to do it as well as Nightingale and I could, they frequently got a ducking, rather to my satisfaction. One such case was that of Mr. Poulett, who was shooting with Mr. Thelluson and myself. He, not much accustomed to jumping with a pole, tumbled into one of these drains up to his neck on a cold November day. He would not adopt my suggestion that he go to a keeper's house, which was not more than a quarter of a mile away, preferring to walk back to Ebberston, six miles, in his wet clothes. However, he was none the worse for his disagreeable bath.

That was a day of mishaps. After our day's shooting Mr. Thelluson and I started for home in the gig I had waiting for us. I drove a very clever mare which had been in harness for two years without ever displaying the least inclination to kick, and I have never been able to guess what it was that made her behave as she did on this occasion. We had to go down a very steep hill, within a mile of my house, and before we had gone half-way she began kicking in the most outrageous manner. Mr. Thelluson at once jumped out, but owing to my being handicapped by the apron fastened over my knees, and the heavy cloak I wore, I could not follow his example, though the mare's kicks against the splash-board were so violent I feared every instant she would break my legs. There was no time for much reflection, and I scrambled out as well as I could and fell on the road. It had not occurred to my companion to go and catch hold of the mare's head, and she bolted as hard as she could. Eventually, after a two-mile gallop she turned a very sharp corner into a miller's yard, in which she came to a standstill. Strangely enough, she injured neither herself nor the carriage; but I was less fortunate, being unable to rise without help, and being so shaken and bruised that the doctor kept me in bed for several days.

Mr. Poulett was a very good sort of man; rather taciturn; not possessed of much information, he seldom joined in general conversation. He was eccentric and imbibed odd fancies; thus, he never washed out his guns, nor would he allow anyone to clean these but himself, and his method was peculiar.

He used to put the barrels before the fire until they were hotter than you could hold in your hand; then he took a wadding and cleaned them out with that. He was not at all a good shot, but would occasionally kill five or six birds in succession in first-rate style. He lived in the Vale of Aylesbury in Bucks, within two or three miles of the town. A few years after his visit to Ebberston he went out of his mind and died in his own house.

In my account of Captain Ross's shooting exploits I forgot one incident which will only excite a little amusement, and perhaps it is scarcely worth telling. We were shooting a wood on my Yorkshire property, named Redmandale; it was a valley about a mile long between two hills whose sides were covered with hazel, oak, ash and underwood. There was a great deal of game in the coverts, and through the centre of the wood a riding was cut, so that one gun could almost command both sides. The hillside was very steep and when a bird was killed on the lower side it rolled almost into the bottom.

Captain Ross, Mr. Bentinck, M.P., and two others whose names I forget formed the party; there was great jealousy between the two first. Every head of game killed was marked down to form a check against the beaters and prevent their purloining any. I walked along the bottom in order to keep the beaters in line—a necessary precaution, for there was some wild shooting —so I could see everything.

Ross had the riding all the way up the valley, and a good part of that on the opposite side of the hill on our return. The consequence was that he got many more shots than Bentinck, and when we compared the lists of game killed by each gun Captain Horatio Ross was at the head of the poll.

Each gun had a man to assist in loading and marking down what he killed. When we counted the bag and compared the total with the lists of slain claimed by the several shooters, a great difference was apparent. I remarked that it was extraordinary, because I took particular notice of most of the game taken to the game-cart, so that the beaters could not have prigged many. I was perfectly aware when I said this that Ross's marker had scored a great many more than his master had really killed, but I did not like to expose him before the keepers and beaters, and in consequence allowed him to enjoy his triumph at the head of the poll. The fact was that as I walked along the valley I could plainly see everything Ross killed on the left hand side of the riding, and almost every head rolled down the hillside nearly into the valley; and when the captain only scratched a bird his marker immediately scored it down—sometimes even when he missed. In many cases I had been obliged to kill whatever he scratched or missed.

His marker was most vehement in swearing to the correctness of his score, so I took him quietly aside from the rest and told him what I had seen. He did not know what to say but made some excuses. I said " You had better say nothing more on the subject," and he then retired.

I believe the man had some bets with the others on his master against Bentinck.

Sir Bellingham Graham arrived at my house that day; he did not shoot but looked on. After dinner the shooting was canvassed and Ross was complimented on his success by most of the party, particularly by Sir Bellingham, who, among other laudatory speeches, said, " Captain, I understand that you scarcely ever miss anything. Now, I am informed that to-morrow's beat is in the low country, moderate-sized plantations divided by drains or wide ditches, and plenty of game. As I am very fond of seeing good shooting, with your permission I will stand in such a position as to be able to witness your superior skill without spoiling a single shot."

After breakfast next morning Sir Bellingham procured a long thin pole and said laughingly to the captain, " This, I think, will be long enough to contain all you kill, but I shall notch down the misses, too ! " Ross did not relish the latter part of this observation, but of course took no notice of it.

We commenced beating a plantation of about ten or twelve acres; it was full of game and a continued bombardment went on. Ross was in a capital position and kept firing away as fast as his two guns would permit. David, his Scotch keeper, loaded for him; he was dressed in the real Highland costume, cap, kilt, naked legs from the knee to the ankle, with sandals, etc.

Either because he felt annoyed at Sir Bellingham's looking on, or because of his anxiety to show off, Ross did not shoot well and missed a good many; and every time he did miss the baronet marked it down on the stick, saying in a joking way, " Why, captain, I am quite surprised at your exhibition to-day —so different from what I expected ! "

I must here mention that I had told Sir Bellingham about the Redmandale affair of the day before, and this was a preconcerted arrangement between us and the other shooters by way of a lark.

As soon as we had finished this plantation we had to walk over two or three large fields to the next; and when we started Ross turned to David and said, " Take my guns ! I shall not shoot any more to-day." David took them, carrying one over each shoulder, so unlike the English mode of carrying guns that, with the peculiarity of his dress and military style of strutting, we could not help laughing. I suppose Ross imagined that we

SIR BELLINGHAM GRAHAM (1789-1866)

From the painting by Beechey in the collection of his grandson, Sir Guy Graham, at Norton Conyers.

laughed at the poor display he had been making, for he left us and, followed by David, went in another direction, making, as we thought, for a farmhouse where our carriages were to wait to take us home.

We did not expect to see him any more that day until dinner; but after shooting for nearly three hours, to my great astonishment I heard someone firing away a quarter of a mile in front, at the end of a covert we had just commenced beating. I wanted that end left open so that the birds might fly into an adjoining covert in which there was far better bottom; we should then have killed many more. I could not imagine what gunner it could be, and sent a messenger to unravel the mystery. He found the captain and his man busy firing and loading!

Though Ross had spoiled our sport I could not help laughing at him, and congratulated him on his recovery, not from illness but from temper.

There were two cases tried at the York Assizes which attracted a good deal of notice the year [1829] I was High Sheriff. That of a man by the name of [Jonathan] Martin especially. Martin had been a sailor but left the sea, and travelled to all the principal towns distributing tracts. He was at Lincoln before he came to York, and when there hid himself in the cathedral for the purpose of setting fire to it. He failed at Lincoln, but was more successful at York, as he burned the organ and damaged materially a good part of the gallery. For this crime he was imprisoned in the town gaol; but under a *habeas corpus* was removed to York Castle, and he thus became my prisoner.

He assumed madness and acted so well that he imposed upon many people, but after an interview Mr. Cator (my chaplain and brother-in-law) and I had with him we were convinced he was an impostor; and this opinion I never changed, though the man had been in Bedlam, and all the officials declared he was insane. During his detention pending trial, most of the mad doctors, though they visited him time after time, did not detect the imposture. I cannot divine how this was. He conversed in a most rational manner until his examiners questioned him, when he whined in a detestable canting tone. He declared that an angel appeared to him in a flame of fire and commanded him to set fire to the Minster. He sometimes pointed to the heavens and appealed to those with him to say if they did not see the angel.

He was at all events sane enough to try to escape. His attendant, who never left him night or day, was very much alarmed one night when, waking from slumber he found his prisoner gone. He could not account for his escape, the door and window being secure as they were before. Suddenly

a great noise came from the chimney, and down came Martin, entirely covered with soot; so like the Devil, the attendant said, he was for a moment quite frightened.

Martin contrived by some means to get into the Minster unobserved, having provided himself with lucifer matches and a large knife. With the knife he cut the bell-ropes and made with them a complete rope ladder by which he descended with perfect ease from a window, after setting the organ on fire. Being a sailor I should have thought he could have done this with a rope alone; but the ladder hung there to show how he made his escape.

The sympathy expressed by ladies for the man's " unfortunate crime," as they termed it, was, in my opinion, quite mistaken. They declared he was deranged and ought to be pitied. At a dinner given by the Sub-Dean to the judges and leading barristers, among whom was the present Lord Brougham, Martin's case was canvassed. They did not like to express opinions concerning the man's mental state, but when my own was asked I said I was perfectly satisfied, after the interview I had had with him, that he was an arrant impostor and perfectly sane, and in the event of his being sentenced to death I would not move to save him from the gallows, an observation which provoked from the Sub-Dean's lady a scream, and a remark which plainly showed she considered me destitute of all feeling.

The ladies took extraordinary interest in Martin's case. Several days before the trial I received a sort of " Round Robin " signed by a great many asking me to procure seats in court for them. I might be deficient in feeling but never in gallantry, and I arranged that they should have a gallery to themselves. They must have been up at daylight, for the gallery was completely filled long before the judge took his place on the bench. Mr. (now Baron) Alderson defended the prisoner. The result turned on the evidence of the medical men, ten or twelve of whom were examined. The difference in their opinions of Martin's sanity was most amazing. One of them, who was the physician to the retreat near York for Quaker lunatics, amused me very much by stating that one of the symptoms of insanity was " a voracious appetite." I suppose the jury were of the same opinion, as they declared the man to be insane, and he was ordered to be confined for life, either in St. Luke's or Bedlam. He did not live many years after he was incarcerated. I remember asking the medical man who maintained that a voracious appetite was a symptom of insanity if he thought I was really sane, as I had such a good " twist " of my own. The next Assizes took place in July, and before then the doctors and attendants of St. Luke's or Bedlam, whichever it was, declared that Martin

was not insane but a very artful, cunning impostor who had invented the dreams and visions which led him to try to burn down the Minster.

The other case was one of child-murder. A young man of about twenty seduced a young woman of not more than seventeen years of age, and the result was the birth of a female child. He was a working cutler from Sheffield, very thin and of very boyish appearance. She was very thin also, with a very forbidding countenance deeply pitted with the smallpox. It seemed extraordinary that a girl so ill-looking could excite any amatory feeling whatever—*De gustibus non disputandum !* The pair poisoned the baby. It could not have been proved unless the girl had been admitted as King's Evidence. She said that she held the child in her arms while he put the poison down its throat. The infant's clothes, which were produced in court, were stained with the poison ; they looked as if they had been scorched. The name of the drug was mentioned, but I have forgotten it. It is almost unaccountable that the girl could come forward and give the evidence that must be fatal to her lover, they being, apparently, on the best of terms. Women, however, have a much stronger feeling of attachment to their children than to men, and he being the murderer of her child (though she was *particeps criminis*) was held chiefly answerable. The case did not take long, and on the girl's evidence the jury found the man guilty and he was sentenced to death.

A great deal of sympathy was expressed for the condemned man, owing, no doubt, to the manner in which his conviction had been obtained, and my chaplain and brother-in-law headed a deputation who solicited my intervention with Baron Hullock, who had tried the case, with the view of substituting transportation for hanging. I willingly appealed to the judge, but as I had foreseen and told the deputation, my effort failed ; Baron Hullock could not recommend a remission of sentence as the jury had not done so.

My brother-in-law was so interested in the case that he obtained an order from me to visit the man, and actually sat up with him all the night before his execution. He even renewed his urging to me to interfere on the very morning, asserting that the girl was the real murderess, since she had prevailed upon the man to poison the child and held it while he did so. But I could not interfere further after what the judge had said to me.

Baron Hullock had a private room at the back of the court and it happened to look down immediately upon the scaffold. Nobody could see me there, and I witnessed the execution from the window. The wind was very strong and the poor lad was so light that when turned off he swung backwards and forwards as if in a swing ; it was with difficulty that Jack Ketch could get

hold of his legs to give him the last pull. A great many women with children in their arms attended the execution. They kept holding them up in execration of the man's crime, adding hisses to their gestures of loathing.

A case which had come before the court at York a few years before I held office as High Sheriff was still discussed during my term. It was memorable for the singular notion which was brought out in the evidence. The prisoner, captain of a merchant vessel, was charged with the rape of a child nine years old. It transpired that he was suffering from a certain malady, and shared what was apparently a common belief that carnal knowledge of a pure virgin was a certain cure for it. The consequences to his unfortunate little victim may be imagined. I believe the man was executed.

CHAPTER VIII

Captain Ross's Pistol Match at Swallows—Mr. Cruickshank's Ingenious Pigeon Trap—94 Pigeons killed out of 100—Lady Kennedy's Humane Device—Partridge-shooting Match at Holkham, Ross *v.* Wm. Coke, jun.—The Setter, Jack—Dogs Lent to Ross—Jack's Death—Singular Discourtesy of Mr. Coke, sen.—Vexation of Ross at Defeat—Challenges to Shoot Declined—Second Day of the Holkham Match—Ends in a Draw—The Milden Hall Partridge-shooting Match, Ross *v.* Col. Anson—Ross's Pedestrian Powers—New Cartridges.

IT is scarcely necessary to observe that as Ross was a throughbred Scotchman he was very canny and wide-awake. He made a most singular match with some gentleman whose name I never heard, and it came off at his castle near Montrose. He undertook to shoot with a pistol loaded with ball a certain number of flying swallows out of a certain number of shots. I don't remember the exact details, though I was an eye-witness of the performance; but before the event came off I know I reflected that the odds must be very great against each shot. I did not know Ross as well then as I did in later years, or might have guessed he had something up his sleeve, as they say.

There were a great many swallows' nests in different parts of the castle, and the captain waited for the old ones to return home with food for their young; and as the bird hovered at the mouth of the nest he shot it. The swallows were certainly "on the wing," but it was next thing to shooting them sitting. I never knew the sum he won on this match, but it must have been considerable, because nobody could have foreseen such an artful dodge. Had he fired at the birds flying he would not have killed one out of thirty or forty shots.

An acquaintance of Ross, Mr. Cruickshank, who lived a few miles from Rossie Castle, was equally knowing. He was frequently a spectator of the pigeon-shooting at the Red House; and in course of conversation relative to the various matches he offered to shoot at 100 pigeons boxed at 100 yards, his friend betting him either 30 or 40 to 1 against each shot; whether the bet was taken in tens or ponies I don't know; but, as far as the match went, Cruickshank won several thousand pounds. It terminated abruptly, as will appear.

Ross, Cruickshank, Lord Kennedy and myself went to a ball at Montrose the night before, and remained until the end, so that we did not return to the castle until five or six o'clock; the match, therefore, did not come off till one o'clock on the following day. It took place at Cruickshank's residence, where he had prepared for the event in a clever way. His stables were situated at the end of a large grass field; the top of the building, which was of wood, had been painted to look exactly like a pigeon cote, and he had a few tame pigeons on it. He had made a trap which, when the string was pulled, opened towards the shooter; and a board, perhaps 2 ft. square, prevented the bird from flying the wrong way, while the first thing it would see when released was the stable painted in imitation of a pigeon cote.

I was in a most unpleasant position, being requested by both parties to stand umpire without the precise terms of the match being explained to me; I was merely to keep count of the birds Mr. Cruickshank killed and see that they fell within the prescribed bounds. The trap was placed about 120 yards from the stable, and Mr. Cruickshank stood at the stipulated 100 yards from it, his back to the stable. Eight out of the first twelve pigeons flew right over his head, thinking they were flying home, and he killed seven of them. At this stage Mr. Cruickshank's friend came up and asked if I called the trap a fair and proper one, and such as was used at the Red House. I answered, "Certainly not!" but at the same time interrogated him as to whether there was any written agreement in existence, as none was known to me, nor were any terms expressed except those I named before. Cruickshank and his party now interfered, and a most angry discussion ensued; he vehemently declaring that the terms allowed him to use any trap he thought proper, and no other stipulations whatever, except that he was to kill as many as he could out of a hundred birds trapped at a hundred yards.

I told them that as the terms of the match were merely verbal, and that those stated by either party were so diametrically opposed, I should decline to act as umpire any longer. So the match ended at once.

It was no part of my duty to interfere about the nature of the trap until appealed to by Cruickshank's adversary. The extraordinary thing was that the gentleman did not raise the point after the first shot was fired, when he must have seen through Cruickshank's device. As it was, he did not make any objection until after the seventh bird had been killed, and of course I supposed that he acquiesced in the use of the trap.

In one of my matches with Lord Kennedy at pigeons I killed 94 out of 100 birds; but only 21 yards rise. In another long match against me he, with a

single-barrelled gun, killed 36 pigeons in succession, the most I ever knew; yet he did not win.

Mr. Garrow, who is the best shot I know, once took 4 to 1 from me that he would kill 94 pigeons out of 100, 21 yards rise. He killed 93, and almost the easiest shot was the very last, which he missed.

Lady Kennedy attended some of our matches, and on one occasion she tried a curious trick, I making no objection. She tied a small piece of white paper round a leg of each bird, causing it to fly zigzag fashion. Her kindly thought was to make the pigeons difficult to hit, and so enable them to save their lives; but as the actual result was to impede their flight, she soon abandoned it. There was much laughter among the spectators when the first birds so treated were released.

I remember two partridge-shooting matches in which Captain Ross figured. He shot one at Holkham, the seat of the famous Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, afterwards Lord Leicester, the other at Milden Hall, in Suffolk, the residence at that time of Lord de Roos, of whist notoriety. Mr. Coke had a nephew of the same name, a thorough gentleman and very agreeable; I knew him well, as he constantly hunted with my hounds in Leicestershire. He was an extraordinary walker and a good, but not first-rate, shot. His uncle was very proud of him, and well he might be, but affection rather blinded him, and he thought no man in Norfolk could beat young Coke at partridge-shooting when he used setters of a particular breed which he possessed. The captain, young Coke, and myself were on the best of terms; it was almost impossible to be otherwise with young Coke, as he never interfered with anybody's affairs nor gave anyone reason to quarrel with him.

Of course, we discussed shooting, hunting, etc., and as Coke never shot pigeons, and held pigeon-shooting rather in contempt, it so befel that when the idea of a shooting match between him and Ross was mooted, it was arranged that it should be at partridges.

The match, as I have named, took place at Holkham [18th and 20th October, 1825]. I was Ross's umpire, and the terms were these: Each man to hunt his own dogs and pick up his own game. At that period I had some of the best pointers and setters in the world; for a dog and a bitch, Mark and Flirt (brother and sister) I was offered and refused 100 guineas. I had also three setters of one litter, all excellent; the dog, which I called Jack, was a wonder in his way. I have sometimes had four or five birds down at a time, and when this happened he would sit on his rump and mark the spot where each fell; and immediately he heard the ramrod returned he would make for the several birds and retrieve

every one, even if only winged, through fresh coveys of which he would take no notice. To the best of my belief, he never lost a bird in his life. The setters were black and white, the pointers the same.

The captain and I took a moor together in Scotland the same season, and a friend of his lent him some dogs which had the reputation of being the best in England. Ross had never seen mine then. My dog-breaker was named Wood; he came out of Kent and brought the setters with him, and I purchased them of him. As Ross and I did not shoot together in the Highlands he did not know how good mine were, but while there we often talked about the merits of each lot, and at last it ended in my betting him £10 that my dogs got more points than his, and were more highly broken. He jumped at the offer; and the result of the trial was that mine beat his hollow, getting nearly two points to one; also my dogs proved themselves as highly broken as was possible, while his were not. I must here name that Wood broke them to the whistle; he could take out two or three brace, and when ranging in different lines all would, though they could not see him, drop immediately as if shot. The whistle makes much less noise than the voice, and if a dog is not inclined to drop to wing it is very useful.

On our return from Scotland to Ebberston Lodge the captain commenced partridge shooting, and we continued our sport until the end of September, when he began to prepare for his match in Norfolk, which was to come off in the middle of October. After the signal defeat of his, or rather of his friend's, dogs by mine in Scotland Ross was infatuated with them; he said that if he might only be allowed to use them the match was a certainty for him. I told him that perhaps William Coke would not object to such an arrangement, but I thought his uncle should be consulted. The captain therefore wrote to William Coke and the required permission was granted.

In those days there was no railroad in existence from Hull, and Wood was obliged to bring the dogs on foot; that is to say, he rode a pony and they walked. Their route was by road to Hull and from thence by steamer to Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, the journey occupying eight or nine days. We often discussed at my house the merits of my dogs and the hunting of them by the whistle, and I had particularly impressed upon the captain the necessity of his becoming well acquainted with them and the different notes used by Wood; it will be remembered that the conditions of the match required each man to hunt his own dogs. Ross was rather indignant at my recommendation, asking if I thought he was a fool who could not manage them as well as Wood. I told him he could not unless he estranged the dogs from the man and practised daily

PIGEON SHOOTING

Members of the Red House Club shooting for the Gold Cup. From the aquatint by Reeve after the etching by H. Alken. Probably about 1820.

This very rare coloured Print, of which no key seems to exist, has been kindly lent us for reproduction by Messrs. Ackermann, of 57a, New Bond Street.

Horatio Ross

HORATIO ROSS

From the Engraving by Joseph Brown.
By courtesy of Baily's Magazine.

the various notes of the whistle. He would not follow my advice, and I believe the issue of the match would have been different had he done so.

When Wood arrived at Hull he had to pass through several back streets, and in one of these a seller of earthenware kicked Jack, the setter I valued so highly, in the side. Though the kick was very hard Wood had no reason to suppose the dog had sustained serious injury; but the event proved that Jack was fatally hurt, for he died in the course of the night. I could not avoid dropping a tear to his memory when I heard of it; I felt as if I had lost a child.

Old Mr. Coke had not been married very long when Ross and I paid our visit to Holkham. He was, I believe, about sixty-nine and his wife was about twenty-five as near as I could guess. We arrived in sufficient time to dress for dinner, and when we entered the drawing room William Coke introduced us to his uncle. A very large party was assembled, and among the *élite* was H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex. Mr. Coke did not take the least notice of me, and his neglect must have been observed by many of the visitors. This, of course, was exceedingly annoying to me. When we sat down to dinner his Royal Highness took his seat near Mrs. Coke at the head of the table and old Coke sat at the bottom. As I knew none of the guests I sat by Ross, and we might have been four or five places from our host. After dinner Mr. Coke asked the captain many questions, among them, "Have you had any good shooting this year?" to which Ross replied, "Yes, at my friend, Mr. Osbaldeston's." Mr. Coke, who had never addressed me at all during dinner, did not even do so then. We adjourned to the drawing room, and up to the time of going to bed not a word passed between the host and myself. They played at whist.

The match extended over two days, with an intervening day for rest, and as I was Ross's umpire, William Coke and myself breakfasted together in the housekeeper's room as soon as it was light. During our repast I mentioned to Coke how rude his uncle's conduct had been; it was as if I were an uninvited guest, a regular impudent interloper. He said, "My uncle is a strange old fellow and he is very much annoyed at your dogs being used against me." I was naturally much surprised, and reminded him that Ross had written for permission to use the dogs and his uncle had granted it immediately, adding that I had a great mind to leave the house and return home.

I felt strongly inclined to take this step, but after consideration, remembering that if I did leave I must take the dogs with me, thus leaving Ross without any, I resolved not to quit the place. The match could not be brought off had I done so as the articles expressly stipulated that the dogs were to be hunted by the contending parties.

As soon as we had all breakfasted we adjourned to the field of action. Two beats were agreed upon, the arrangement being that each man was to shoot on the other's beat on the second day. Coke used three setters and Ross two setters and three pointers. I may mention that two of the latter were Mark and Flirt, the brother and sister for which I had refused 100 guineas.

Coke, although, as I named before, not a first-rate shot, killed twelve brace more than the captain in consequence of my dogs looking about for their keeper, Wood, instead of minding their business or obeying Ross, who, moreover, sometimes blew the wrong notes. I had warned him that this would happen if he did not practise with the dogs and learn to hunt them with the whistle signals to which they were accustomed.

On our return to the house I went immediately up to Ross's room. I found him in a most excited state; he began by blowing me up, saying that I did not make Coke pick up the game and did not see that he killed every bird. I told him that I marked down every bird and produced my list. Then I reproached him for his ingratitude, telling him I had had my dogs brought from home, a journey hither and back of 200 miles; that in thus seeking to help him I had sustained the loss of the most wonderful dog in England and had been insulted by the master of the house. I then left him and retired to my own room to dress. Ross was so exasperated that he did not leave his room for dinner. During the meal old Coke never spoke a word to me.

Soon after we finished, while we were still at the table, the captain appeared; he sat down nearly opposite me and within three or four of our host, who presently addressed him in these terms: "Captain Ross, you ought not to feel annoyed at the issue of to-day's shooting; you shot magnificently, but your dogs"—looking at me—"are infamous."

I considered this a good opportunity to give him a rap over the knuckles for the unhandsome manner in which he had behaved to me, and observed, "I beg leave to remind you, Mr. Coke, that the dogs are mine, and you knew it, as your permission was asked through your nephew and granted immediately. Now, sir, infamous as they are, I will bet any person present £500 that I kill to-morrow 50 brace, hunting them on the same ground on which the captain to-day killed only 40. Or I will shoot any man in Norfolk with them for £1,000."

Ross at once said, "You can't do it!" I rejoined that I would, and for £500.

William Coke interposed, saying the sum was too large; and I at once offered

to do it for £10, adding that I merely sought to prove whether I was justified in my opinion of the dogs. But even this small bet was not accepted.

The Duke of Sussex, who sat next to Mrs. Coke at the head of the table, seemed uncommonly interested in the discussion, and directly asked me to drink wine with him. His Royal Highness's kind interference completely silenced the lot, and nothing more was said by anyone in reference to my challenges.

The next day, as I have said, was a rest day. On the third operations were again commenced. William Coke, as before mentioned, was twelve brace ahead, and old Mr. Coke considered the match as good as won by his nephew in consequence. The Duke of Sussex, accompanied by the old gentleman and several ladies in carriages, came to see the triumph of William Coke. He shot badly on this day and completely lost his temper with his dogs on several occasions. He took them up in his hands and then dashed them down on the ground, swearing the while in the most extraordinary manner; then in an instant he would begin to laugh. I could not help laughing, too.

As soon as the party arrived—two or three hours after the shooting had commenced—old Coke came up to me and said, "Sir, how is my nephew going on?" to which I replied, "Anyone who misses more shots than he kills can't expect to beat Captain Ross." The captain, thinking he had discovered a new system (but it was quite an old one), had got the farmers to drive the partridges, and he walked them up, using one of my pointers as a retriever, forgetting that this was diametrically opposed to the terms of the articles of the match, viz.: "Each man is to hunt his own dogs and pick up his own game."

The two were shooting not above half a mile apart, and when I was informed of Ross's proceedings I sent a messenger to remind him that he was infringing the terms of the match, and Mr. William Coke could claim it, even if Ross killed more birds. He, however, took no notice of my communication and continued to shoot in the same manner. In the evening, at the close, he was leading by fourteen brace on the day, which made him the winner by two brace.

After dinner was finished the circumstances were regularly gone into by the respective parties, and they finally agreed to consider the match a draw. To give the devil his due, as they say, old Mr. Coke in the handsomest manner said to the captain: "Although you have virtually lost the match by not hunting your dogs but merely treading the birds up, and using one dog as a retriever, yet, as you have killed more partridges than my nephew I will consent to the match being null and void."

I was the captain's umpire in another match which he shot against Colonel

Anson, who died (a general) in India not long ago ; that, also, singularly enough, ended in a similar manner—a tie. At one of our pigeon matches at the Red House, Lord de Roos offered to back the colonel against any man in England to shoot partridges in Norfolk. Ross instantly accepted the challenge, and the terms were agreed upon and signed. They were as follows : The two competitors were to walk 20 yards apart, and the space between them was to be filled by beaters who walked the birds up ; when they reached the end of any field they were to wheel round like soldiers, and proceed in the same manner the whole time they were shooting.

It was late in October [27th October, 1828, the stake, £700 a side] when the match came off, so they commenced at eight in the morning and finished at four in the afternoon. Lord de Roos rented the manor they shot over—Milden Hall—which is about eight miles from Newmarket. Ross trained in Scotland under the care of a pedestrian—I forget the man's name—and was in splendid condition. The colonel, I understood, shot almost every day for two hours, walking a good pace all the time, which I presume he considered united the two requisites—pedestrian condition and shooting practice.

It was a complete walking match ; they went such a pace that at the end of six hours fresh beaters were required ; a keeper of Mr. Baring's, a man of whom it was said he had never failed in the hardest day's walking in his life, was among the defeated beaters ; even the colonel himself was obliged to cry " Hold ! Enough ! " twenty minutes before the finish.

The shooting was not first-rate ; it was not to be expected that it would be, because when the birds flew up the men could not steady themselves as well as if they had walked slower ; also there was the spirit of competition as to which should kill most birds. When the colonel tired Ross was about 20 yards ahead of him, pursuing " the even tenor of his way," and a covey of partridges flew up out of shot and settled in the next field, which was turnips. It was at this moment that Lord de Roos rode up to me and said I had no right to let my man walk before his. I answered : " Because your man is beat why should I stop mine ? Look at the articles," I added, producing a copy. " Each man is to be put in line and do his best, and I told the captain to walk on and that a covey was in the next field." As soon as Ross had proceeded 100 yards Mr. Greville, the celebrated owner of racehorses, rode up to us and said to Ross : " You have only a quarter of an hour to shoot and the colonel is one bird ahead, so you must kill two to win. Now we will agree to draw the match." This the captain agreed to, much against my advice.

Lord de Roos made some observations not of a very courteous nature to me.

I answered him thus : " My Lord, the least said the soonest mended, as they say. Now, to put an end to all further comment on the proceedings during the match I have a proposition to make, which is this : I will shoot the same match against Col. Anson for £500 in three weeks from this day. I would shoot it to-morrow, but I have been hunting my hounds for the last month and have hardly walked a mile across the country nor pulled a trigger, so that I am what is called ' not fit ' in the racing world." This challenge was not accepted, and thus ended the second of the two matches.

It was to have been decided several days earlier, but the captain had procured some cartridges which had only just appeared on the market, and the colonel objected to their being used unless he had the privilege of doing the same ; after some discussion the captain gave way, and the colonel sent up to London for some. Ross, myself and Mr. Shoubridge with one or two others, stopped at Barton Mills about a mile and a half from Milden Hall ; as it was necessary that the captain should continue his training, until the cartridges arrived he walked every day but one on some road. On that day he and I shot at partridges on the Chippenham Manor belonging to Mr. Tharpe, and we both used the new cartridges. Colonel Anson, hearing of it, joined us to see the effect of them. I remember his observation at the end of the day : " I am very glad I have seen this trial, for I should have had no chance without them."

I believe I killed two birds more than Ross that day. He, of course, was in high training and I was not ; and occasionally I was obliged to amble, that is, nearly run, to keep up with him. This was on a Saturday, as well as I can remember, and on the Monday the match was decided as before described. It is singular that both matches should have ended in a compromise.

CHAPTER IX

A Solicitous Dog Owner—Practical Joke on Him—"Shooting Across"—Count D'Orsay and Mr. Irwin—A Narrow Escape—Shot in the Eye—Lord Middleton's Match with His Keeper—Is a Young Donkey "Game"?—A Bull as Shooting Pony—A Heavy Partridge Bag at Ebberston—A Good Day with Pheasants and Hares—Mark, a Wonderful Pointer—Sad Fate of Mark—A Greyhound Pointing Partridges—Lord Wenlock's Care for His Pheasants—A Shooting Party at Escrick—Too Numerous Hares—A Danger of Posting.

WHILE writing of dogs I recalled a little incident which shows how absurdly some men behave about them. It was at a shooting party at Lord Scarborough's place, and among the guests was a tall, fashionable dandy by the name of Teesdale or Tisdale, I forget which, who brought with him a favourite retriever he called Zillah. His solicitude for Zillah made him a laughing stock; he was anxious about Zillah's dinner. Zillah slept in his bedroom. Zillah must not be allowed to get tired. Going out one morning we went in a small omnibus, quite a new vehicle and very well upholstered; the ground was muddy and Teesdale was concerned for Zillah and was chaffed about having a retriever whose feet must not get wet. He was quite serious about it, and insisted that his dog must come inside the omnibus, which the shooters completely filled. To this we all objected, pointing out that the vehicle was new and very expensively fitted up, apart from the fact that there was really no room. Teesdale was very indignant, but when somebody gravely suggested that the earl should send into Ollerton, three miles away, for a chaise in which to convey Zillah comfortably, he yielded so far as to let the dog go on the box between the coachman's legs.

I don't know who Teesdale could have been in the habit of shooting with, for when we took our places he kept on crying out "Take care you don't shoot Zillah!" as if we were a lot of perfect duffers. He went on in this way, and further annoyed his neighbours by shooting across them, so one of the party took a rise out of him. Zillah's master was not a good shot and she was not at all highly broken; and as he did not give her much to do she wandered away to see what others had killed, thus was often out of Teesdale's sight. The man I mentioned took an opportunity to imitate exactly the cries of pain a dog might

utter if wounded ; he did it very cleverly and then began to shout " By Jove ! you have shot Zillah," and went on abusing the imaginary offender for his carelessness. Teesdale rushed up in a most furious passion, demanding : " What scoundrel has shot my dog ! Show me the man who shot my dog ! " Fortunately Zillah appeared, from quite a different direction, before any mischief was done. A man in a great rage with a loaded gun in his hand is not safe.

Teesdale satisfied himself that his dog had not a mark on her, but he was almost as angry at the trick played on him as he was when he believed she had been shot.

I did not at any time feel inclined to ask Teesdale to come and shoot with me, and he told us a story of his doings which made me less disposed to do so than before. He was invited to shoot by a friend whose coverts contained much game, and the gentleman, before the party began operations, requested that no hen pheasants should be shot. Teesdale did not explain why he did what he told us he did do ; he only said the prohibition made him determined to kill everything he could. After shooting for some time he saw pheasants flying away out of shot, and feeling certain that no stops had been placed on purpose that the hens might escape, he went to the spot and found a dry ditch along which the birds were running in numbers. He then made Zillah lie down in the ditch to act as a stop, when the pheasants rose all round him for a considerable time and he killed a great number, most of which were hens. He did not tell us what his host said to him, nor whether he had been invited to shoot there again.

Some men have no conscience in shooting across, but I may claim to have cured one man of the habit when I was quite young. Mr. Cracroft, a friend of mine, a most gentlemanly and unassuming person and also a very good shot, was one of my guests at Hutton Bushell, and a man by the name of Irwin was another. The two shot together and the latter shot across Cracroft so persistently that he spoke to me about it. We made Irwin, who asserted that Cracroft shot across him, agree that every time one of them shot across the other he should pay him half-a-crown ; my keeper was to be the umpire. In the course of very few days' shooting Irwin's forfeits amounted to something between two and three sovereigns—I forget the exact sum—to his great mortification. He was a good deal quizzed about it, but the plan had a beneficial effect. At all events there were no more complaints of his shooting during his stay.

Irwin was inclined to be assertive and loud in expressing his opinions. He was one of a large party assembled at Rufford Abbey to shoot the best

coverts, and among the other guests was the celebrated Count D'Orsay, who, by the way, arrived in great style with four horses to his carriage. The Count, though a very great dandy, was one of the most agreeable companions I ever knew. I need not say that he spoke English as correctly as a native. For some reason Irwin did not like D'Orsay; indeed, he showed his dislike only too plainly, getting up from the whist-table and making an end of the game, rather than play with the Count. Later in the evening we were discussing the sport to be expected next day, and D'Orsay named the number of head he thought might be killed. Irwin immediately scouted his estimate, declaring we should not kill nearly so many, and offered to back his opinion. D'Orsay accepted it and bet him £10 the bag would prove nearer his estimate than Irwin's. Nobody liked Irwin, and his manner to the Count was such that we all resolved to kill all the game we could in order that D'Orsay might be proved right. There were several very good shots among the nine or ten men who formed the party. D'Orsay himself was a good one, but not first-rate.

There were several coverts with very little underwood, and when we got to work we could see the rabbits and hares creeping about or sitting up to listen. We took every advantage of them, and though it was very unsportsmanlike, shot a good many sitting. When the game was collected and counted it was found that D'Orsay had won his bet with ten or fifteen head to spare. Irwin was very angry; and he was not better pleased when the Count, who was always open-handed, presented the keepers with his winnings.

A guest of mine once gave me a fright while shooting in Yorkshire. He was a very good and, generally, a careful shot; but on this occasion he lapsed from his usual discretion. I was exceedingly lame at the time, and having no shooting pony, I shot off a donkey who stood fire like an artilleryman. My friend was walking a short distance before me when some partridges flew up, he turned round and levelled at a bird which was flying in a direct line for my face. A donkey is not a nimble animal, at least you cannot make him move aside very quickly, and I thought my last moment had come. I was not much reassured when, in answer to my shout to take care what he was doing, my friend answered: "Oh, I saw you at the end of my gun. There is no danger." It did not occur to him, apparently, that when a man has his finger on the trigger and is intent on a partridge, he may fire before he realises that there is another victim a little further away than the bird. I was not more than 15 or 16 yards from him.

I was much less fortunate on another occasion, when we were shooting a wood on my Yorkshire property. It was due to the recklessness of a noble

SPYING FOR DEER

From the Painting by J. Ferneley at Mar Lodge. Lent by courtesy of General Robert Gordon Gilmour of Liberton.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING

From the original Sketch by Alken in the collection of Col. Stanley Barry

lord. We had shot most of the covert, except the last 400 yards or thereabout; and notwithstanding that I had placed three or four stops at the end, the pheasants still kept flying away 200 yards out of shot. In consequence I suggested to Lord Macdonald, who was walking on the upper side of the hanging covert while I was in the bottom, not above 40 yards from him, that he had better go on to where the stops were as he would then act as another stop and kill a good many of the birds which were getting away out of shot. He could distinctly see me and all the beaters; moreover my keeper, a very tall man, was walking behind me.

Just as Lord Macdonald started a jay flew up, and to our surprise he turned round and shot at it, although it was in a line with the beaters and myself. He shot through the top of the keeper's hat, fortunately without hurting the man, and one pellet hit me just in the beginning of the ball of my eye. I did not make any observation because our shooting would so soon be over, and if I had spoken it would have put an end at once to the day's sport. I was nearly blind of it only half an hour afterwards, and when I got home was obliged to send for a surgeon. He had great doubts whether I should not lose the eye; and as it was, a long time passed before I recovered the full sight of it. The pellet at this moment is still in me, but the mishap having occurred so many years ago it has worked its way out of the flesh into the skin and is plainly visible.

I must do Lord Macdonald the justice to say that nobody could have been more vexed with himself, nor have expressed more sincere regret. He was a very gentlemanly and fine man, full of fun and larking.

Mention of my use of a donkey to shoot off reminds me of a match Lord Middleton made. He had some discussion with a gentleman who was staying with him about the skill of his gamekeeper, and it was agreed that his lordship and the keeper should shoot a match, one of the conditions being that each should carry what the other shot. The man was a very good shot, and after a time, Lord Middleton, very tired with the load he had to carry, felt that he must be beaten, as the keeper had not such a weight on his back. So he remembered the terms of the match, and deliberately shot a young donkey, which he insisted the keeper must carry. I was not present, and do not know how they settled it, but I suppose the decision would depend on the wording of the articles. If each shooter was to carry "everything" his opponent killed, Lord Middleton might claim the match.

Lord Middleton was very eccentric; people used to say he was half mad, but it is not difficult to earn that reputation; it can be done by doing things

which nobody else does; and Lord Middleton did things which surprised his neighbours. I will mention one; he was a great breeder of cattle, and among his stock had a most beautiful prize bull of which he was very proud. It was very docile for a bull, and his lordship took it into his head to shoot partridges off its back. He had a sort of large saddle made, and his hind led the animal with the ring in its nose. I was told that the bull behaved perfectly, taking no notice whatever of the report of its rider's gun.

Lord Middleton was always a great dandy, and remained one till late in life. When at least seventy years old he used to turn out in tight yellow leather breeches and a coat of peculiar cut with large gilt buttons. His hair was so white that at a little distance you would think it was powdered.

I had good shooting at Ebberston. The partridge ground within three miles of the house was not equal to some other parts of Yorkshire, nor at all equal to Norfolk and Dorsetshire, but it was very good. I commenced shooting there one year about the 21st or 22nd of September, hunting setters and pointers. Beginning at seven o'clock in the morning I shot till six, employing neither men nor boys to drive the birds, and did not walk them up with a retriever, as the present custom is in the crack countries. I had two guns and my keeper loaded them, and my dog-breaker hunted the dogs, which were probably better broken than almost any person's. On the day I mention I killed 95 brace of partridges, 28 hares, and eight or nine rabbits. I believe if the ground had been driven and dogs not used I might have killed 140 brace.

It had been a great breeding season; I had shot the same ground for many years in the same manner, and never before killed above 60 brace. Of course, the land was well preserved. I employed five keepers and also watchers, and we had a great deal of game.

We had large numbers of pheasants in the plantations near the house, and within a mile of it. Friends used to visit me from the south as well as from our own county; on one occasion I had staying with me Lord Huntingfield, who had the reputation of being the best shot in England, the Rev. Hy. Hanbury of Swaffham, in Norfolk, and Mr. Montagu, my nephew, both of whom were first rate shots. The snow was very deep—above our knees on the level—and in consequence of a further fall which did not terminate until noon, we did not commence shooting until nearly one o'clock. We shot in the plantations near the house, and others within half a mile of them, finishing a little after four, the days being very short. On that afternoon we killed 300 pheasants and 100 hares, besides rabbits, of which we kept no count.

[*MS. missing.*]

A RUN NEAR MELTON MOWBRAY, 1821

From the Painting by Ferneley in the collection of H. W. Wykeham-Musgrave, Esq., of Barnsley Park

Mark, the pointer used by Captain Ross in his match with William Coke, was the best I ever had. When he stood he was a perfect model; he always raised his head as high as he could, with his tail perfectly extended, so that you could imagine he was looking at some object in the air. He was perhaps the staunchest pointer that ever stood; as an example, I will mention an instance which occurred when I was shooting with him alone: In a grass field with a good deal of bottom to it, Mark stood. Four or five horses were grazing there, and as soon as they saw the dog stand they surrounded him and kept striking at him with their forefeet. Mark took no notice; he never moved a muscle; he might have been a marble statue. I was so afraid the horses might kill him that, exasperated by the thought, I ran within 50 or 60 yards and gave them one of my barrels in their hindquarters. They all galloped away, and Mark remained in *statu quo* until I had reloaded and put the birds up.

Poor Mark! His active days came to a melancholy end two or three years after the Holkham shooting match, and by the most careless, wanton act of a gentleman by the name of Anderson. It is to be noticed that the farmers in our part of Yorkshire *mowed* all the stubbles, and, of course, there remained scarcely enough cover to hide a partridge. Mr. Anderson and another gentleman were staying with me, and I lent them Mark and his sister, Flirt, stipulating that Wood, my dog-breaker, should hunt them, my guests not being acquainted with his mode of working them by the whistle. I had seen in the Norfolk shooting match what injustice was done to good dogs by one who had not mastered the system of signals, and was unwilling to let anyone repeat it.

A covey flew up, and Mr. Anderson fired, shooting Mark, though the birds were ten yards above the dog's head. Strange to say he was not killed, but he was completely blinded, and his chest and shoulders were full of shot. He never recovered sufficiently to hunt again, but did good service as a sire.

Anderson was exceedingly distressed at the occurrence, and wished to pay for any dog in England I might select, but, of course, I did not accept of his offer.

A curious incident occurred when I was partridge shooting at home one season. I was hunting a brace of pointers which at the time were ranging some distance from me. I saw on my right some animal which should not have been there, and it proved to be a greyhound. He walked about 20 yards and stopped, evidently smelling something, and stood like a statue. I could not imagine why he did so, and out of curiosity went towards him. As I went I put up a covey; the dog had been standing them. I killed a brace, but he took no notice of them when they fell; his interest had evaporated.

Many years ago a keeper trained a pig to stand some tame partridges he had reared; if this was a device of the man to make money, it succeeded, for a great many people went to see the exhibition.

Some men go to the expense and trouble of preserving a large head of game and then will not have it killed. The late Lord Wenlock had this peculiarity. He was formerly only Mr. Lawley; he had an uncle by the name of Thompson, who left him all his extensive property, passing over an elder brother, Sir Robert Lawley. Lord Wenlock was a thorough Whig in politics, and his large estates, six miles from York, gave him considerable influence in the neighbourhood; and the Ministry of the day created him a peer. He had a very fine house at Escrick, and many beautiful woods in which were an immense number of pheasants, besides hares, rabbits, etc. I had known him many years before his elevation to the peerage.

He invited me to join his shooting party for the last three days of the season, and I accepted. He had a large party of both sexes in his house. One of the guests, a young lady, who was certainly very good-looking, attracted him, and he was most attentive to her. Some of the woods were very near the house, and we did not commence shooting until past twelve o'clock. The first day a few of the ladies went out as spectators, and Lawley's charmer kept close to him, both being on ponies. He did not shoot himself, but carried a sort of baton *à la Costa* with which he directed the keepers and kept the shooters in order. There was a gentleman among them by the name of Wrottesley, an especial favourite of our host, who placed him in the most favourable positions to get the most shots, though he was not a first-rate performer.

I was placed next to Mr. Wrottesley during the shooting in the first wood, most unfortunately for me, as I never had the same chance again; and this was the reason for it. Wrottesley took shots too long or too difficult and so missed five or six pheasants which I killed. Lawley was so vexed that he lost his temper, and he rode up to me and said: "Damn your unerring tube!" Luckily he did not speak loud enough to be heard by anyone but myself, so I thought it not necessary to take any notice.

His great pleasure and pride consisted in showing his visitors a very large quantity of pheasants, but taking special care they did not kill many of them, and his object on this occasion was attained in an eminent degree. We were allowed only one gun each. In one wood, not at all a large one, there must have been 700 or 800 pheasants. The wind was very strong, and he beat the covert directly in the face of it—he and his lady with a few more standing

at the end—by which means they acted as stops. The keepers and beaters then drove all the birds into the covert and put them up without waiting to give us time to load again; being allowed only one gun, of course, after the first discharge no more could be killed. I don't believe we mustered more than five guns, so these could not have killed more than eight or nine pheasants, as one or two of the shooters were only moderate performers.

According to a rough calculation 300 or 400 pheasants rose simultaneously; and in consequence of beating against the wind, they all flew right over our heads and we never saw any of them again, though many dropped at the end of the same wood behind us. I never saw so many pheasants on the wing in my life; they were so thick that some of the shooters killed two and three with one barrel. To prevent my killing too many and repeating the process of wiping his friend's nose so often, Lawley made me walk outside the wood and he followed behind me. As the covert was very thin the shooters inside got many more shots than I did, for they could see everything that moved. This *ruse de guerre* saved Lawley's pheasants.

Before half the wood had been beaten four or five woodcocks flew out of it and settled in the smallest spinney I ever saw, not above 8 yards or 9 yards long and wide and within 70 yards of the covert. Two guns must have got shots at all of them. I asked Lawley if he would not get another gun (who was close to me inside the wood) and two or three beaters and kill them, but he declined. I then asked if he would allow me to get them alone as, of course, I could not interfere with the shooters in the wood. He answered: "No, I won't have the line broken." The spinney, as I have said, was not above 70 yards from the end of the wood where he and his lady friend acted as stops; and had he taken all the guns after beating it out and surrounded the spinney we must have killed every woodcock.

We had to walk only about 200 yards to another wood which was almost in a line with that spinney; we need not have gone 50 yards out of our road to beat it.

We saw a great many pheasants after this, but Lawley adopted the same system all day; he was too good a general to allow many of them to be killed.

The next day we commenced in a wood about two miles from the mansion; the only lady who came out was the one I have already mentioned. Lawley walked his pony beside hers all the way; and we had not gone far when he beckoned to me to join them, and when I did he began by observing that killing 200 pheasants per day was the destruction of all manors. He said that he had some other friends coming the next day and he was at a loss to

provide accommodation for all. His " unerring tube " remark, coupled with these observations, seemed a very strong hint to me to take my departure and I resolved to do so early the next morning. I told him so, adding that I should then reach home in time to shoot some of my own coverts, that being the last day of the season. I understood that there were no post-horses nearer than York, six miles away, so asked him to order some that I might start soon after daylight. He told me not to trouble myself about post-horses, he would take care I had horses at the time I wanted.

I need not say much of that day's sport at Escrick. After shooting for two or three hours in two woods, Lawley collected his keepers and beaters and divided us into two parties. He, Mr. Wrottesley and a third formed one party, and myself and the fifth guest made up the other. We were ordered to shoot over the open fields in different directions and meet at a certain point to wind up the day by beating a small wood. There was not any great quantity of pheasants nor of other game in the wood we shot to finish the day, and the keeper who accompanied us, I believe, rather exceeded his orders respecting the extent of our beat, for he said we might as well go on a little further and kill some of the hares which did a great deal of damage ; adding that his master seldom shot them. In about a quarter of an hour we bagged sixteen or seventeen, and then were desired to make straight for the point agreed upon. Had all the guns been with us and we allowed to proceed and shoot for an hour we must have killed at least 80 to 100 hares.

Lawley was rather suspicious about our doings, thinking that his keeper had not strictly observed the beat marked out for us ; but the man declared he had, and as we did not know a yard of the country we couldn't say anything.

Lawley was certainly as good as his word when he said he would take care I had horses to take me to York. Next morning, to my surprise, I saw his own carriage waiting for me ; four beautiful horses, two postilions in leather breeches and gaudy jackets, yellow gloves, and gold tassels on their caps. I was thus taken to York in an equipage not very unlike that of the Lord Mayor of London.

There was no railroad from York to Scarborough—30 miles—and consequently I was obliged to post it.

Posting was attended with some danger at times, as I found after one of my shooting visits to Sir Richard Sutton at Lyndford. Sir Richard, his half-brother (Mr. Bankes) and myself went together in Sutton's carriage with post-horses to Swaffham, 12 miles from Lyndford. We delayed our start, and the butler was too profuse in dispensing his master's hospitality. Thus

the post-boy was quite drunk when we set out. He managed to stay in his saddle for a time, though, having no command over the horses, the carriage swayed from one side of the road to the other, and at last the man rolled on to his mount's neck, when we swerved off the road against a high hedge—luckily there was no ditch. We had to proceed, so we left the post-boy to sleep off his potations under the hedge and Mr. Bankes jumped into the saddle and drove us the remaining nine miles to Swaffham. His leg was a good deal bruised as he was wearing trousers and shoes, and in his hurry forgot to take the guard off the post-boy's leg and strap it on his own. I remember the way the people we passed stared; they could not make out what a gentleman was doing as post-boy, particularly in the clothes Mr. Bankes was wearing. His performance in the pigskin, however, was quite professional. We congratulated him on it.

CHAPTER X

Difficulties with a Leicestershire Field—Hunting Without the Hounds—Over-riding—The Hunter Assheton—A Wonderful Stayer—Great Run in Suffolk—Assheton's Performance in Leicestershire—Offer to Match Assheton against Baronet—Shamrock, a Perfect Hunter—Subscription Granted—Troubles with Foot-people—Sunday Hunting with Curs—A Fight with Stocking-makers at Sileby—The Offenders Punished—A Row about a Badger—Successful Operations for its Recovery—Hound-poisoning by a Farmer.

IN a former part of this narrative I promised my readers to furnish them with an account of the many incidents, accidents, etc., which happened to me during my hunting the Quorn country and also Northamptonshire; and the cause of my selling the hounds, all of which I bred myself, to Sir B[ellingham] Graham; which pledge I will now redeem as far as my treacherous memory will permit. I must, in the first place, state that during the thirty-five years I was Master I hunted the hounds myself; and in consequence could not keep the field in such order as otherwise I might have done. It is a most difficult thing to control a field; in many instances I have been obliged in self-defence to stop the hounds; but this produced a good effect only for a few weeks, and in the end was perfectly useless.

A very large field, perhaps 300, was out one day in the neighbourhood of Billesdon Coplow, where we found; and the fox after running three-quarters of a mile went to ground in a drain in a very large grass field near Quenby Hall. Having before had a taste of their disorderly proceedings I foresaw what was likely to happen, and cautioned the field most particularly not to ride after the fox; for if they did I should stop the hounds immediately. They promised to let the hounds get fairly away, and we proceeded to get the fox out. Within a quarter of an hour we bolted him; and as soon as he was on his legs the whole crowd galloped after him, and did not pull up until he was lost to sight. I and my two whippers-in were standing about 200 yards from the drain, and when the field broke away after the fox we could not prevent the hounds from following, with the result that the pack got mingled with the 300 horsemen, never saw the fox, nor, of course, hunted him a yard.

They ran in this manner for nearly half a mile, when Reynard escaped the view of the field; and all, horsemen and hounds, came to a check. I arrived

W. SEBRIGHT

From the Lithograph by J. W. Giles after the Painting by R. B. Davis. Lent by courtesy of Messrs. Fores, Piccadilly.

HUNTING IN THE BELVOIR VALE

From the Painting by Ferneley in the collection of Lord Forester at Willey

with the servants at this juncture and at once ordered them to turn the hounds. I blew my horn and trotted away towards the kennels, at the same time telling those who followed us that I was keeping my word, as they would find I always should do. Perhaps never in the annals of fox-hunting has so wild and unsportsmanlike a proceeding been witnessed; it was an everlasting disgrace to the field of that day. How any gentlemen calling themselves sportsmen could be guilty of such conduct I cannot imagine, particularly after pledging their word to me, as they had done, not to behave as they did. That the green-eyed monster got the better of their reason is the best excuse that can be urged in their defence.

Another instance of such conduct occurred which obliged me to have recourse to the same disagreeable expedient, but it was not of the same character, being a declaration of defiance of the Master's authority. We found in the neighbourhood of Rolleston, and came away with a tremendous scent. Leaving Quenby Hall to the left, the fox ran straight for Ashby Pastures. About a mile before you reach the Pastures there is a brook at the end of a very large grass field; the hounds had never come to a check up to this point, and had run so hard that out of a very large field only Lord Plymouth, Mr. Blunt and myself were with them, the rest being completely beaten. We had to jump a low rail into the field before-mentioned; and one hound, from what cause I don't know, separated from the pack and was in the act of taking it to join the rest when Mr. Blunt rode over him. I had only just before particularly warned him against doing this, telling him if he did so I should stop hounds. In the very act of doing it he cried "D—— the hound!" and snapping his fingers at me, added, "You can't stop them!"

I answered that I would soon show him whether I could or not, and galloping as fast as my horse could go, headed them just before they reached the brook and stopped them. Lord Plymouth came up and entreated me to let them hunt the fox, as he must die soon, and this was the most glorious run he had ever seen in his life and over the best country. I told him I was always as good as my word, and reminded him of the specimen of this I gave when the field rode after the fox near Quenby Hall. I said it certainly distressed me exceedingly to act as I did, but to be defied and have my authority flouted, by one of the most reckless of my field was sufficient reason to take such strong measures. It is right to say that when we met next day, in the Harborough country, Blunt came up to me and made a most ample apology. We were always very good friends both before and after this unfortunate occurrence. Men get excited in the heat of a good thing with hounds.

Blunt used to come and shoot with me in Yorkshire. He was a very good shot, but could not walk, being, as I think I mentioned before, lame from a wound in the ankle; but he rode well to hounds. He was a very gentlemanly man and very amusing. He married when he was about forty and lived in Sussex till his death, which occurred a few years after his marriage.

I forgot to mention the name of the horse I was riding that day I stopped hounds near the brook; it was Assheton. The only reason why I do so is that he was the very best I ever possessed or heard of. He was a bay without white, about 15.1½, the most perfect model I ever saw; he had all the appearance of being thoroughbred, but I could never trace his pedigree. Mr. Cracroft, who lived and hunted in the Spilsby country in Lincolnshire, was the first person who hunted him. Mr. Assheton Smith hunted Lincolnshire at that time. They had a most tremendous day, changing foxes, until only Mr. Smith and Mr. Cracroft remained when hounds were stopped. Mr. Smith completely tired two horses, but Assheton was not even then beaten, and I believe Mr. Cracroft assisted Mr. Smith in stopping the hounds. His fame soon spread and was not long in reaching Leicestershire. The Rev. John Empson,* who lived about five miles from Melton, went into Lincolnshire and bought the horse. Mr. Empson was a most ardent admirer of Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith—it almost amounted to an infatuation; and in compliment to him he christened the horse Assheton. Mr. Empson rode well on a very quiet, perfect hunter, but Assheton frightened him because he pulled and was determined to go. He sold him to me for £130 or £140.

I had a very excellent whipper-in by the name of Burton, who afterwards hunted the hounds when Lord Southampton had the Quorn country [1827–1831]. He was a good rider and lighter than me; he rode Assheton two seasons and I think I rode him three; and during the five seasons he never gave either of us a fall. In consequence of a most serious accident which obliged me to resign the Quorn for two seasons, I hunted part of Suffolk [1822–1823], not above ten miles from Newmarket for one season. We had a most extraordinary run in that plough country, a run never excelled in any. Hounds ran 1 hour and 35 minutes without the shadow of a check, and ran into the fox in the middle of a field. Nobody was with them for the last 20 minutes but Burton on Assheton, and he told me the horse was not tired at all.

On my return to the Quorn, which took place the following season [1823–

* This name appears in the MS. as "Simpson." It has been corrected as above on authoritative information.—E.D.C.

1824], a history of which will, with the cause, appear shortly, I determined to ride Assheton myself. I communicated my intention to Burton, but he endeavoured to dissuade me from it, saying he was too wild and random a horse to suit me. I told him that he had ridden the horse for two years and had never had a fall with him, and I should certainly try the experiment. I did so; and at the end of the run I smilingly said to Burton: "You will never ride him again while you live with me except when I am not out with the hounds."

Soon after this we met at Houghton-on-the-Hill, found in the neighbourhood and had a pretty good run for 1 hour and 20 minutes. It was not a fast one, but sufficiently so to take a good deal of the steel out of some of the nags. Sir Harry Goodricke and Mr. Holyoake amongst a large field were out, and they came up and asked me to draw the Coplow. I told them there was a rattling fox there, and as it did not appear to be a real scenting day it was a pity to disturb the covert as we could not expect to vanquish so formidable an enemy. However, I was so pressed by them that I yielded, and we found my friend. We had the bitch pack out, and they went away over Newton Hills, pointing for Tilton Wood at first; then they bore to the left and never checked till they ran the fox to ground in Ranksborough Gorse in Lord Lonsdale's country near Oakham.

I rode Assheton all day. Up to the time we marked to ground all were beaten but Assheton and the second horses ridden by Sir H. Goodricke and Mr. Holyoake. When hounds marked to ground a fresh fox went away, and the body of the pack went after him, a few couples only remaining at the earth. The run was 40 minutes, but the severity of the pace and the country beat all but the three horses above mentioned. We followed the pack for four or five miles, and knowing that it was a fresh fox and we had not a chance of killing him I determined to stop the hounds as soon as I could. Luckily they came to a check at the end of that distance, and I actually stopped them on Assheton; and though perhaps few foxhunters will believe me, I declare he was not beaten even then! Sir Harry Goodricke's and Mr. Holyoake's second horses were not so fresh as mine.

I took the hounds home to Quorn afterwards, 21 miles; we were obliged to pass through Melton, and there I got some gruel for Assheton and some capital refreshment for myself.

That run from the Coplow was often discussed in Melton; it was allowed to be the best thing they had seen, taking the pace and the severity of the country and the beauty of it into consideration; and perhaps if you picked the cream of Leicestershire you could not have surpassed it.

J. E. Ferneley, a great animal and portrait painter, resided at Melton, and he painted a picture for me in commemoration of Assheton's performance on that day. In it there are portraits of many of the most celebrated riders of that time, and portraits also of all the hounds which composed the pack on the occasion.

Mr. Holyoake had a beautiful thoroughbred grey horse, for which he asked £800 or £1,000; it was equal to 14 st., and being considered quite the best horse in Leicestershire, his owner was open to run him against any other in England over the country. Assheton's extraordinary powers of endurance were reviewed, and Holyoake, jealous perhaps of the praise bestowed on him, said he believed he had a better horse for a light weight, though not capable of carrying a man of any size, referring to Baronet, the grey I have named. I said I would run a horse against Baronet for a thousand, ten miles over the country, carrying 12 st. each. He answered that he did not call 12 st. a high weight, and I then offered to make the match to carry 13 st. each; but he declined.

I had another horse which I bought of Mason, who was then a dealer at Stilton (the father of the present steeplechase rider). He called him Shamrock, but how he was bred I don't know. He was nearly as good as Assheton, but I don't think would have gone so long—I never saw one that could—but as I never rode him on a day when my mount was severely tried it is impossible to be certain. He was a beautiful chestnut, about 15.2½, a most perfect snaffle-bridle horse. No man ever possessed a more perfect hunter. I remember jumping him over a fence on the other side of which was a cross-ditch. Seeing that he most likely must fall, Shamrock opened his fore-legs so wide that he bestrode it. Not many horses would have had the sense or presence of mind to thus save themselves.

When I commenced hunting the Quorn country I did so without any subscription, and continued to do so for a few years; then, finding the expense amounted to more than I could afford, I applied for a subscription, which I obtained—I may be pardoned for mentioning that I saved the country perhaps £500 per annum by hunting the hounds myself. Mr. Assheton Smith and other Masters had received a subscription also.

One of the greatest difficulties to be contended with in the Quorn country (other than the Meltonian practice of riding over the hounds and heading foxes !) was the behaviour of the stocking-makers and weavers, who used to assemble in crowds at the covert-side. It seemed impossible to keep them together in the right place in order to let the fox go away. At first we could not manage

A RUN WITH THE PYTCHLEY

From the Painting at Welbeck by J. Ferneley, 1824. Reproduced by courtesy of the Duke of Portland

On the left: Mr. F. L. Holyoake, on Baronet; followed by Sir H. Goodricke, on Smasher; Wm. Coke, on The Pony; Val Maher, on Hymen; George Payne, on Grey Cottager; Rev. John Simpson, on Malvern; Capt. Blunt, on Owen Glendower.

THE MEET OF THE QUORN HUNT

Sir Harry Goodricke (M.F.H. 1831-3) with Mountford the Huntsman and George Beers the 1st Whip.
From the Painting by J. Ferneley in the collection of the late the Hon. Mrs. Henry Bourke.

them at all; we tried persuasion and kind words, without any success. Then we tried force; but being totally unsupported by any of the Meltonians that method also failed. At last we had recourse to bribery; we used to give every village two sovereigns a year for drink, and this plan had a far better effect, though on occasions the people were still unruly.

Another exceedingly vexatious habit these people had was their Sunday pastime of collecting terriers and curs to hunt our coverts. I frequently sent my two whippers-in, accompanied by local persons who knew the intruders, to warn them that hunting with dogs on Sunday was an offence punishable by fine, and they might even get into prison. This served to deter a good many, and after a time only a few of the more hardened spirits attempted it. Some bad feeling remained, however, and in the end resulted in a fight between myself, one of my whippers-in and a little man who lived in the neighbourhood on the one side, and the stocking-makers on the other; and the fight ended in a general row. We came off victorious, but it was a wonder we were not nearly killed.

The affair occurred in a village called Sileby, which was full of stocking-makers, and only three miles from Quorn. We met annually on the first Monday in November at Kirby Gate, which is two miles or a little more from Melton Mowbray, the celebrated resort of the wild Meltonians, and on the turnpike road to Leicester. We used always to draw Cream Lodge Gorse, near Ashby Pastures, a famous covert; we only cub-hunted the coverts in the open country once, and then only those which we knew held a litter of foxes.

It was the case here; a large field were out, and very wild and unruly; also the foxes were young: these united circumstances destroyed all chance of a run and we had very little sport. I almost always took the hounds home myself, and I did so in this instance. Of course, I was very much annoyed at the day's doings and not in a very amiable temper.

As we frequently ran the foxes to ground in drains, almost every field in Leicestershire being hollow-drained, we always took a terrier with us and left him shut up in some place as conveniently situated for the coverts we intended to draw as we could judge. This precaution was necessary because some of the mad-headed Meltonians would certainly have ridden over the little unfortunate animal if he had run with the hounds. On this occasion I had sent my second whipper-in for the terrier, the place where we had left him being some distance out of our road to Quorn; in consequence, my only companions were my first whipper-in, Stevens, and the little man I have mentioned—I forget his name. Sileby was in our road home; and soon after we entered the

village two men with a sort of bulldog came out of a public house and began kicking and striking the hounds. They lamed one or two of them. I immediately said: "What right have you to kick the hounds. I'll give you something you won't like if you repeat that game!" One of them answered with abuse, saying he would knock me off my horse. I had a hunting whip made of cane, the butt not at all heavy, only sufficient to open a gate, which was fortunate, as the sequel will show. The man came round to me, took hold of my bridle and seized my leg, meaning to pull me off. I allowed him to do so because I thus had a better purchase to stand up and hit him over the head. Notwithstanding my whip was rather light, I hit him so hard two or three times that I cut his hat open and his head bled a good deal. Finding that he had the worst of it and could not get me off he bolted.

Whilst the fellow was attacking me his companion attacked Stevens, wrenched his whip away, and holding it with both hands struck at Stevens' head. He missed his mark but knocked one of the horse's eyes clean out, so that nothing remained but the empty socket. Had my whip been furnished with a knob as heavy as Stevens' I might have killed my antagonist; Stevens' would knock off any padlock. As soon as the poor horse lost his eye he began neighing and plunged to such an extent that his assailant bolted after his friend. We immediately gave chase, and saw the two run into another public house. By this time 40 or 50 stocking-makers had collected and began abusing us. Stevens jumped off his horse, and giving it to the little man to hold, rushed into the public house after the two, meaning to find out who they were.

My horse was rather shy and seemed afraid of the people, but after a touch of the spurs he would have gone at anything. One or two of the blackguards talked of attacking me, and one came too close. I rode at him and knocked him end over end. While these encounters were going on the hounds were sitting looking at us; but no further attempt was made to ill-use them. I have often thought since that we were very lucky to come off as well as we did; had the whole mob joined in the attack upon us we might have been killed.

As soon as Stevens, having failed in his errand, came out of the public house, I addressed the crowd in nearly the following words: "I rather think you have mistaken me for one of my whippers-in. I am the Master of the Hounds, and you must know that I live at Quorn. If any two of you will come to Quorn to-morrow morning about eleven o'clock, and will identify the two ruffians who assaulted us, and will swear to them, I will give you five pounds." (The mistake might easily arise as I wore a cap.)

I did not expect any of them would come, but two men made their appearance next morning and told me who the fellows were. I consulted a gentleman by the name of Craddock, a solicitor who hunted constantly with us, and also collected the subscriptions and paid the rents of the coverts and expenses of earth-stopping; but we did not agree as to the best mode of proceeding against our assailants. I was for endeavouring to obtain redress for the damage done to the horse; he was for prosecuting them for a violent assault; and considering his judgment better than mine I gave way. The men were arrested and tried at Quarter Sessions; the two informants kept their word to me and swore to the prisoners' identity; and on conviction each was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and hard labour. This had a good effect which lasted for a considerable time. One of the men convicted was a carpenter and a desperate character who was afterwards transported for attempting the life of a constable in the execution of his duty.

Near the close of my career in Leicestershire we had another row of a different kind. It happened in the Harborough country, and our opponents were very much of the same character as the Sileby stocking-makers. We had had only a short burst of about a quarter of an hour when the fox went to ground in Hallaton Bottoms; as we did not know where to find another fox, and the one which had gone to ground could not have been tired, we determined to get him out, particularly as the drain was only a short one. About 20 stocking-makers and similar people collected and assisted the second whipper-in to get the fox out; and after twenty minutes' work they bagged him, having a sack in their possession. We turned him down and gave him two fields start, but I think he must have been hurt in the process of getting out of the drain, for he could not run and hounds ran into him in less than a mile.

The terrier we put into the drain had remained there, and my whipper-in, hearing him at bay, thought there must be another fox; so, having killed the one we went back. Before we reached the spot however we learned that it was a badger the terrier had bayed; and when we arrived the men had got him out and put him into their sack. We had some young terriers at home and wanted the badger to try them with; and as the fellows had been liberally paid for their help in getting out the fox I felt that we were entitled to claim the badger; so I asked the men to give it to my whipper-in. They refused and cursed us freely. Sebright, my first whipper-in, got off his horse and tried civil persuasion, whereupon one of the men knocked him down. That made an end of endeavours to negotiate, and determined me to have the badger.

As soon as Sebright had picked himself up I called him and the second whipper-in and told them to remount. When they had done so I bade them keep their reins tight so that they could not be caught hold of, and we would charge the men in line.

The gang were moving off by this time and were about 50 yards away. We put our horses into a gallop and were upon them before they guessed our intention. Taken by surprise they scattered and ran in different directions, but we knocked several of them down before they could get away. The man who carried the badger ran as well as he could for his load, towards a thick gorse covert, thinking we could not follow. I had kept my eye upon him and soon caught him up in the covert. He dropped the sack and seized hold of my bridle. I rose in my stirrups and hit him on the hands with the butt end of my whip, which made him quickly let go. Then I gave him a few hard knocks with my fist and drove him off. The whippers-in came at my call and took the badger, while the men from a respectable distance swore at us, saying they would kill all the foxes and uttered other threats. The covert belonged to the Rev. Mr. Bewick, who frequently hunted with us; he was a good friend to fox-hunting, and was also a magistrate; so I told the men I should report their threats to him.

No attempt was made to destroy the foxes; we always found when we drew that covert as we had done before the row.

Two other incidents may be worth recording. Near Ashby Pastures an old crusty, cross-grained farmer occupied a few fields close to the covert. He was always grumbling, though we scarcely ever crossed one of them once in a year. He never discharged us and we never contemplated that he would resort to such disgraceful means of revenge. Cream Lodge Gorse was not above a mile from his land; a most celebrated covert and a certain find. He put poison in and about it, but of course we were perfectly ignorant of it. He knew the day we should draw it, so that the poison could not have lost any of its power. We found as usual and went away, but whether we had a good run or not I don't remember. However, in a few hours after reaching Quorn, my kennel huntsman came to me in the evening and said, "Sir, three couples of the hounds which were out to-day are very ill indeed and I am afraid will die."

Of course I was very much annoyed; we applied every remedy we could think of, but two died in a few hours after his announcement, being very much convulsed. Their appearance created suspicion and I sent for the doctor; he opened them and said they had been poisoned. By his treatment, however, we saved the others. Two more which were among the pack had not returned

home, and we were certain then that they had shared the same fate. I sent one of my men to see if he could discover the lost ones in or about Cream Lodge Gorse, and he did. One was dead close to it and the other a few fields off, so I suppose the poor creature had struggled as long as it could to follow the pack.

There was a very gallant colonel who had distinguished himself in many actions as a cavalry officer and constantly hunted with my hounds. Notwithstanding the diabolical conduct of the old farmer, we had the courage to draw the covert some time afterwards again. It so happened that the colonel and I were obliged to cross one of his fields with several others. There was a flight of rails into it, and the hounds running very hard at the time, there was no time for reflection. To our great dismay and surprise we saw at some distance before we reached them old " Cerberus " with a pitchfork in his hand and another man armed with a similar weapon standing on the opposite side of the rails, ready to receive us. The colonel said, " Charge them in line ! " which, although it appeared a most dangerous experiment, we did ; and most miraculously, after knocking our two antagonists over we galloped on without receiving any injury. I have often thought since what an extraordinary escape we had.

Through the intervention of several influential farmers adjoining old " Cerberus's " land all hatred, malice and uncharitableness ceased, and we hunted in future without any molestation.

Another remarkable occurrence happened to us in the same neighbourhood, but not in the same direction. A very sporting farmer, one of those who assisted in the pacification of old " Cerberus " and farmed a large tract of land, met us at a village within two miles of Ashby Pastures, the advertised place of meeting, but the name I forget. Being only four miles from Melton, and a favourite part of the country, a large field assembled. The farmer came up to me and said, " I've got a fox lying asleep in one of my stubble fields ; you are sure to find him." I answered, " Oh, he must be gone long before now," and he said he was sure the fox was not, as he had placed his workmen all round the field so they must see whether he was gone or not.

As the field was two miles out of our road to the covert we intended drawing we hesitated ; but at last decided to go with him. Before we reached it, however, we were certain the fox was there, because the men were still watching. The farmer knowing the exact *lair*, if you may so call it, whipped him up like a hare when coursing. Unfortunately, the scent was bad and we had only a moderate run with him, but, strange to say, he ran straight for the very covert we intended drawing.

CHAPTER XI

The Four-in-Hand and Benson Driving Clubs—A Test of Teams—Lord Hawke's Mishap Ends It—Martin Hawke as Duellist—A Striking Coach—Bet with Mr. Paul Methuen—"Hell-fired Dick's" Team—Two Starts Made—Mr. Methuen's Selection of Passengers—The Bet Won—Purchase of American Trotters—Jackson's Folly—Tom Thumb's 40-mile Match—His 100-mile Match—Rattler *v.* Mr. Theobald's "Racker"—Disputes and a Draw—Rattler *v.* Mr. Theobald's Galloway—Fatal Consequences to Rattler—Tom Thumb's 16½-miles in an Hour Match—Misconduct of a Post-boy.

TO avoid monotony I will now relate some adventures and incidents which occurred during my summer occupations. A great many years ago—more than forty—there were two amateur driving clubs; one was called the Four-in-Hand Club and the other the Benson Club. Mr. Buxton was leader of the first and Sir Harry Peyton of the second. I was a member of the former club.

We had certain rules and regulations which were strictly observed; one of these was that no team might pass another; this was to prevent racing. We very often assembled in the same square in London and drove round it several times before leaving to drive into the country. We used to settle on a place eight or ten miles out to dine, and return in the evening.

We never took the same road as Sir H. Peyton's club for fear of a collision which might have ended in racing. They generally drove to Bedfont, between Hounslow and Egham—at least, I think so, but it is so many years ago that I may not be right about their dining destination; anyhow, it is not of much consequence. For several years we drove to different inns for dinner; but on one occasion our leader took it into his head to name Bedfont. I believe he was prompted by pride in taking the club there, wishing to show that our turn-outs were superior to Sir Henry's.

Bedfont is sixteen or seventeen miles from London and the road gives plenty of scope to try the qualities of the nags. On the occasion I refer to Mr. Buxton, after dinner, addressed us to this effect: "Of course racing, as you all know, is forbidden, but as you have many times discussed the qualities of your horses we will start as we always have done, one behind the other, and make the best way we can to London to ascertain which is the best team. No galloping under penalty of dismissal from the club."

MR. OSBALDESTON'S TOM THUMB

Winning the wager that he would trot 16½ miles in the hour on the road between Cambridge and Royston by doing the distance in 59 min. 45 sec. August 30th, 1830. From the Engraving by H. Pyall after the Painting by F. C. Turner. Lent by the courtesy of Col. G. Osbaldeston Welch, C.B., of Charlton Kings.

Our teams were so nearly matched that until we were within two miles of Kensington Turnpike Gate only a few were beaten ; but just before we reached it none remained except Buxton, myself and Lord Hawke, in that order. I was close up to Buxton and should have beaten him as I was making a waiting race of it. Hearing a team close behind mine I turned to look ; and to my surprise the leaders were galloping. I called out, " It is against the law and you will be expelled ! " The next moment the team passed me at full speed with nobody on the box ; the horses were running away. Nobody was inside, although Martin Hawke, the owner's brother, was there when we all started. I was within 20 yards of the Turnpike Gate at the moment ; luckily it was open, and to my amazement the runaway team never touched it. They galloped into Kensington and turned up a lane or passage through some gates near the Palace, where they came to a stand, being unable to get any further. Wonderful to relate, neither carriage nor horses were injured.

It appeared that Lord Hawke tumbled off his box, and before the team passed me Martin Hawke scrambled out to pick his brother up. Buxton did not hear Martin calling out, so did not pull up. I, of course, stopped ; and Hawke being lifted into my carriage, I drove the two brothers to the former's house. Of course this accident put an end to our trial of nags. Lord Hawke was dreadfully bruised and hurt, and kept his bed for a fortnight with so violent a fever that his medical attendants were very much alarmed. Eventually, however, he quite recovered.

I may here mention that Martin Hawke was a regular duellist—at least, he had that reputation, and was certainly a deadly shot with the pistol. He and the celebrated Colonel Mellish, of racing notoriety, quarrelled during the contested election for the county of York and fought ; and Martin Hawke shot Mellish through the arm. They had been great friends before this dispute, and, I believe, were reconciled some time afterwards.

In those days each master of a team vied with others in possession of a turn-out different from and superior to theirs. I consulted my coachbuilder, and he was puzzled to know how to build me a carriage quite different from any other. At last he turned one out all yellow except round the edges of the doors and the rim round the roof, which were painted black. It had a very singular and glaring appearance and excited the merriment of our members and passers-by. They christened my coach the " Canary," but some called it the " Yellow Admiral."

As I am on the subject of driving I may as well describe a match I drove from St. Paul's Churchyard to the Magpie at Brentford. Mr. Paul Methuen,

who was a member of our club (he was among those who were beaten in our drive from Bedfont), often chaffed me about my driving, and one day he said, "Anybody can drive such a team as yours, but I know one you couldn't drive!" I answered that I could drive any team any other man could, for I had had a good deal of experience in driving mail-coaches and others.* After a good deal of argument we made a match on these terms: he was to name a team which was driven by a coachman the first stage out of London, and he bet me £200 and a dinner for the club that I did not do the stage in as short a time as the coachman. Methuen was to load the coach.

He named the team which regularly started from St. Paul's Churchyard, driven by "Hell-fired Dick"—a most formidable name! This man was said to be the only coachman who could drive the horses belonging to that coach; some were blind, others jibbed and would not start; in fact the great difficulty lay in starting them. I knew a coachman who drove one of the coaches out of London; he was a first-rate whip and very intimate with Hell-fired Dick; from him he learned a good deal respecting the horses and communicated it to me. Thus I ascertained that it was only by patience, by whistling and speaking to them that you could get the team to start. If you used the whip they would not go at all; one would not move, another jumped and kicked; and they were so poor in condition that it was as much as they could do to travel from St. Paul's Churchyard to Brentford.

The coach carried, I think, twelve outside and four in. Its passengers were always taken up at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. When I got on the box the waterman who looked after the horses stood at the heads of the leaders, but it was some little time before we could start. When we got to the bottom of Ludgate Hill Paul Methuen rode up beside the coach. "You have not started the horses yourself," he said, "and I am off the bet." I answered: "The waterman always stands at their heads when Hell-fired Dick drives; but you shan't be off the bet"; and turning the team round I drove back up the hill and started again without any assistance.

When we arrived at the White Horse Cellar I was astonished to see eighteen or twenty Lifeguardsmen. Methuen, as I said, had stipulated that he was to load the coach, and this was the way he did it. These were my passengers, and how he procured them I never knew. Sir Henry Peyton and some whips of both the driving clubs attended the match. The issue of it was that, notwithstanding I had turned back from the bottom of Ludgate Hill and started a second time, and carried the heaviest lot of passengers Methuen could find, I

* At one time Osbaldeston drove a coach on the London–Brighton road.

reached Brentford twenty minutes sooner than Hell-fired Dick had ever done, to the great discomfiture of my opponent.

I think the dinner took place the same evening; anyhow, we dined at Grillons', and a most sumptuous repast Methuen gave us, including all the delicacies of the season. There may have been twenty of us at dinner; Methuen was president and I was vice-president. Mellish and Sir H. Vane-Tempest, both of them very celebrated characters, were among the guests, also Buxton, our leader, and several members of our club. There was an immense deal of wine taken and most of us were drunk. As I never could drink a great deal, and knowing that, as vice-president, I must remain at the bottom of the table as long as the president, I put only a little wine into my glass when the bottles were passed round. All sorts of topics were discussed, and a good deal of angry argument was indulged in. This dinner, in the event, was the means of breaking up the club, the members gradually retiring.

I will mention another driving match and also a riding match.

I bought two American trotters of a man by the name of Jackson, an Englishman who either emigrated to America, or resided in that country for many years. One of them was called Rattler, the other Tom Thumb. The first was scarcely 15·1, the latter 14·2. Both, particularly Rattler, showed far more breeding than our English trotters.

In those days no English judges knew what American trotters could do; they were far superior to ours, and if Jackson had not allowed pride in his nags to get the better of his discretion he might have made a fortune; but he was constantly showing strangers what his horses could do. Large sums could have been won at that period by backing Rattler to trot one mile in under three minutes (with a dead start, as they called it), as he could do it in two-and-a-half minutes; but Jackson let the cat out of the bag, and could not make matches for the horse.

He did, however, match Tom Thumb twice, and won both events; the first time against an English horse which had never been beaten a distance of ground and looked like a thoroughbred. The distance was 40 miles, and the match came off on the Brighton Road. I believe Jackson drove himself, though he could not drive as well as a common drayman. The horse was a very hard puller indeed, and Jackson, by way of preventing Tom Thumb tiring his arms, tied a rope to the driving bit and attached it to the match cart, so that the poor animal was actually pulling the vehicle by his mouth. He did so for 30 miles when, one of his backers seeing the horse was tiring and the other leaving him, rode up and cut the rope, to the great consternation

and anger of Jackson; but there was no time to be lost in abuse. In a very short time Tom Thumb recovered, and although then a considerable distance behind his antagonist, he passed him and won with the greatest ease.

The second match was against time, not against another horse. Some man betted a considerable sum that he would produce a nag to trot 100 miles in ten hours. I forget the man's name, but he was one of the trotting fraternity, and they depended on two or three horses belonging to them. They tried those and several others as well, but all failed; and at last they appealed to Jackson, giving him a good sum for the loan of Tom Thumb, and a further considerable amount should the horse win. He was such a tremendous puller the backers were afraid the driver would not be able to regulate his pace and that the horse must tire; so they had recourse to a very ingenious contrivance —they kept three or four horses ready harnessed, and they drove these alternately in another match cart in front of Tom Thumb. Thus controlled he won the match seemingly not in the least distressed. The best proof of this is that Jackson offered to bet £200 or £500 that he would trot Tom Thumb fourteen miles in the next hour after the match was over; but nobody dared accept it.

Jackson, finding he could not make any more advantageous matches, sold the two horses to me; and some time after the events described I made three matches, two with Rattler and one with Tom Thumb. I regret to say that after his second match Rattler died. I was as fond of that horse as some people are of their children; he was such a beautiful animal and so docile that he would lick your hand and give you his foot like a dog. I am not ashamed to say that I dropped a tear over his grave.

Rattler's first match was against a horse of Mr. Theobald's [Rochester]; a "pacer" or "racker," which sometimes gallops and sometimes trots, and it is not very easy to detect which he is doing. Our agreement was that we should trot five miles in harness. I was to drive Rattler and Macdonald, a jockey who won the Derby on [Little Wonder in 1840] the "racker." Unfortunately we had no referee, or the match would not have ended as it did—in a draw. The event was decided on the road from Cambridge to Royston; Harry England and I trained the horse for the match; he stood in a stable below Croydon, and we used to trot him on the Brighton Road; also on the Downs to save his feet.

We started level and continued so for a mile or more, when the "racker" galloped and was required to stop, but did not do so. He broke again and was again called upon to stop, without effect; and when we were within a mile of the end and I was leading he attempted to gallop past me but I would

not let him because he had virtually lost the match, and would not attend to my umpire's commands. I came in first and a great deal of angry discussion ensued, Theobald's umpire denying that his horse had ever galloped, and charging me with crossing him. It ended in a draw, as I said.

Rattler's death was caused by the mistaken zeal of a friend of mine, a great judge of trotting. I will not mention his name, as I would not hurt his feelings on any account. Rattler's antagonist [Driver] was very near sharing the same fate My zealous friend, who was nearly as fond of the horse as I was, put wine, brandy and other stimulants to a good extent into his gruel, giving as his reason that the horse was exhausted; but unfortunately this treatment materially, if not entirely, brought about his death.

The match was from the first milestone out of Newmarket on the London Road to the nineteenth and back—36 miles; and it came off during the July Meeting. Old Mr. Theobald, who had accumulated a large fortune as a linen-draper and who was well known on the Turf, was always chaffing me about Rattler's inability to trot a distance; hence the match. Mr. Theobald at that time had a galloway about the same size as Tom Thumb which had trotted 16½ or 17 miles in an hour; and this was Rattler's antagonist, giving him 2 stone. Mr. Theobald went by the cognomen of "Old Leather Breeches," as he always wore those garments with top boots and boot-garters, winter and summer. Mischievous fellows said he slept in them, but that was the invention of a wag. He was a very kind, mild old gentleman and I liked him. I remember the day before the match came off he said to me several times: "Don't trot the match, for I am afraid that between the intense heat and the distance Rattler will never recover; it may even kill him." I little thought that his fears and prophecies would be realised.

I rode Rattler and Macdonald rode the other. Harry England and I had trained the horse for the match, and I rode the first 12 or 14 miles according to his suggestions. He had assured me that if I went up to the little horse's head he was certain to break; but I found that his ideas were quite erroneous and by adopting them I was injuring my chance of winning; so I altered my tactics. The other took the lead at starting, and after I had followed him for 2 miles I went up to his head as England advised, and got Rattler's in front. Finding it of no use, as my adversary did not break his trot, I retired. I tried the game four or five times with the same result, vexed with myself for doing it because it was contrary to all common sense and racing principles. At last I told England it was perfectly ridiculous attempting it again, and I would not do so for him nor any other man; it was actually courting defeat.

I kept behind Macdonald, having considerably the speed of his mount, until we had completed 35 miles; then I gradually overtook him, and when within 300 yards of the winning post I passed and beat him fully 100 yards.

Many sporting characters on horseback had planted themselves at different points on the road. The heat was so great that all of them had taken their coats and waistcoats off. Both Macdonald and myself rode in jockey costume; we were in a state of great perspiration, but he was far worse than I was. The dust was most annoying, and at times so thick that it hid us both from the gaze of the spectators.

It was when we reached the 34th mile-stone that I felt my horse fail a little in his hind legs as I thought, and I said to England, who had ridden beside me all the way, "I think he is lame." Poor fellow! It must have been his kidneys; and if so, how game he must have been to have struggled on to the last!

At this period it was considered that few, if any, horses could trot 16 miles an hour in harness. I matched Tom Thumb to trot 16½ miles in the hour, against an old friend of mine, George Payne, of racing and hunting notoriety. This match also was decided on the Cambridge-Royston Road, but on a different part of it. Tom Thumb was a light, corky little horse, and there was no fear of his injuring his feet; so we trained him for the last few days before the match came off on various roads out of Cambridge.

[*The MS. is badly mutilated at this point. It is evident from the legible context that endeavours were made to interfere with Tom Thumb.*]
—but all his disgraceful efforts failed, and I won the match with eight or nine minutes to spare. My readers are aware that Tom Thumb was a desperate puller, and very few could control him; had he broken into a gallop two or three times it would have been fatal to our victory. Lawson, being aware of it, kept shouting under pretence of speaking to the horse he rode, and frequently galloped by me. Harry England and he were very nearly having a fight; England was my umpire, and Lawson would not desist when spoken to by him. At the end of 15½ miles England pulled out his watch and said, "You have nearly a quarter of an hour to do the last mile in, so be careful not to let Tommy break." We had calculated before the match came off the time in which I ought to do each mile in order to make a certainty of winning, and at the end of every mile England told me what time I had done it in. The little horse could have accomplished 18 miles in the hour with ease.

I drove Tom Thumb for many years afterwards, and when he got very old I gave him to Mr. Holdsworth, of Manchester, who had a great many

race-horses; and he drove him to market and elsewhere until he turned him out, a pensioner, in his park, where Tommy spent the remaining two or three years of his life.

I nearly got my neck broken on one occasion while driving Tom Thumb. H. England and I were on our way from Chichester to Goodwood races, and a post-boy driving a barouche was in front of us. We shouted to him, but he put his horses to a gallop, leaving, however, room for us to pass, not thinking we could trot faster than his nags could gallop. Finding we were passing him, the fellow, in the most deliberate manner, pulled his cattle right across Tom Thumb, and the barouche, coming in contact with our light vehicle, sent us flying over the hedge into a field. Tom Thumb was thrown on his side and the trap upset. Both of us were considerably bruised and hurt, so I was unable to pitch into the man as I should have liked to do. The occupants of the carriage made him pull up and came back, offering us every assistance; they also offered to give up the post-boy to our disposal. It proved that he was only a casual employée, and as he came from Portsmouth, which was 20 miles off, and as the gentlemen would have had to appear as witnesses if I took the matter up in a law court, we let the affair drop. But I confess to regret at never having my revenge of that post-boy.

I had the more reason to remember that spill, because we had another fall at the races. A couple of gipsies started fighting, and England, who weighed about 15 st., got up on the rails with me to see the "mill." The rail gave way and we had another good shaking.

CHAPTER XII

Dissatisfied Meltonians—Accidents—Broken Ribs—A Compound Fracture of the Leg—Prolonged Disablement—Resignation of Mastership—How to Escape being Used as Pilot—Queen Caroline's Funeral—Collision between Troops and Mob—Resumption of Quorn Mastership—More Accidents; Broken Finger; Knocked Over on Stones—Two Great Runs—Induced to Act as Second—A Fool's Errand—Awkward Predicament—The Challenger Made to Apologise—A Journey of Mishaps—Accidents at the Spring-Langan Prize Fight—Gig Accident Due to Half-blind Horse—Bland Said to Have Employed Dawson, the Horse Poisoner.

I NOW return to the hunting field. I believe I have told how I purchased Quorn of Mr. Assheton Smith for £20,000, including the farm and everything. To do this I had to call in the assistance of my friend Mr. X——, who found the needful to complete the business.

It is not at all an enviable distinction to hunt that country, because it is almost impossible to give universal satisfaction to the Meltonians, who are only birds of passage. They were like a handsome spoiled young lady, who don't know her own mind for a week together and changes it as often. I believe they expected that I ought to *make* a good scent every day and show a run. It is a singular fact that only the other day at Ascot Races, June 1859, two of the same party, who had hunted with me in those days, began talking to me about the present management and sport under Lord Stamford's direction and that of Mr. Tailby, who hunts the Harborough country. They said: "Squire, we have very few runs now, and neither the men nor the Masters know anything about their business. You would laugh at them for a lot of muffs." I think their intention was less to give credit to my management of affairs than to throw discredit on the present management. They are never satisfied at Melton.

During the fourth or fifth year of my Mastership I met with two accidents —the first cost me a fortnight's hunting, the consequences keeping me out of the saddle for that period; the other, a serious one, which obliged me to resign the Mastership, was due to the reckless riding of an intimate friend.

The first occurred at Shankton Holt (a certain find), the ground about which covert is very uneven. The horse I rode was a favourite of mine, Waterloo

THE QUORN HUNT, 1825

From the Painting by Ferneley in the possession of Miss Guest of Temperowne, reproduced by courtesy of the owner.

From left to right: Lord Elcho (standing), Capt. Ross, Mr. Ferneley (the artist), Mr. Moore, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Holyoake, Sir James Murgrave, Shirley (the whipper-in, with hound), Squire Osbaldeston (standing), with his hunter, Assheton, and his hound, Furrier; Mr. Priett in the distance, Dick Burton (huntsman), Mr. Maxse, and Lord Rancliffe.

by name, very fast, a capital fencer, with a beautiful snaffle mouth; his fault was a trick of carrying his head rather high, and to this, I imagine, the accident was due. Hounds were drawing the covert and I galloped round it to see that the field left the coast clear for the fox to go away. Waterloo came down on the rough ground, rolled over me and broke two of my ribs, I did not know this at the time; my side was very painful as I remounted and followed in the wake of hounds till they marked their fox to ground after a run of about 3 miles, and only when I called in a physician was it discovered that ribs had been broken.

The second accident occurred while I was hunting with the Atherstone, then under the Mastership of Lord Anson, afterwards Lord Lichfield. Lord Anson had a favourite covert called Burbage Wood, very near Hinckley, which is perhaps 20 miles from Quorn; and one day when hounds met there I went over to hunt with them. Among the field out were some Meltonians, including Sir James Musgrave, an old friend of mine. He was a most gentlemanly man but rather a jealous rider.

We did not get a run from Burbage Wood, the fox being frequently headed by a wild field, and they trotted off to some covert in the Bosworth direction, where they found. I was riding a thoroughbred I called Cervantes; a very fast horse, though not the best fencer in England. However, a good one was not required in that country, the fences being easy and of one description. Hounds ran very well, and the fox made for Charnwood Forest, which belonged to the Quorn country, and after running about five miles only a few were left in front.

I think I was leading; at all events, Sir J. Musgrave was close behind me when we came to a fence which was nothing of a jump, but on the other side of which the ground was as soft as a sponge, so that it was necessary to *drop* down, as you may say. I took a pull at my horse, intending to do so, but at that moment Sir James came behind and knocked Cervantes over; we parted company, and his horse jumped upon me as I lay, breaking both the bones of my leg. I shouted: "Oh, Musgrave! You have broken my leg. The bones feel as if they were pounded!"

What will my readers think when I say that Sir James rode on with the hounds the instant he and his horse were free! *

* "Cecil," in his *Hunting Tours*, gives of this incident a somewhat different account, which he had from the "Squire" himself. Sir James Musgrave shouted in answer: "What does it matter! Hounds are running!" From which it is only just to conclude that he did not understand what Osbaldeston said.

Fortunately, a good Samaritan was near in the person of a veterinary surgeon [Mr. Lucas] whom I knew. I was very sick and faint and begged for water. He got me some from a ditch, and it was almost as palatable as nectar. He then got a piece of wood with which he made two splints which he fastened one on each side of my boot. Then he summoned one or two men, and they carried me on a hurdle to a farmhouse about half a mile distant.

The nearest town was Leicester, about 12 miles way; but, very luckily, an inquest had been held that day only 2 miles from the farmhouse, and at this two Leicester surgeons were in attendance, and it was not above half an hour before they arrived. The farmhouse was a poor one, and the room in which I had been set down had a brick floor. When the surgeons cut the boot off they found I had sustained a very bad compound fracture. A great deal of blood had collected, and when the boot was removed this flowed over the floor, to the great annoyance of the farmer's wife, who cried out "La! What a mess you make, spoiling my clean floor!" I was glad it was not my fate to remain long under that roof. The surgeons found it necessary to turn the woman out of the room.

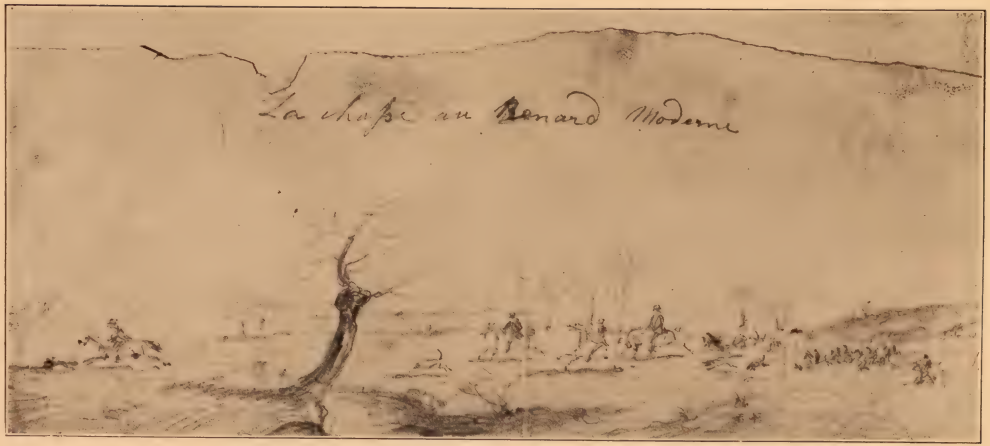
I was taken to the house of a gentleman who was a Dissenter, about a mile from that farmhouse. A nurse was brought from the Leicester Hospital, and I sent over to Quorn, about 18 miles, for my personal servant. The fracture was such a bad one that the surgeons would not put on splints, but placed the leg between pillows, a lotion being applied every twenty minutes, night and day. The consequence was I had snatchings in my sleep and the bones got out of place and had to be put right in the morning—rather a painful business. I used to be actually in a perspiration when the surgeon came of a morning, knowing what I should have to undergo.

I was obliged to remain in the same position, on my back, for nearly two months. It was a punishment, but was absolutely necessary, so I endured it with what patience I could. Many hunting friends, including some ladies, came to see me. The owner of the house paid me frequent visits during the first fortnight of my residence, then his kind attentions ceased. The fact was that a lady lived with me at that time, and she came to see me, her admission contrived by the nurse and my personal servant. She only remained an hour or two, but the fact that she had been in his house came somehow to the knowledge of the owner, and he came no more to inquire how I did.

After eight weeks I was able to leave and go over to Quorn in my carriage, though the bones were not yet firmly united and I was still in the hands of the surgeons. At the end of three months I was on crutches but could not put

THE HUNT SCURRY

Sometimes called "A Scene Near Melton," from original caricature painted by Ferneley after 1830 for Sir Hugh Hume Campbell and now in the collection of Miss Warrender, his grand-daughter, by whose courtesy it is reproduced. See "Note on the pictures."



FIRST SKETCH FOR "THE HUNT SCURRY" BY FERNELEY

The names are in Ferneley's handwriting beneath the sketch. From the original pencil drawing in the collection of Major Guy Paget, of Sully

J. Ferneley

my foot to the ground. They talked of a "false joint," and declared my constitution was not adapted to the union of bones. At length I determined to take other advice and wrote to Dr. Macgregor in London, whom I knew, and told him I was coming up to put myself under his care. The journey tried me so much that I had to keep my bed for a month after arriving in London, and stay in the house another two months after that, moving about on crutches. It was a tedious business. Fourteen months passed before I could even walk with a stick.

This accident, and the prolonged inaction it entailed, obliged me to resign the Mastership of the Quorn, and I sold the place to Sir B. Graham, who also bought my hounds.

I always disliked having anyone ride close behind me after this mishap, and often wished I could act as a friend did to rid myself of a follower, which, of course, I was unable to do as I always hunted my hounds. The friend I refer to was annoyed by a gentleman who continually used him for a pilot; so he determined to get rid of the nuisance. When he found the gentleman at his horse's tail, he said nothing but took another line. Presently the follower would say: "I don't see the hounds, Sir Charles," and my friend would answer: "Of course you don't. I'm on my way home across country."

Sir Bellingham Graham only hunted the Quorn for one or two seasons [1821–1823], after which I repurchased Quorn of him and returned there. I think I hunted the country for four years this second time [1823–1827]. I here remind my readers that I disclaim the power of furnishing them with dates, therefore they must not expect any; nor, perhaps, is it of any great moment.

While I was in London under the care of Sir James Macgregor the death of George IV.'s Queen, Caroline, took place [1821]. Many of the respectable inhabitants as well as the populace had espoused her cause most warmly, and when the body was removed for transport to the Continent great crowds assembled to see the procession. The Government would not permit the body to pass through the City, their action sanctioned, I presume, by the civic authorities, but it was put on board a vessel in the Thames. The route taken was along Park Lane, down the Edgware Road, from which the procession turned down the New Road. The populace were very irate at this and also because the funeral was not allowed to pass through Hyde Park.

I had sufficiently recovered at the time to be able to go out in a carriage, and Sir James Macgregor kindly took me to the Park to see the funeral. After passing through the present Marble Arch Gate we found an immense mass of

people at the end of Oxford Street and several hundred soldiers, mostly Life Guardsmen. As Tyburn Turnpike was still in existence we could not get any further. The crowd endeavoured to turn the funeral procession at the top of Park Lane that it might pass through Hyde Park; and, persisting in this, there was a regular skirmish between the people and the soldiers. Of course the mob were defeated and nothing serious occurred during this affray. A great deal of coarse abuse was showered on the soldiers, who were taunted as troops who never went abroad to fight an enemy, and presently, the soldiers taking no notice of the abuse, the mob began to pelt them with stones; when this began Sir James said he thought we had better retire as he was sure things were going to reach such a pitch that the troops would be ordered to fire.

It was only a few moments after he had spoken that a soldier did fire and shot a man not five yards from the carriage, killing him instantly. The effect was immediate; the sight of the man falling damped the courage of the mob, and it fell back, allowing the funeral to pass up the Edgware Road. It went only a little way and then found another impediment. A strong barrier had been erected across the road; it was so stout and well put together that it baffled the exertions of the soldiers for some hours. I was told that this barrier had been put up under the directions of a Colonel Wilson, and though I cannot vouch for the truth of it, the obstacle was certainly the work of somebody who knew how to make barriers. No enquiry was instituted to ascertain who was responsible, but there was one into the death of the man who was shot; and I think the officer in command of the troops at the spot, an ensign or lieutenant, was reprimanded. I heard afterwards that many of the mob were wounded by the swords of the Life Guards; and when I remember how they were abused and stoned I cannot be surprised if the soldiers lost their tempers.

I repurchased Quorn from Sir Bellingham Graham when I resumed the Mastership and returned thither. It is not worth recording the runs we had, but I must make a few observations on the riotous conduct of the field. We had as good sport as the country could afford with the difficulties placed in our way by the ignorant and thoughtless beings, many of them calling themselves sportsmen and even riding in scarlet. One of their maxims was rather spoil a run than not get a start; and the consequence was that they spoiled many. The greatest mischief is done when hounds first go away, because they are then under great excitement and don't settle to their work instantly, and then the Meltonian system of "getting a start" frequently proved fatal to their settling at all.

They had another mischievous trick; when hounds came to a check they kept riding on instead of standing still and giving the hounds room to cast; to stand still for a time would also have the advantage of giving their horses time to get their wind, but the "green eyed monster" forbade that. I say no more on a painful subject!

I had another accident after taking over the Quorn country for the second time; not serious, but bad enough to give me many days of anxiety, and rather curious. We met one Saturday at Widmerpool and found in the plantation near the high road; and hounds went away with a good scent towards the Vale of Belvoir. I did not get a very good start, but when they had gone about a mile they turned and gave me an opportunity of catching them. Just as I was coming up with the pack I somehow came a regular cropper. By instinct and from practice I did not let the reins out of my hand; but in falling I grasped my hunting whip so tightly in my right hand that I broke my third finger against the palm. Not knowing what I had done I jumped up and rode the rest of the run.

My hand was painful when I returned home, but I thought it was only the effect of a blow, and treated it accordingly. On the Monday we were to draw some crack coverts and I was anxious to be present; so I put some lint, etc., on my hand under a large glove and went. We had a good run. When I got home the hand was so much worse that I sent for a doctor, who found that the finger was broken and that violent inflammation had set in. I had reasons for anxiety, for when the inflammation spread all up my arm to the shoulder the medical men warned me that unless they could soon reduce it I might lose my arm. A pleasant reflection! Fortunately they were able to reduce it; but it was six or seven weeks before the mischief was repaired.

I had another accident in the Widmerpool country. We had found in the same plantation as before, but hounds went away over the Nottingham-Melton Road, pointing for Bunney. They were running hard, and a few fields from the road was a gate in the direct line; rather, I should say, a gateway, as the gate itself had been lifted off its hinges and laid aside. The ground being very soft a large quantity of stones had been shot for the accommodation of carts. I was standing in my stirrups looking at the hounds, and not having the least idea anyone was close behind me, when a horse-dealer's cad, or a man of that appearance, who could not hold his horse, rode right against me, knocking us over as if we had been shot. I fell smack on my back on the stones, and was so shaken that for a short time I could not rise. I was helped up by my whipper-in, my assailant having ridden on as if nothing had occurred.

We killed within a few miles of Nottingham. "Caddy" was not up at the death. I looked for him, having something to say, or do, to him. Perhaps it was lucky for us both he was not there.

The two longest runs we had during my second Mastership of the Quorn were one from Sixhills to Goadby Park, and from thence into the Belvoir Vale where we killed, a mile beyond Redmile. The other was from the neutral hills between the Northamptonshire and Leicestershire countries, which commenced about 3 miles from Harborough to within a mile of Selby, to Mortenshaw Wood on Charnwood Forest, which must be more than 20 miles. In consequence of several fresh foxes getting up we did not kill.

This covert, with many others, now swarms with game; it belongs to Lord Stamford, the present Master of the Quorn, who, I believe, killed in one day 1,750 pheasants there.

I was placed in a very absurd and embarrassing position during this term of Mastership by a young man by the name of Gough. It had nothing to do with sport, but I may as well relate the incident.

Gough's father lived near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and farmed a very large tract of land belonging to his brother (young Gough's uncle). Some pecuniary dispute arose between the two brothers, and during one of their altercations the brother made use of some very offensive expressions to old Gough in the son's presence; they nearly came to blows. Young Gough came to consult me on the matter; but he put the case in such a manner that I could do no more than advise him to require the person who had been guilty of making the offensive remarks to retract them; this did not satisfy the young man. He suppressed the fact that it was his uncle who was the offender, or perhaps he took for granted that I knew the relative implicated had assumed the name of Ashley when left a fortune. Anyhow I thought it was a dispute only between tenant and landlord; and I did not discover the relationship until the interview young Gough persuaded me to have with his uncle, who lived at a place called Everley Park in Wiltshire (a noted coursing country). It was, I should say, fully 100 miles from Quorn; I think the gentleman's name was Sir — Ashley. [It was Sir John Astley; grandfather of "The Mate."]

Young Gough was very anxious that I should go with him as his friend and see the offender. I refused at first, but when I considered that we hunted old Gough's coverts, and the man was a staunch friend to fox-hunting, I at last consented; though it was very inconvenient to me to leave at that time as we were just then in a vein of sport. We had to post it to Wiltshire and back in an old carriage Gough possessed. It was heavy, ill-built and crazy; and

MR. MAXSE RIDES AT THE WHISSENDINE, WHILE MR. MAHER BRAINS A HOUND

Figures from the painting by Ferneley known as "The Hunt Scurry," now in the collection of Gen. Sir Ivor Maxse, K.C.B.

THE SQUIRE BLOWS HIS HORN

Figures from the Painting by Ferneley known as "The Hunt Scurry," now in the collection of Gen. Sir Ivor Maxse, K.C.B.

this made our travelling slow. After a very tedious journey we arrived within 18 or 20 miles of Everley, and there we slept. I should mention here that we were provided with the usual instruments for a fight, pistols, powder, bullets, etc.

The next morning we arrived at a small inn very near the baronet's residence. Here I left my pugnacious friend, and went alone to Everley Park. I had not long to wait; and when Sir — Ashley entered the room his appearance surprised me amazingly. He was a fat, old, dark gentleman of at least sixty! I thought to myself that I had come on a fool's errand; and so it proved. I felt it awkward enough to explain to so old a man the nature of my visit and the circumstances under which I had allowed myself to be brought into the business. I was still speaking when he stopped me. "Good God, Sir! Has my nephew persuaded you to come to his uncle with a hostile message!" I was thunderstruck by the revelation of the relationship between my man and the one he wanted to call out; also ashamed of the way I had, as I supposed, been humbugged. I at once told the baronet that till that moment I had no idea he was in any way related to the Goughs; and said what the extraordinary position seemed to require.

Sir — Ashley frankly accepted my explanation and apologies, understanding that I had been duped; and very politely explained the cause of dispute between his brother and himself. It turned out that the land farmed by old Gough belonged to the baronet who, out of charity, let it to him for £10 a year; and Gough had never paid anything at all for several years; hence the dispute and the offensive remarks which prompted young Gough to try and challenge his uncle.

I then accepted the old gentleman's invitation to take a little refreshment, after which I returned to the inn with a very much altered opinion of young Gough. I talked to him very frankly; pointing out that were the circumstances to become public we should both be considered idiots and asses. And when I had relieved my mind with freedom I insisted on his coming with me to Everley Park and apologising. This he did; and after mutual explanations uncle and nephew shook hands and parted apparently good friends.

The return journey was one of mishaps. Hounds were to draw Glen Gorse the next day, a most favourite covert, and I was determined to meet them. It might have been 12 or 1 o'clock when we started back, for I intended to arrive that night at a place within 20 miles of the meet and sleep there. We had only gone a short way when the crazy old carriage broke down; we got it patched up by a wheelwright, happening fortunately to be within reach of one,

and started again. We had not gone more than 2 miles before the carriage again broke down, and what it was best to do we did not know. At last we sent the post-boy on to Oxford, 10 miles, to order a chaise and pair of horses to take us to that place, which was in our direct road; and we sat in Gough's old family vehicle until the Oxford conveyance arrived; which it did not do for three hours. When we got to Oxford Gough would not proceed without his old carriage which had somehow been brought in after us, but of course could not be used till it had been repaired again. This took five hours. We had an excellent dinner at Oxford; in the next room were a lot of drunken gownsmen, drinking and making a row. Their conversation was not very edifying, but it served to dispel the gloom which hung between Gough and myself. To cut the story short, by driving all night I reached the place of meeting next day in time to resume the premiership, though I was obliged to go out of my way to put down Gough at his house.

I thought nobody knew about that expedition into Wiltshire, but through some channel it got wind and I was bothered by many enquiries, which I put off by saying the quarrel had been amicably settled, and had I been aware of all the circumstances I should not have undertaken the journey. It turned out that before Gough came to me he had applied to some other friend, who wisely declined to act.

Whilst I resided at Quorn, Tom Spring—whose real name I believe was Winter—was champion of England, but an Irishman by the name of Langan disputed his title to the distinction and fought him twice for £200 a side and the championship, Langan being defeated in both encounters. The first battle was fought on Worcester Racecourse [1823] and it created such an extraordinary interest that stands as high as those erected for the Derby were placed in a circle round the ring, so that the occupiers had an uninterrupted view of the belligerents. A few Meltonians and myself agreed to post it to the scene of action; and we did so after a good run from the Coplow, which was over by one o'clock. Thus we were able to reach Worcester in good time the next morning.

The fight had not proceeded above half an hour when one of the stands gave way and the inhabitants were precipitated on to one another, screaming and shouting for assistance. This calamity was repeated four different times, as many other stands breaking down under the weight of the immense crowds on them, at intervals of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. A great many persons were dreadfully bruised, but only two were seriously hurt; one man broke his thigh, and another died a day or two after from his injuries.

One of the leading betting men of the day, by the name of Bland, was in the same stand as myself with perhaps 80 or 90 people; and ours was one of those which gave way. Nearly all of us tumbled over one another, but so gradual was the collapse that no one inmate was seriously hurt. I fell upon Bland, whose thanks to the Almighty for his escape when we reached the ground were surprising in such a man.

Returning from Worcester after the fight a ludicrous accident happened —my accidents sometimes happened in pairs—on the way. I had stationed my gig and horse at Leicester, which was directly in my way, and changed into it to drive home. When within 3 miles of Quorn the horse, which had been a hunter but had been in harness many times, took fright at something and in an instant jumped a very low hedge into a ploughed field, falling on his back, the gig turning completely over. Luckily I was thrown clear, and I lay entangled in my cloak for a time. The horse's antics were so extraordinary that I could not help laughing heartily, to the great amazement of a man working in the field, who came running up and rebuked me for my merriment when I ought to be giving thanks for my escape. It turned out afterwards that the horse's sight was failing and before long he became unsafe to drive, so I sold him. He was what is vulgarly termed "moon-eyed."

Bland and his brother (who died before this time) had been mixed up in the transaction I am about to mention. "Making horses safe," as they now call it, was not common in those days, though in the present fast ones it is—being, I suppose, the march of intellect.

At that time the Newmarket trainers watered their horses on the Heath, and a public bucket, or something of the kind, was permanently placed there for the purpose. There was a man named Dan Dawson, a tout, who was regularly employed by Bland to do his dirty work. I forget the horses' names, but two, I think, in one stable were great favourites and were backed for large sums. Dawson knew that they were always watered from that public bucket, and Bland persuaded Dawson to poison the water. The consequence was that one horse died and the other nearly did. Dawson was arrested and tried; and I suppose the crime was clearly proved against him, for he was sentenced to death.

Bland constantly visited Dawson while in prison and assured him he should be able to procure a pardon, continuing to do so until his victim was hanged [on August 8th, 1812].

The foregoing was the current report of the affair, which occurred long before my career on the Turf; but from a subsequent circumstance, which will hereafter appear, there may be truth in it.

CHAPTER XIII

Mastership of The Pytchley—Mr. Geo. Payne's Household—An Unfortunate Joke—Miss Payne's Occupations—Her Attentions to the Leicester Murderer—Baseless Scandal Caused Thereby—Cub-hunting—A Good Run—Fracas with a Farmer—The Brush and Olive-branch—Ingratitude of a Duke—Row at the Pytchley Hunt Races—Falls—Running for Seven Hours—The Furrier Blood—Acquisition of Furrier—His Perfections—Excellence of His Get.

[*Several sheets of the MS. are missing at this point. We resume the Squire's story when he has taken the Mastership of the Pytchley, which he did after leaving the Quorn in* 1827.]

THE kennels were at Brixworth about six miles from Northampton on the Market Harborough turnpike road. I resided at Pitsford, 2 miles from the kennels and 4 from Northampton. During the last season [1833–34] I lived at Brixworth. Mr. George Payne, to whom I shall refer in Lord George Bentinck's affair, had a very nice place called Selby Hall, his own property, 3 miles from Welford. His house was a good one, capable of containing a good many visitors, and was constantly filled by his friends. Mr. Payne hunted the country himself after my retirement, for two years, I think.* I frequently stayed in his house for days together and often played billiards with him all night, never going to bed, but merely changing my evening attire for hunting dress and going hunting the hounds afterwards.

Two incidents occurred during my visits to Selby to relate which may be deemed a breach of the laws of hospitality, and it is with considerable reluctance that I commit them to paper. Mr. Payne had furnished a small house about three-quarters of a mile from Selby Hall, for the reception of young females whom he visited in company with his intimate friends, myself among the number. Rather a disreputable character was named —— a good-looking, florid man, rather too stout, a great talker who boasted a good deal of his prowess among the ladies. He always remained at Selby when we went out hunting and visited the young females during our absence. This occurred

* First Mastership, 1835–38; second, 1844–48. Mr. Wilkins was the Squire's immediate successor, season 1834–35.

often, as he was a constant guest. At last the murder came out; all the girls complained to Mr. Payne that —— teased them to death without being able to accomplish his purpose, and they said they would never come to the house again if he were allowed to visit them. Of course this exposure caused a deal of merriment among the gentlemen visitors at Selby Hall, and —— was exceedingly annoyed if the subject were hinted at, denying the girls' assertions *in toto*. I forget how the matter ended, but I think he discontinued his visits to them, and did not come afterwards so often to Selby.

Mr. Payne's mother and also his eldest sister, at that time a spinster, resided with him. His second sister was married to Mr. Holyoake, whom I have mentioned before. Mrs. Payne was one of the most charming and kindest ladies I ever met with, and her affability and conversation contributed to the pleasure and amusement of the guests. Mrs. Holyoake was very pretty with very agreeable and engaging manners. Miss Payne was of thoughtful, almost gloomy, disposition, and eventually became very religious. She took to distributing tracts among the poor, and visiting their abodes to explain the Scriptures as if she were a clergyman.

On one occasion there was a large dinner-party at Selby House, and the company fell to discussing the temptations of life, expressing the belief that few of any class could resist them. I observed that I thought this very true: and in a joking manner added, "I really believe very few clergymen would refuse to dance a hornpipe before the King on a Sunday evening to be made Archbishop of Canterbury." In an instant Miss Payne jumped up and exclaimed in a sort of shriek, "I'll not remain here to listen to such blasphemy as that!" and bolted out of the room. Mr. Payne, who was not then aware of his sister's propensities and views, his mother and Mrs. Holyoake, looked rather serious. I immediately addressed myself to Payne, assuring him of my sincere regret, saying I thought that my manner and expression of countenance would have shown I was only joking. Payne, in the handsomest manner, begged me not to be disturbed and to think no more of it, as his sister had completely misunderstood my intention.

Only the next morning he and I had to ride through the village of Welford about 3 miles from his house on our way to meet hounds; and to his great amazement we saw Miss Payne on her usual errand of tract-distribution. As we rode on Payne told me he had had no idea of the turn her thoughts had taken, and he appeared much concerned about it.

I am afraid the poor lady's well-meant efforts produced little good result, either to her *protégés* or to herself. Perhaps she did not exhibit tact in her

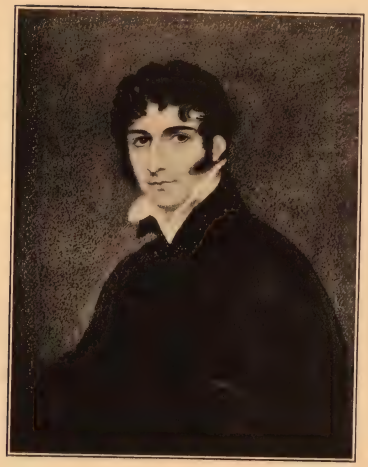
mission, for had she succeeded in engaging the respect and affection of the people no word would have been uttered against her when opportunity arose. As it was she became the victim of a most cruel and unfounded scandal.

It came about in this way. Not long after the dinner-party at which I made that unfortunate remark, a shocking murder was perpetrated at Leicester. A man by the name of Paas, a London "rider," as men of his calling were termed, used to visit different country towns to collect the debts owing by tradesmen to his employers in London. After receiving the money due from a Leicester tradesman whose name I forget, Paas killed the man, cut up the body and burned the remains; with the object, I suppose, of leaving no trace of his crime. If he thought thus to escape the consequences he was mistaken, for soon after his flight he was taken, tried and sentenced to death.

Miss Payne, acting from purely philanthropic motives, took a lodging in Leicester and visited the condemned man in prison. She was intent upon bringing him to repentance and saving his soul, and without the knowledge of her family she went to see the man every day. Had she been content with exhortation no harm might have ensued, but her sympathy with one in so terrible a situation prompted her to show him such attentions as bringing grapes, peaches and other dainties. Paas spent a considerable time in gaol before he was executed, and Miss Payne continued unremitting in her visits. It became known that the gaoler's daughter also devoted herself to the condemned man, and the two were branded as rivals. The circumstance furnished opportunity to scandalmongers, who made the most of it, to the great distress and consternation of Miss Payne's relatives. The lady's final action should, I think, have proved the earnestness and purity of her intention, and her genuine anxiety that her teaching should bear fruit. She gave Paas a white handkerchief with injunctions to drop it on the scaffold before he was launched into eternity if he was truly repentant and died happy. She witnessed the execution from her lodging window and saw him drop the handkerchief.*

Of course this scandal excited only contemptuous indignation among Miss Payne's friends; but the fact that it gained currency among those upon whom she had striven to confer benefit shows that she did not succeed in imbuing them with charitable feelings towards herself. Some few years after she married a gentleman by the name of Paris whose father was an old and intimate friend of her family.

* The Squire's memory is at fault here. The name of the victim was John Paas; he was a manufacturer of brass ornaments in High Holborn. While on a business visit to Leicester in May 1832 he was murdered by George Cooke who, failing in his endeavour to burn the remains, fled. Cooke was captured, and hanged in August. His demeanour at the trial suggests that Miss Payne's ministrations produced their effect on him.



MR. FRANCIS HOLYOAKE

From the Miniature in the collection of Mrs. Reginald Whitestone, Ealing.

Sir Harry Goodricke, Bart

From the Painting by Ferneley in the collection of General Robert Gordon Gilmour, of Liberton.

If I were to attempt enumeration of the different runs we had in Northamptonshire I should fail in the task, and if I succeeded the recital would become monotonous.

Our cub-hunting country was Rockingham Forest and the adjoining woodlands. We commenced at the beginning of August, and one season I cub-hunted the hounds myself. Brixworth, in the centre of the country where the kennels were, was full of poachers; gangs of them, 15 or 20 in number, constantly left the village to commit their nocturnal depredations; and as we always reached the woodlands by daylight we frequently met them returning with a lot of game. They used to make presents of game to my whippers-in occasionally, to persuade them to keep their mouths shut; and at the same time swore vengeance against them if they blabbed. Lord Cardigan had a good deal of game in spite of the poaching, and so had Lord Winchilsea, whose manors adjoined.

There was a very fine gorse covert about two miles from Market Harborough, and being in a fine country it was a favourite meet. We drew it one day when a very large field was out. The hounds at first made for Market Harborough, the fox being disappointed by the field or he would have taken a different line. After running about a mile they turned to the right and made for Loatland Wood, whence they ran by a covert called, I think, Bilberry's, to the place of a gentleman in the Vale whose name I forget. Then they turned left and ran up to Lamport, and killed in a field one mile from Sywell Wood. I think the time was an hour and thirty minutes, and the distance must have been 17 miles, as the fox did not run very straight from one point to another. Of the field, which numbered about 150, only three were up at the finish. Mr. Vere Isham and Mr. Hungerford were two of them. I rode a black horse of, I should say, 16·1; he was a most tremendous fencer and a fair stayer, but tired about a mile before hounds killed.

I had a singular encounter with a farmer during another run. It was very soon after I had taken over the country, and I did not know the residents. We found that day in a spinney which was not far from the kennels and ran to Kelmarsh, and after running a large ring in that country the fox made straight for Selby (Mr. Payne's), and hounds killed very near the Hall. It was a good pace all the way, and from the beginning of the run until we left Kelmarsh two farmers rode very forward, one always keeping close behind the other. As I had had my leg broken at that sort of game I knew the danger of riding so near and had a fellow-feeling for the man in front, as the other must ride over him should he fall. I cautioned the second man several times and told him about the accident I had met with in consequence of a friend

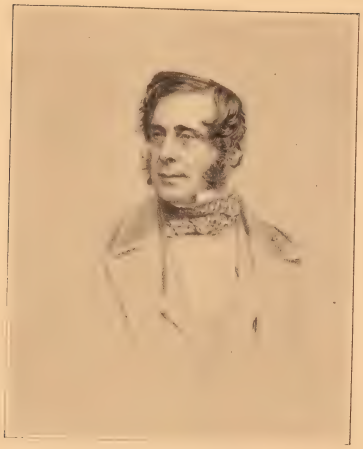
following the same practice. In some parts of Northamptonshire the ditches are so wide from occasional floods that they cannot be jumped, and the " passes," if I may so call them, are only known to the regular followers of hounds. There was a fence close to a willow tree by which we knew the pass over a certain wide ditch, and we were obliged to slide down the bank and crawl up the opposite one. The moment I attempted to slide down the farmer who had been pursued so long by the other, and whose interest I had been looking after, pushed me and my horse into the bottom. He had been close behind.

I turned round and said, " You are a pretty fellow, to knock me into the bottom, after I may have been the means of saving your neck or preventing your bones being broken ! I have a great mind to give you a crack on the head ! " He immediately put his fist in my face and said, " Do it, if you dare ! " I at once gave him a couple with my hunting whip, which luckily was a light one made of cane. I fully expected we should have a running fight, but instead of returning the blow, the man called upon some gentlemen near to witness that he had been assaulted.

The hounds were running very hard and they killed their fox about 3 miles beyond the spot where this fracas occurred. The moment hounds had killed a gentleman who had hunted with me in Leicestershire rode up and asked if I knew who it was I had struck ; and when I told him I did not, he said it was a man who farmed 1,000 acres under Mr. Payne, and that we were on his land at that moment. I was very much vexed with myself, and asked my informant what I should do. The gentleman told me the farmer was not at all a bad sort ; very proud of his riding ; " and," he said, " I think if you praise his performance to-day and give him the brush, he will pocket the affront." Many of the field, including my antagonist, were round the hounds when the first whipper-in cut off the brush, and I at once addressed the farmer by name, expressing my regret for assaulting him, which I had done in the heat of the chase ; irritated by his putting his fist in my face I lost my temper. I then said, " You rode most splendidly, and I beg of your acceptance of the brush." He took it smiling and seemed delighted.

So much for flattery ! We remained on the best of terms afterwards till I left the country.

People are rarely grateful for your efforts to protect their interests. I was once exceedingly mortified whilst hunting with the present Duke of Beaufort's grandfather's hounds. In parts of his country the fences are stone walls, not mortared, and piled up to four or five feet, but often broken down in places. The soil is very thin and the pastures large ; and they have some



MR. GEORGE PAYNE

From the Engraving by J. Brown. Lent by courtesy of Baily's Magazine.

CAMEO OF GEORGE PAYNE IN YOUTH

From the collection of Mrs. Reginald Whitestone, Ealing.

terrific bursts, killing their foxes in a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. The day I was out with them we found in a small coppice; the hounds went away close to their fox and, running as hard as they could, killed him in fifteen minutes. An innkeeper, as he proved to be, two or three others and myself happened to get away with them, and after about five minutes we rode down a hill at the bottom of which was a wall with a very wide gap.

Seeing that the vendor of spirits would ride over the pack in the gap I cautioned him, but to no effect. He rode smack through them and knocked two or three hounds over. I cursed him, but there was no time for parleying or retaliation, and when the hounds ran into their fox only he and I were close to them. In a few minutes the huntsman came up, and afterwards the Duke himself. Boniface did not know who I was, and began threatening me, asking how I dared curse him. I told him I thought any Master of Hounds had a right to rebuke a man who committed so flagrant an act as he had done, particularly after being cautioned; and it was only surprising that he had not killed several of his Grace's hounds. I then addressed the Duke, describing Boniface's proceeding. To my utter astonishment his Grace observed that he understood the man could not hold his horse; that Boniface was a good sportsman and a very hard rider, and it must have been an accident. I told him it could not be accidental, because we were both 40 yards behind the hounds when going down the hill, and I had particularly warned the man that he would ride over them if he did not take care. I added that it was sheer jealousy, and if his Grace permitted such practices by his field, I only wondered that he had any hounds left at the end of the season to hunt with.

I felt exceedingly hurt, because after endeavouring to preserve his hounds from such reckless riding I received no thanks, but heard only palliation of such wilful misconduct. It was sufficient to irritate any man. I never hunted with him again. I was told afterwards that my friend Boniface was a most useful political ally of the Duke, having considerable influence in some borough in the county.

I do not remember any more rows in the hunting field while I had the Pytchley, but there was a serious one on Northampton racecourse between my whippers-in and myself on the one side and the spectators on foot on the other. In those days [1827–34] the races were merely hunt races (now called the Pytchley), and only amateur jockeys were permitted to ride. Most people are aware that at the present day the Northampton Spring Meeting is among the best of the provincial meetings.

My two whippers-in, dressed in their scarlet toggery, used to keep the

course under my direction, occasionally assisted by a few sporting characters, the attendance of police not being encouraged. On the day I refer to the spectators on foot were particularly riotous and set us at defiance. I must here mention that they were for the most part shoemakers from Northampton, in which town it was said they numbered nearly 4,000, among them being some very reckless and determined characters. When the horses came in sight they kept creeping in until there was scarcely room left for the race to be finished, so I cautioned them, saying this could not be permitted, and the races would not be run unless they kept the course clear. Some laughed and others cursed us; and as they continued to obstruct the course I had to try other measures.

Collecting five or six sporting farmers and my two whippers-in we lined up and charged the mob. Just before we did so someone in the crowd handed me a strong blackthorn stick which proved a useful weapon. The mob gave way when we charged, but kept scattering over the course, and one fellow seized hold of my bridle. I gave him such a crack over the head that he very quickly bolted. At last we got the course cleared and sent the horses to the starting post. The people behaved very well for one or two races, but when I was escorting some ladies in a carriage, just as the last race was to come off, a fellow came close to my horse and said, "Are you in the habit of riding over people on purpose?" I answered "Yes, when they are unruly and impudent." From the sequel this appeared to be the signal for a simultaneous attack by the foot-people on the horsemen who had been engaged in the previous hostilities, and a regular fight ensued.

It did not last more than twenty minutes and ended in the complete rout of the infantry, a great many of whom got broken heads, while very few of the cavalry were hurt at all. I know I soon despatched the man who had addressed me before I joined the other equestrians. As I was doing so I saw a vagabond with a pole in his hand in the act of striking one of my whippers-in from behind. Had he succeeded in getting in his blow he might have killed my man, so I gave him such a crack over the head that he dropped his pole and hid himself among the crowd. Several men were round the whipper-in, and the frightened horse reared, staggering backwards; his hock caught my leg and nearly unseated me. I was very lame for some time afterwards, and even now a large lump remains.

One man among the foot belligerents fought most desperately; he would not surrender until he was most dreadfully beaten. He lost his hat and sustained some severe wounds on the head before he gave in. It appeared

afterwards that he was the ringleader and a known bad character. I was told that eventually he was transported.

The lesson we gave that day had its effects, for we never had any trouble with the Northampton shoemakers again.

I met with two bad falls in the Pytchley country, but broke no bones. One was caused by a drain giving way in a grass field; my horse fell and rolled on me; the result was two days in bed and inaction for some time before I could hunt again. The other fall was due to snow. The fields were clear of it, but a good deal still lay in the ditches. My horse slipped on top of a bank which had a good deal of snow on it, and fell into the ditch on top of me. I lost a couple of front teeth on this occasion and could not hunt hounds again until I got false ones put in. I remember that they were ready by the time I had recovered from my bruises.

When we hunted Rockingham Forest we did so as late as the end of the first week in May. We found one day at eleven in the morning, and the hounds ran until seven in the evening with only two checks. It was a curious day's hunting; hounds would go away with their fox, run him perhaps 5 or 6 miles out into the country and back to the Forest again. After this had been repeated I had recourse to the following plan: one of us three, Master and whippers-in, went with the pack, the other two remaining at the spot whence the hounds started with their fox. Then, when they returned, either I or the other whipper-in went with them on their next country excursion. In consequence not one of the three of us covered more than a third of the ground they ran over.

At the end of seven hours and a quarter they went away once more and ran for a covert in the open country about two miles out. By that time I was alone, every other person being beaten; my horse could only trot, and I met the hounds on their return about half a mile from the Forest. I was puzzled to know what to do, having nobody to assist me; but luckily a man on a bare-backed horse, which he rode with the halter, joined me as the hounds came to a check. I told him I would give him five shillings if he would take my whip and flog the hounds off. He managed to do it, much to my joy; and, blowing my horn, I got them away from the Forest. Just as I did so a fresh fox ran over the field, but fortunately the hounds neither winded nor saw him.

It was the last day of hunting that season, and my kennel huntsman told me that next morning he had great difficulty in getting them off their benches, and when he did get them off they could scarcely walk across the yard.

I should not have troubled my readers with the recital of such an uninterest-

ing day except to show the hunting world the extraordinary stoutness of the Furrier blood. During all my long hunting career I never heard of hounds running so many hours; and what is worth noticing is that only one couple were wanting at the end. The most rational surmise is that in consequence of the hounds running as they did, five or six miles out and back again, besides very large rings, any stragglers could easily rejoin the pack on its return.

I fearlessly assert that up to the present time the best blood in England originated in Mr. Meynell's pack; in proof of which I must give a short account of a hound which I got as a draft from the Belvoir in the late Duke of Rutland's time. I called him Furrier; he was regularly descended from Mr. Meynell's.

As we hunted five and six days a week we were obliged to enter 25 couples of young hounds annually, and not having sufficient quarters, even including my own in Yorkshire, for so many, we used to get drafts from Belvoir. The Duke drafted them himself; and I happened to be present on the occasion when Furrier was drafted.

Looking over the lot in the presence of the kennel feeder, whose name was Jervis, before the Duke arrived, the man pointed out to me a very fine hound indeed. He was black and white. Jervis said, "That is the best bred hound in the kennels, but I don't think his Grace will keep him." I asked, "Why not?" and Jervis said, "Because his legs are not quite straight." I expressed the hope that the Duke would draft the hound, for I saw what a magnificent animal he was; quite perfect in every respect except his legs. Jervis told me that all his sort were generally straight, and he thought this one must have been kept tied up at quarters, which system is the destruction of a great many young hounds every year. I asked how Stormer, as I think he was then called, was bred, and was told that his blood was direct from Mr. Meynell's best sort. While the Duke was drafting the young hounds I was very anxious, fearing he might keep this one; but luckily he did not, and I got him.

Furrier turned out a wonder. He was as sensible as any Christian, had not a fault, and when he learned what his duty was, which he did in a very short time, never committed an error. I never saw a hound that could top the fences like him; a gate was nothing to him; he merely touched the top bar; no fence except a bullfinch could stop him; and at the end of the hardest day he came home with his stern up as if he had never been out at all. Almost all his stock followed his example; I never had so good a sort in my life.

Among the pack I bought from Lord Vernon was a dog hound descended from Lord Yarborough's sort whose get were as stout as those of Furrier, but had not his other qualities. I mixed them, and certainly the cross turned

out marvellously. More than half my pack were Furriers, and Sir Richard Sutton's were the same. Sir Richard swore by them. Any hounds in other packs which have distinguished themselves are generally to be traced to old Furrier.

As Northamptonshire, commonly called the Pytchley, was the last country I hunted, I may as well relate one or two runs we had in it and two encounters. One was a very injudicious one on my part and the other was very near ending most seriously. Before, however, I proceed to describe them, I may as well state all the countries I ever hunted, which are as follows: Spilsby country, Lincolnshire; Burton country, ditto; Holderness, Yorkshire; Atherstone country, Derbyshire; (Lord Vernon's) Nottinghamshire (Mr. Musters'); the Quorn (Leicestershire); the Pytchley, Northamptonshire; Suffolk, Ascanbury Hill Woodlands and Hampshire; numbering eleven.

After repurchasing Quorn of Sir B. Graham I sold it at considerable loss. I succeeded Mr. Musters in the Pytchley. I believe I hunted it four or five years, but as I kept no record of all the runs or the number of years, I cannot mention them with any accuracy. We certainly had as good sport in it as ever was known, and a most beautiful country it was. I believe I may state, without being charged with egotism, that all that period was admitted by all who hunted with us that I had the best and most beautiful pack in England. Sir R. Sutton, after hunting with us at Kettering as before described, declared he never saw any at all equal to them both in appearance and work.

Lord Althorp hunted the Pytchley country a great many years before I did: his huntsman's name was King; he was a superior man to most of his calling and a capital rider as well as huntsman. A clergyman called the Rev. Vere Isham used to hunt with Lord Althorp's hounds as well as with mine afterwards. He lived at Lamport, close to his brother, Sir — Isham, a baronet of large property. The rev. divine was deaf, but could hear when [a speaker] was near him. He rode very hard but without any judgment and frequently overrode the hounds. King often rebuked him but with no success, and one day some gentleman asked King why he did not tell the Rev. Mr. Isham he was pressing upon the hounds; he answered, "Sir, it is no use for——"

[*MS. missing.*]

CHAPTER XIV

Decision to Sell Hounds—Farewell Gift—Terms on Which Hounds Sold to Mr. Combe—High Prices Obtained at Tattersall's—Dispute Over Terms of Sale to Mr. Combe—An Action at Law—Verdict for Mr. Combe—Referee's Office at Prize Fights Thankless—Prize Fights: Reed *v.* Paddy Gill—Johnny Broome *v.* Bungaree—No Police and Many Thieves Present—Audacity of Thieves—Harry Broome *v.* The Slasher—Fight Said to be "Arranged"—Harry Broome *v.* Orme—Singular Proceedings of the Combatants—Mackaye *v.* Byrne—Railway Travel in Its Early Days—Startling Effects of the New Steam Whistle—Loss of Luggage—Usually Recovered.

THE last time I hunted with my own hounds was in Rockingham Forest. It was on the last day of the season, but I don't remember in what year [1834]. On my return home it was with the greatest reluctance and regret I came to the determination to sell them. To part from my dear children, as I called them, which I had reared and cherished and brought to perfection (at least in my estimation), was most galling and painful to me; but circumstances had occurred which compelled me to take that fatal step. I sold them to Mr. Combe, the brewer, and the sale produced a law-suit which I will give an account of very shortly.

I have mentioned the silver waiter which was presented to me when I gave up the Lincolnshire country. I received another gift whilst hunting Northamptonshire which I value as greatly, since it came from one of the best sportsmen that ever lived. It is a snuff-box, on the back of which is inscribed, "To the best sportsman of any age or country, G. Osbaldeston, Esq., of Pitsford Hall." As I am not a snuff-taker it has never had even a pinch in it, and is now in as perfect a state as when it was given to me.

Mr. Combe hunted the Old Berkeley country with the hounds he bought from me, his kennels being at Rickmansworth. It is a very bad country, the hills being covered with flints, the land poor and very bad scenting. In addition to these recommendations it was what huntsmen call very short of foxes in his time. I hunted four or five times with the celebrated [Tom] Oldaker, who hunted the Old Berkeley before Mr. Combe took the Mastership. I was on the most intimate terms with Mr. Combe in those days and visited him both at Rickmansworth and Cobham (a most charming place), where he had

beautiful paddocks near the residence for his brood mare, foals and yearlings. The latter dwelt there till they were sent to his private trainer at Newmarket.

How long Mr. Combe hunted the country I don't recollect—perhaps it was three years; but shortly before he gave up and sent the hounds to Tattersall's to be sold, he called upon me to remind me of the terms of our deal. These were as follows: I received £1,500 for them; but whenever he sold them, should there be any surplus, whatever it might be, I was to receive it. Unfortunately, we had no written agreement; this ought invariably to be drawn up even between the most intimate friends and relations.

The hounds went to Tattersall's and were sold in lots of six or eight couples. I did not attend the sale, but seeing in the papers that one lot fetched £2,000 (I think) and the whole about £6,000, I expected the difference between £1,500 and £6,000. On my application for it I received a most unsatisfactory answer conveying to my mind that there was an understanding among the parties; which I believe there was to this day. It was reported that Lord Cardigan had given either two or three thousand for one lot. [*Passage illegible.*] They stated that they released Lord Cardigan from his purchase, and that the other large sums were not the result of *bona fide* sales, but only fictitious ones, three of the lots being bought in.

Mr. Gaskell, a mutual friend of both parties, who had constantly hunted with me in Northamptonshire, offered his services as mediator, as he was more intimate with Mr. Combe than I was; in fact he was always with him. Unfortunately I declined his proffered aid and went to my London solicitor, in whom I then had the utmost confidence. He talked over the sale with me and I made him acquainted with the explanations given. He declared we must recover and advised an action, saying it was very fortunate I had declined any interview with Mr. Gaskell.

I yielded to his advice and the case was tried in Westminster Hall before Lord Abinger. Sir William Follett was Mr. Combe's counsel, and I retained Sir Frederick Thesiger. The day before the trial, towards evening, I received a message from Sir Frederick saying he was obliged to defend an action in another court, having been engaged to do so for a considerable time before our application to him. My solicitor recommended Mr.—now Sir—Cresswell Cresswell and a judge, and Mr.—now Sir—Fitzroy Kelly was second counsel. There was not one sportsman among the jury and a more ignorant, stupid lot of beings never existed; they were entirely guided by the judge's summing-up, which almost amounted to telling them they must find for the defendant.

I sat by Mr. Kelly while Mr. Cresswell addressed the court; I had been

told that there was some angry feeling between the judge and Mr. Cresswell; and it was the case that Lord Abinger interrupted my counsel so continually that Mr. Cresswell stopped and made a strong protest. He said it was impossible for an advocate to do his duty by his client if he were constantly interrupted by the judge, and added that it was not the first time his Lordship had endeavoured to embarrass him. I forget what his Lordship said in answer.

Sir William Follett seemed exceedingly vindictive against me, and made what I thought most unjustifiable observations. They were such that I had half a mind to pull his nose as he left the court. He tried to impress on the jury that I brought the action against his client to extort money on false pretences, a disgraceful thing for any gentleman to attempt. He said "Perhaps this was one of the most lucrative speculations Mr. Osbaldeston ever entered into." Mr. Tattersall, senior, produced his books, from which he made out that the large sums for which apparently the various lots of hounds were knocked down were not *bona fide* biddings, but only nominal. He tripped badly once. Sir William Follett asked him if he had ever heard of such a sum being paid "for a pack of dogs." "Never!" said Mr. Tattersall. "I thought not!" exclaimed Sir William, with a triumphant smile. I whispered to Mr. Kelly, "Ask him if he did not sell Mr. Lambton's hounds to Lord Suffield for 3,000 guineas." The question was put and Mr. Tattersall begged pardon for having forgotten it; he had done so.

As I mentioned before, the judge, in his summing-up, practically told the jury to find for the defendant, and they did so without leaving the box. They could not have found any other verdict under the circumstances.

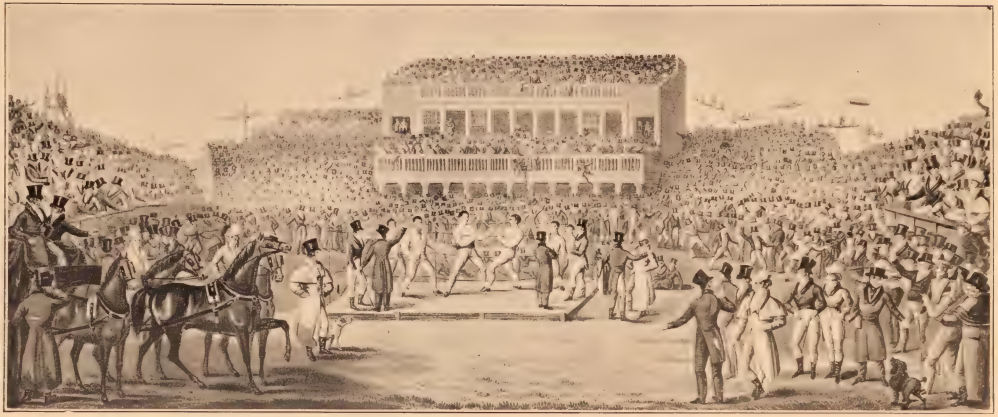
Several years after the trial a reconciliation took place between Mr. Combe and myself, through the influence of mutual friends. It was not above two or three years later that he quitted this world for ever, and it gave me great satisfaction to have shaken him by the hand before his death.

Eventually Lord Southampton bought the hounds and is Master of them to this day.

I always took an interest in the prize-ring. I was referee in four fights, two of them events of importance and over which large sums changed hands. The referee's office is always a thankless one as fights are conducted in the present day, for the partisans of the combatants are constantly appealing to the referee, crying "Foul!" etc., particularly when they see their man getting the worst of it. Whatever your decision may be, one party is sure to accuse the referee of partiality, and they actually give him notice not to part with the

THOMAS SEBRIGHT, HUNTSMAN TO LORD FITZWILLIAM'S FOXHOUNDS

From a Lithograph after the Picture by his son George, about 1850. Lent by General Cavie.



THE FIGHT BETWEEN SPRING AND LANGAN ON WORCESTERSHIRE RACECOURSE, JAN. 7. 1824. FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND

From the Drawing by James Clements and John Pitman, aquatinted by J. Gleadoch. Lent by the courtesy of Messrs. B. T. Batsford, 94, High Holborn.

stakes, threatening legal proceedings if he does. " Wrangle, Tie or Win " is their creed, to save their money, not caring sixpence for the sufferings of either man.

One fight at which I was present in the capacity named came off about 10 miles from Oxford, on the Worcester or Bicester Road. The men were two very good lightweights, named Reed and Paddy Gill; they were about the same weight, between 9 and 10 stone. Reed was a beautiful sparrer and more scientific than Gill, but had not the stamina which enabled Gill to win. During the greater part of the fight Reed's science gave him decidedly the best of it; but, being of slight figure and apparently of a delicate constitution, his powers of hitting deserted him towards the last round or two. Several appeals were made to me, but they were of a frivolous character—like drowning men catching at straws. No grumblings were uttered against my decisions.

The second time I acted as referee was when Johnny Broome fought a man from Australia named " Bungaree," an emigrant from England. Broome was Champion of the Middle Weights, and Bungaree was Champion in Australia. The latter's backer was an Englishman who had seen many fights before he left England, and he came over with the Australian. He was perfectly confident his man would win, and told everybody he had never seen so good a fighter in his life. Many backed Bungaree and the betting was only slightly in favour of Broome—5 or 6 to 4.

The Australian trained near Newmarket, and the fight came off on a sort of common bordering the Fens, about 10 miles out—I never heard the name of the place. The distance from Newmarket being so short a great many trainers and jockeys were present; and as one of the spring meetings was on at the time it was arranged that the combatants should begin early so as to enable the spectators to return in time to witness the races; which they did.

Bungaree was rather heavier than Johnny Broome, but had not so much science. He was a good deal punished at the end of the battle, while Broome, comparatively speaking, was not hurt at all, having scarcely a mark on his face. Bungaree hit him very hard once over the nose, which made the claret fly. Johnny fought very shy, as they term it, afterwards, and went very near the wind by getting down in a very suspicious manner. This only occurred once and neither the umpires nor the seconds appealed to me, so no notice was taken of the circumstance. The backer of Bungaree was very much chop-fallen and surprised at the issue of the battle, but he never questioned his man's honesty, nor did anybody else. It was indeed evident that he had had no chance against Johnny Broome.

There was not a single policeman, not even a constable, present on the ground, and the consequence was that about twenty thieves and pickpockets carried on their depredations in the most barefaced manner, defying us all. In two instances they were clearly guilty of robbery with violence, but it was almost impossible not to laugh at their method. Among the sportsmen present was old Mr. Sadler, who won the Derby with Dangerous; the thieves went deliberately up to him, held up his arms and proceeded to go through all his pockets! They found nothing, Mr. Sadler having wisely left his money at home; thus baffled, the fellows violently abused him and kicked him.

They treated several other persons in the same way, but in one case they displayed even more impudence. A gentleman had been sitting in his carriage throughout the fight, thinking, no doubt, that he was safer there than mixing with the crowd, for the demeanour of the spectators might well have caused him to anticipate a regular row. Immediately after the fight was concluded several of these bandits went up to the carriage and demanded, I think, £20 from the gentleman, which sum they declared he had lost to them on the Australian! He expostulated with them in the strongest terms, saying he had never exchanged a word with any of them and could not possibly have made any bet. As he was alone they took the law (lynch, perhaps) into their own hands; opened the door of the carriage, into which several of them crowded, and rifled his pockets, while others kept guard round. They had been cunning enough to delay their attack until most of the spectators had decamped, and the gentleman's driver had gone to fetch his horses; so the coast was pretty clear. I have witnessed a great many fights during the last forty years and never saw such proceedings before nor since. I am satisfied that this gang came from London, and seeing no police were on the ground, knew they could follow their calling without risk, returning to London by rail in case of any alarm.

During the fight these ruffians kept throwing sods at the umpires and myself; one hit me a pretty hard thump on the head, but my hat saved it.

As is commonly known among the pugilistick fraternity, Broome committed suicide; he was involved in a case of card-sharping at Brighton, and though acquitted destroyed himself after the trial. It was said that domestic troubles were the cause of the rash act.

Johnny Broome's younger brother, Harry [Champion of England, 1851] was a bigger man, 12 st. at least. Among several of the heavy-weights he beat the celebrated "Slasher," also Orme, who once beat Nat Langham. I witnessed both these fights. The first came off near Milden Hall, which is

22 miles beyond Cambridge on the railway to Norwich. The Slasher was above 13 st., and a tremendous hitter with his right hand. A special train, which was quite full, took us to the Tilting Spot, the Slasher among the rest, and on our way, at Bishop's Stortford, we picked up Broome with his brother, who acted as one of his seconds. Above an hour was spent in selecting a referee, everyone who was suggested being objected to by the Broomes. They wanted Peter Crawley, who was once Champion of England, and the Slasher's backers objected to him. At last, however, they agreed to Crawley acting.

I believe it was a "cross," from the following circumstances: Johnny Broome said to me soon after the dispute about a referee commenced, "Squire, you will see the Slasher licked to-day, and sooner than the fight should not come off my brother shall fight without a referee." The champion of the light-weights, who never was beaten but had retired from the ring, told me in London that he should not go down because he was certain it had all been arranged in London that Broome was to win; but I did not then believe it.

The fight was a completely bloodless affair. It may have lasted about twenty minutes. Broome never faced his man properly and always kept retreating into his own corner, where his brother and others took care he should not be much punished, for he got down directly. The Slasher was on top of him when he was hanging on the ropes and Johnny went and extricated him by lifting the rope over his head; which was decidedly foul; but Crawley took no notice of it; neither did the Slasher's second. At last the Slasher got him into chancery, as they call it, with his hand round Broome's neck, and hit him once or twice. Crawley decided it was a foul, declaring that the Slasher hit him when he was on his knees, which was untrue. A good deal of abuse between the respective partisans was the consequence, but the referee's fiat is final; and thus the combat ended.

Harry Broome's fight with Orme was a perfectly fair one, for Orme was very much punished while Broome was not. This fight took place very near Brandon, on a small common close to the railroad. We all went down in the morning by a special train and returned to London in the evening. Orme was not so big a man as Broome, and had not much science; but he hit very hard with his right. Once he had Broome on the ropes in such a position that he could have hit him as he pleased, but he did not take the advantage thus offered; some men would have finished the fight then had they had the same opportunity. Another singular thing happened. Broome and Orme were sparring about the middle of the ring, and Broome suddenly turned round, deliberately walked up to his brother in his corner and stood looking at his

antagonist with his back against the ropes; and Orme never followed him. After Broome had wiped his face and drank something he walked back again and renewed the fight. Nobody ever saw such a strange affair. This took place about the middle of the battle.

Some years after these events Broome fought Paddock, who beat him easily. He had kept a public-house between whiles, and I think does now. When beaten in the last fight he was not so good a man as he had been.

To oblige the celebrated pedestrian, Capt. Barclay, who was probably the only man that ever walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours, I acted for him in a fight which he made between Mackaye, a Scotchman, and Byrne, an Irishman. The latter had fought Jem Ward, who was Champion [1825], and a most scientific fighter he was. That fight came off on Warwick Race-course, and Ward defeated Byrne in a short time without receiving a scratch. I witnessed it, and remember that it took place on almost the hottest day I ever experienced.

Returning to the fight between Byrne and Mackaye; the latter, who was, I understood, a Glasgow porter, had never fought in public, that is, in the prize-ring. He must have been 14 stone, though he could not have been over 5 ft. 9 in. in height. He was the most powerful man for his inches I ever saw; his legs were so large, but at the same time so muscular that they were quite a curiosity. I should think he could lift any weight any man ever did. From this description any man who was any judge would guess he must be slow, which is perfectly true. He was slow and devoid of science and trusted to his herculean strength. Byrne was a great wrestler, and this won him the fight.

In those days there was no railroad to the Tilting ground, and we were obliged to post it to the Northamptonshire Forest, in which the fight came off. It is not above 14 or 15 miles from Stony Stratford, but I forget the name of the spot. The late Sir Harry Goodricke and the present one [Sir Francis Holyoake Goodricke] and some others came with me.

[*MS. missing.*]

Travellers by railway in these days cannot know what it was to go by train in the early days. I went many years ago with a friend from Birmingham to Liverpool; railroads were not so general then as they are now, and people were not accustomed to them; they were new, and those who did not often go by train were always fearful of accidents. On our journey we had to pass through a tunnel before we got to the station. The carriages were not lighted, and there were a good many women in the one we occupied The whistle

was but little known then, and as I had seldom travelled by rail I had never heard it before this journey. Just as we entered the tunnel the whistle was blown; the sound created such consternation as I have rarely seen; the women were most dreadfully alarmed and began screaming awfully. The guard had locked the door, and the gentlemen in the carriages had the greatest difficulty in preventing them from jumping out of the windows. They were pacified at last and their cries ceased. Just before we entered the station the driver blew his whistle again, and it was so like the screams of the females that I thought they were frightened again, and said to my companion, "What are those silly creatures screeching about now?" I felt quite ashamed of my ignorance when he laughed and told me it was only the signal that we had reached our destination.

Nowadays travellers would be astonished by the blunders which at one time were taken as mere everyday incidents of going by train. When your luggage was put on the top of the carriage in which you were seated there was a very good chance of finding it when you arrived at your destination. But when luggage vans were brought into use you could never be quite sure of it. You might see your things put into the van, but could not be certain that the van would be attached to the train. More than once I have known the van accidentally left behind; it was always the last vehicle, and sometimes the officials forgot to attach it to the rest, and did not observe that it remained in the station when the train started.

Then there was frequent confusion between ordinary and special trains. The porters and other men of the station staff were not up to their work, and when two trains were in the station were as likely to direct you to the wrong one as the right. We did not think much of these misadventures, though it was irritating when you were on your way to a race-meeting to arrive after half the races had been run.

It is only fair to say that if luggage was lost it was generally recovered. I remember once arriving at a station and discovering that my luggage had not come on. I went to the Lost Parcels Office and left a description of it. The polite clerk had no doubt it would soon be found, and added, "I hope you be as fortunate as the gentleman who lost a bag of sovereigns a short time since." It appeared that a bank clerk, carrying 10,000 sovereigns for a branch bank, had it in the carriage with him under his legs, and having to change trains, jumped out in a hurry and forgot the bag. It was found by a porter and brought to the Lost Parcels Office. The incident shows the stupidity of the clerk as much as anything else; but people unaccustomed to going by train were liable to get flurried when they had to change.

CHAPTER XV

Purchase of The Saddler—Of The Tutor—The Saddler "Made Safe"—The Trainer, Bland and Halliday Suspected—In difficulties for a Jockey—James Robinson Rides—The Tutor Beaten—Horses in The St. Leger—Getting even with Bland—The Heaton Park Race-meetings—Dissatisfaction of Owners—Purchase of the Irish Horse, Rush—Trial of Rush at Doncaster—His Performances at Heaton Park—£200 won from Lord George Bentinck.

AT the time of the fight between Spring and Langan at Worcester, in connection with which I mentioned Bland, the bookmaker, I was not at all aware of his real character. It was in some dealings I had with him afterwards that "the cloven hoof" was very visible. I will now name one.

Immediately after the Doncaster St. Leger [of 1831] I purchased for £3,000 a horse called The Saddler, who was placed second to Chorister, but who, as many people thought, won. Chorister belonged to the Duke of Cleveland, of great racing and fox-hunting celebrity. A person by the name of Lockwood was judge and clerk of the course, and he had a son of perhaps thirty years of age who assisted him in the business. They both sat in the judge's chair, and the old man observed, as the horses finished, "The Saddler has won." "No, father," said the son, "Chorister, the Duke's horse"; and I suppose it was on second thoughts the old judge gave the race to his Grace. I may mention that The Saddler had beaten Chorister twice before they met in the St. Leger.

My object in purchasing this horse was to win the Cup with him, which he did, beating Rowton, Emancipation and several others. It was during the following year, when The Saddler was four years old, that my transaction with Bland occurred. A trainer from Richmond had the care of the horse at Doncaster, and he was first favourite for the Cup; the betting was only 6 to 4 against him. I had purchased a mare called Lady Elizabeth, who ran third for the St. Leger, also a two-year-old by the name of The Tutor from a betting man named Richardson. The Tutor had a heavy match against another colt; and about six o'clock on the morning of the Cup day we tried him and found him to be a good horse. He won his match easily.

The Saddler and The Tutor were both located at the Doncaster Arms Inn, from whose stables there is a back path to the course across some fields. We accompanied The Tutor along this road to the trial ground, where The Saddler was walking. He was perfectly well and sound, his legs as perfect as when he was foaled, and no horse ever had better. We went out about half-past five in the morning and, the course not being more than three-quarters of a mile away, we returned about seven. We were in high glee, but were doomed to experience a sad disappointment.

They had done The Saddler up when I went into the stable. To my amazement and horror I found one of his fore-legs swollen; the horse was quite lame. I turned round to the trainer (whose name I forget) and said, "What rascal has done this?" The trainer said a little old man who looked after the horse must have done it. The old man declared to God he had not, the tears coming into his eyes. I have no doubt the trainer did it himself, because had the mischief been done without his knowledge he would have informed me of it before I entered the stable—I met him in the yard before I dismounted. He seemed to treat the matter lightly, for he observed in the most impudent manner that the horse would be all right in ten days and could win the Richmond Cup.

I had The Saddler locked up and went to my lodgings, close to the stables, and considered what was the best plan to adopt. I had backed the horse for a great deal of money, and he was so great a favourite generally that the market price, as I have said, was only 6 to 4 against him. The present Marquis of Anglesea was one of the stewards, and I determined to see him. Having dressed and breakfasted, I called and explained the whole case, requesting him to accompany me to the stables to look at the horse's leg, which he did. The Marquis was exceedingly vexed, and said before the trainer that nobody could have done it except those in charge of the horse.

Of course, my object in showing him the horse was that it would prevent the backers of The Saddler saying what they would have done—"Oh, he says his horse has been lamed on purpose, and his agents have been betting against him for him. How do we know he is lame?"

James Robinson, the first rider of his day, who lodged very near, always rode for me (his brother trained some of my horses after this), and I showed him The Saddler's leg, and told him I must employ a veterinary surgeon. Robinson said I should let Harry Edwards see it; he had been several years in a veterinary college, and was just as good as any veterinary surgeon. I took Robinson's advice, and asked Edwards to look at the leg; and he said,

before the trainer, that somebody must have taken two pieces of iron, or something of the kind, and compressed the sinew until the horse was lamed; but the sinew was not permanently injured and would get right again with care and attention.

I went to the betting rooms early on purpose to try and hedge my money, but I found that Bland and another large bettor named Halliday had been betting all they could against The Saddler for almost an hour, and his price was now 20 to 1 and no takers. I immediately went up to them and said, "Oh! Then you two worthies and Mr. —— (the trainer) have cooked my goose, for nobody else could know that the horse is lame but you and the people in the stable; and the man who looked after him has been watched ever since, so he could not possibly communicate the intelligence to anyone. Moreover, I have been informed that you have been in close conversation with Mr. —— (the trainer) several times, and it is not the first time you have been mixed up with him in very suspicious transactions." He pretended he was insulted and dared me to prove what I had said. I told him I was perfectly convinced of his rascality. This incident would be strong confirmation of the report I mentioned before.

Of course, I lost all my money and could get no redress, but the Marquis of Anglesea's explanation of the matter convinced most people of the plot between Bland and Halliday and the trainer. Such circumstantial evidence would tell heavily against a man on his trial for murder; but in a very short time the nine days' wonder was forgotten, and people betted with the two just the same as before the affair occurred. *O tempora! O mores!*

I was equally unfortunate, but not from the same cause, with The Tutor, who as a two-year-old had won his match in a canter at the time The Saddler's leg was injured. In the following year [1833] he ought to have won the St. Leger. John Robinson, brother of James, trained him, and likewise The Saddler, at Newmarket. The latter was our trial horse, being then five years old. The Tutor beat him easily under weight for age, and I backed him long odds for a good stake. James Robinson also backed him for £200, and was engaged to ride him.

Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale backed Mr. Watts's horse Belshazzar for a good deal of money, and after several interviews at Doncaster they prevailed upon James Robinson to ride him. This engagement was unknown to me until within an hour of the start, and I could not engage any other jockey except Tommy Nicholson, who was a wretched performer. Robinson, attired in Mr. Watts's colours, was on his hack following Belshazzar, Messrs. Gully

CHIFNEY, WHEATLEY, AND ROBINSON

From the Sketch by Ben Marshall in the collection of Lord Rosebery

and Ridsdale accompanying him. I told Robinson I thought it was most extraordinary conduct not informing me of his determination until just before starting, and I would not let Tommy Nicholson ride on any account; but I would resign my claim on himself if Messrs. Gully and Co. could procure any other jockey for my horse. Neither they nor I could find one. I said to Robinson, "You have always led me to suppose that The Tutor must win, and if you had not thought so why did you back him for £200?" He answered that from what he had been informed he had changed his opinion lately.

All the jockeys had now left the weighing-stand except Tommy Nicholson in my colours. I told him he was not to ride, and immediately went to Robinson and Messrs. Gully and Co., and told them I claimed Robinson. The latter said in a surly manner, "If I must ride him I suppose I must"; and he did.

Unknown to them at that period Belshazzar had been "made safe." The lad who looked after the horse confessed it a considerable time afterwards, and his statement was universally believed.

Before the horses reached the stand The Tutor was 20 lengths behind, but he gained so fast on the others that within five or six lengths of the winning chair he was only two from the leaders and must have won had not H. Edwards shut him out at that critical moment. Robinson, in endeavouring to shoot between H. Edwards's horse and the first, received Edwards's spur through his instep, which prevented his winning. It was the general opinion that if Robinson had not waited so ridiculously long he could not have lost. He and Mrs. Robinson were exceedingly vexed with me; tears came into her eyes; and I am ashamed to say I was fool enough to pay his losses as well as my own.

Two years after these events The Saddler was located at Ebberston Lodge as a stallion; but he did not get many mares besides my own; and after a fair trial of his stock I sent mine to Touchstone and sold The Saddler to go abroad. He died on the passage from the effects of his violence on board ship.

[*MS. missing.*]

I had two horses running in the St. Leger that year [1837]; one I called Mahometan and the other Blake-a-Topping, from a hill on my moors in Yorkshire. The first was third favourite for that race, and whenever I went to Tattersalls, Bland kept shouting out, "I'll bet against that 'ere Mahometan!" and he always kept close to me while doing so. At last I got so angry that I was very near knocking him down, but restrained myself. Then

a thought came into my head; I went to Weatherby's and altered Blake-a-Topping's name, calling him Dan Dawson. The next time I went to Tattersall's Bland began again that he "would bet against Mahometan." I went up to him and said loudly, "What will anybody bet against Dan Dawson?" All the room heard it and waited for Bland to answer; but he turned quite pale and retired, completely silenced. I remember that he did not attend the Doncaster Meeting that year.

At this time a trainer by the name of Stebbings trained my horses on my own ground, but I had none of any note. The Earl of Wilton, whose residence, called Heaton Park, was about four miles from Manchester, held races annually in his park, all ridden by gentlemen. These meetings endured for a considerable time, but in later years a mixture was allowed. Every year a fresh handicapper was a guest at his lordship's mansion, and whether through ignorance or design, he put such weights on all horses not belonging to the party at the Hall or trained by John Scott as to prevent their winning. John Scott's string won eight races out of ten for several years in succession; four or five owners were so disgusted that they ceased to run horses there.

John Scott had the privilege of training horses in the park, and all others were obliged to exercise on the old Manchester course, which was one of the worst in England. The results of this system were so glaring that a meeting of owners of horses was held in Manchester to consider the best means of defence, and to convince the handicapper that we were perfectly aware of his partiality. Several plans were suggested but none adopted, and I told the meeting to leave the matter to me.

I considered all the bearings of the case, and came to the following determination, viz.: to purchase horses with whose qualities they were unacquainted. In those days the Irish horses were regarded with contempt.

Lord Sligo purchased Wire, own sister to Whalebone, of Lord Egremont, and he put her to Humphrey Clinker, and the produce was a colt named Rush, which horse I bought when four years old. He had won in Ireland several Queen's Plates; but notwithstanding, the Heaton Park handicapper considered such a performance nothing at all and handicapped him lightly, having no opinion of any of the Irish horses. I bought him for 400 guineas about a week before Doncaster races (1835); as I wished to know his form I gave Marson the trainer, father of the celebrated jockey, 10 guineas for the use of a mare he had to try him. She was five years old, and he told me if Rush could beat her, giving her 10 lb., he must be a smart horse. We tried him at six o'clock on the morning of the St. Leger (a very wet one), the

St. Leger course. I rode Rush, and a jockey rode the mare. I told him to make as strong running as he could. At the end of three-quarters of a mile I found Rush could gallop over her, and I desired him to go on; he answered, "I can't go any faster," and I immediately passed him; and when we had gone a mile and a quarter I was eight or nine lengths ahead. At this point, about half a mile from the winning post, I saw that two or three persons were watching at the end, and I immediately stopped my horse and let the mare win. I certainly could have given her a stone more, which made Rush a good horse; which he was.

Heaton Park races were always a clear week after Doncaster, and as there was no railroad to it the horses were obliged to walk, and it took them three days to accomplish the journey. The cup was the third day, and I ran Rush in a handicap the first day. A good many Irish sportsmen attended the races, and they bragged a good deal about Rush, which made Lord Wilton rather suspicious, and he and William Scott, the jockey, since dead, planted themselves at two different points to watch my proceedings; but Rush was such a beautiful horse to ride that they could not detect any "roping." Lord Wilton had ridden in four or five races, and had not won one and he was rather vexed. The judge's name was Orton; he had officiated in that character several years, but was a worshipper of "Jolly Bacchus." He thought to please his lordship by giving him the race, riding the second horse.

Lord Wilton was beaten so palpably that the betting men were paying their money to the backers of the actual winner when the judge's fiat was declared, to the astonishment of everybody. His decision was so glaring that when we all reached Manchester at night and attended the betting rooms a specimen of lynch law was about to be enacted towards Mr. Orton. Several men who had lost their money got round him and swore they would take and duck him for his bare-faced robbery; and had it not been for myself and several other gentleman jocks they would have put their threats into execution. All the aristocratic party resided *pro tempore* at Heaton Park House, and a great deal of betting took place among them. Mr. George Payne, an old friend of mine, betted a great deal of money generally, and I commissioned him to back Rush for me for 500, getting the best odds he could. The Irish gang were so clamorous respecting the merits of Rush that I was obliged to let them stand in with me, so that I only won the amount of the purchase money for Rush and a few hundreds besides.

An old friend of mine as well as of Mr. Payne's was a guest also at the aristocratic hall, and from his history of Mr. Payne's proceedings Mr. P.

won many thousands, getting as much as 10 to 1 against Rush and putting my money on at 5 to 1. I forbear to mention his name because it is now past and the exposure might produce most dangerous results. Lord George Bentinck, who had a large stud of horses and betted a great deal of money, was the leading star in the betting world at that time, and made a book on the Cup, and I believe stood rather heavily against Rush. At the beginning of the betting 10 to 1 was betted against Rush, but Mr. Payne backed him so heavily that at starting his price was only 2 to 1. On our return to the starting post after cantering past the stand, Lord G. Bentinck offered me 200 to 100 against Rush, which I took. It was not a "Cup," though called so, but two large oval waiters (an exact match) to stand on a sideboard. They made certain at the Hall of winning them both with a mare of William Scott's called Lady de Gros, and she was handicapped accordingly; but Rush, to their astonishment, put her pipe out.

The race is soon told. I waited on Rush until within 100 yards of the chair, and won several lengths in a canter, Lady de Gros second, and nothing else near. I must here mention that my brother jocks were aware of its being a plant upon the aristocrats at the Hall, who fancied we were so blind as not to understand their appointing almost annually a different handicapper who invariably weighted John Scott's string most favourably. Lord Wilton also rode all his horses. Just before starting I went up to Orton and said: "Now, Orton, you see my colours distinctly," and he said, "Yes." "Well," I added, "then don't mistake one colour for another, as you did yesterday, but I think you can't very easily as I shall win in a canter, and they are quite dissimilar."

A large party of ladies as well as gentlemen were guests at the Hall, and Lady Chesterfield and the Hon. Mrs. Anson, her sister, were among them; they both betted a good deal of money. Opposite the stand in which they were I was three lengths before Lady de Gros, having the race in hand, and they both began hissing and pointing at me. My brother jocks laughed, and enjoyed the consternation among the aristocratic party in the Stand. After it was over, Lord Wilton, Lord G. Bentinck and many others would not speak to me when I went into the weighing room. William Scott said to me: "Squire, you have done us this time!" I answered: "Yes, Will. You know, I am just twelve miles further north than you are" (alluding to our residences), "and it is high time we should give you a rap on the knuckles to prove to you and the handicappers that we have seen through them for a long time, and on this occasion we have helped ourselves."

The next day Rush ran again in a handicap, and the handicapper thought he had made him safe on this occasion, but he was mistaken and he won again. The horse which won the first day in the race which was given to the second (Lord Wilton riding him), ran second to Rush. My trainer, Stebbings, stood under the stand in which were Lady Chesterfield and Mrs. Anson; and Rush, being very heavily weighted, I was determined to wait till the last moment, and the two ladies, seeing me just behind the other opposite to them, cried out, waving their handkerchiefs, "Thank God, the Squire is beaten this time!" Stebbings, not knowing from whom the observation came, and being a rough diamond, exclaimed: "I'll be d——d to Hell if he is!" and, finding out his mistake, hid himself as soon as he could.

The Cup affair in the following spring produced a very serious encounter between Lord G. Bentinck and myself which ended in a hostile meeting. In those days I was so fond of hunting that I never attended the Newmarket October Meeting because I hunted my own hounds, and I was obliged to cub-hunt them to make them know me. In consequence I mentioned to Mr. Payne that I wished he would ask Lord G. Bentinck for the £200 I won of him, as I was not going to Newmarket. He answered: "I think you had better ask him for the money yourself when you see him in the spring." I thought this was rather an odd answer, and I could not exactly fathom the meaning of it, not being aware at that time of the hostility Lord George had formed against me.

CHAPTER XVI

Insulted by Lord George at Newmarket—The Bet Paid—Difficulty in Finding a Second—Mr. Humphrey's Efforts on Lord George's Behalf—The Meeting on Wormwood Scrubbs—Singular Proceedings of Lord George's Second—Reconciliation after Several Years—Wasting to Ride in the Derby—Flatman's Misconduct in a Race—Apologises before the Stewards—The Bloomsbury Fraud—The Running Rein Fraud—Leander Shot—His Head Buried and Exhumed—Lord George's Endeavours to Sift the Matter—Disappearance of the Real Running Rein.

MATTERS remained *in statu quo* until the Spring Meeting at Newmarket. I took the first opportunity which presented itself of asking him for the money. He was standing in the betting yard with his back to the iron railings, looking very black, with a sort of savage smile on his countenance, not uncommon to him. I went up to him and said : " My lord, I believe you owe me £200 which you lost to me on the Cup at Heaton Park." He stared at me, and answered : " I wonder you have the impudence and the assurance to ask me for that money. A greater robbery was never committed by any man on the public ; and the Jockey Club think so, too ; and I have a great mind not to pay you at all." I observed : " You must pay me. You don't think, my lord, that this matter will end here. You will hear from me, and I beg you to understand that I consider myself quite as much of a gentleman as either you or any of the Jockey Club although I have not got a title attached to my name." He then said : " I suppose you can count," and I said, " Yes, I could at Eton." Unbuttoning his coat, he took some notes from his pocket and paid me.

It was now my business to seek a friend to go to him, which I found most difficult. As Mr. Payne had won more money than all of us put together, he knowing Rush was sure to win, I went to him, and, to my surprise, he refused. In addition to his reaping such a harvest on the Cup, he constantly hunted with me and shot with me, and our acquaintance was of many years' standing. I felt much hurt, but no time was to be lost. I applied to several others, but with the same result. I believe our strange encounter happened on the last day of the races. I immediately started for London to find some good Samaritan to act for me in this emergency. I went to my club (the Portland),

and Col. Dacre agreed to my request, but the next day he changed his mind without giving any reason. At last a gentleman by the name of Humphrey officiated for me, and Col. Anson was Lord George's second.

They had a long interview, but Lord George was so inveterate and so obstinate that they could not agree as to the settlement of the matter. Lord George would neither make an apology nor meet me, because he said he considered I had lost all claim to the character of a gentleman, and was therefore beneath his notice. I told my second to tell Col. Anson, with whom I had long been acquainted, that, unless his lordship adopted one course or the other, I would go to Tattersall's and pull his nose. This had the effect of bringing about a hostile meeting; but he would not even agree to that arrangement unless and until some gentleman came forward and pronounced my conduct as fair and honourable. I told Mr. Humphrey that Mr. Payne was the most proper person to refer to, and I believe he was applied to, as a meeting did take place.

At two o'clock in the morning Mr. Humphrey arrived at my house in London and said I must meet Lord George Bentinck at six on Wormwood Scrubs. We had to make our arrangements accordingly. Of course I had some worldly matters to settle and very little time to arrange them. Sir Vincent Cotton lent me his pistols (flint and steel) and made by John Manton of Dover Street. Just before we reached Wormwood Scrubs Col. Anson got out of their carriage and walked up to ours, and asked us whether we had any objection to their using one of our pistols. I answered, " Not any, whatever." The colonel then examined them and observed, " They are of a large bore." I told him Sir Vincent Cotton had lent them to me and they were as good for the goose as the gander.

I had been told by a friend of mine just before we started for the " Tilting ground " that Mr. Humphrey was under some obligations to Lord George and expected also some favours from him should he be the means of preventing my killing his lordship; and that it was with this view he had undertaken the office of second. Two very suspicious proceedings occurred in confirmation of such a report, and also of a coalition between the two seconds to ensure Lord G. Bentinck's safety. As soon as we entered our carriage Mr. Humphrey put the case to me in the following manner: " After Lord George's unjustifiable language to you it is impossible he can try to shoot you, and indeed I have very good reason to know that he don't intend it. Under these circumstances it would amount to nearly a case of murder if you killed him, and like shooting at an unarmed antagonist." This was the burthen of his song during our

journey; he repeated it several times. But I suppose the seconds wished to have two strings to their bows, for Col. Anson had recourse to a very unfair stratagem, and perfectly unwarrantable according to the usual routine on such occasions.

Lord George Bentinck was dressed in a black suit with a cloak on; and after the distance was measured (twelve paces) he kept walking round in a circle while the seconds loaded the pistols. It came off about 40 yards from a hedge, but we were placed in a contrary direction. On the other side of the hedge a countryman was ploughing and singing, taking little or no notice of us. Humphrey loaded the pistols because, he told me afterwards, the colonel was so nervous that he could not. To prevent the countryman guessing for what purpose we came there, the two seconds sat down in the ditch to load the pistols.

Col. Anson came up to me and said, "I am to give the word, Ready, fire!" The moment he mentioned, "Ready!" I raised my hand a little, cocking the pistol, when he instantly said, "That won't do!" He walked up to me again and desired me to look at him, he being in a totally different direction to where Lord George stood. The moment I turned to look at him he, seeing me perfectly unprepared, exclaimed, "Ready, fire!" when Lord George Bentinck shot at me before I could turn to see where he was. Knowing that his pistol was discharged I did not entertain such deadly enmity towards him as to take deliberate aim at him and fired my pistol off quite wide. Even if I had been so disposed I could not have shot him, because I am perfectly convinced from the trifling sound and the sensation when the pistol exploded that there was no ball in it.

Immediately after I had discharged my pistol, Mr. Humphrey and Col. Anson walked up to me, and the former said, "We are quite satisfied," and I answered, "I am in your hands." It is scarcely necessary to observe that all principals in duels are in the hands of their seconds, and had I objected to his decision all of them would have left me alone in my glory, and it would not have been incumbent on Lord G. Bentinck to have afforded me another meeting.

The instant this communication was made Lord George walked away within a few yards of me without uttering a word, and the colonel observed, "Well, Squire! I did not think you were so bad a shot." I said, "Perhaps on another occasion the event may come off differently." The colonel then joined his friend, no doubt congratulating himself on having preserved his lordship's skin.

We did not speak for several years, but an unforeseen circumstance occurred which brought about an apparent reconciliation. Lord G. Bentinck had a very large stud at Danebury, about three miles from Stockbridge, and old John Day trained his horses. John Day has always gone by the nickname of "Honest John," as I have of the "Old Squire." The Bibury Club, which has always produced many excellent amateur jockeys, met annually at Andover at the Star and Garter, where they remained during the races. Lord George was not a member, and stopped at another inn in the town; but, I suppose, getting tired of living at it almost by himself he wished to become a member; and he was also aware that two black balls would exclude him, and that I was very popular among my brother jocks. Old John Day, who can play the part of Humbug on the world's stage as well as any actor that ever appeared, frequently at the races kept lamenting to me that Lord George Bentinck and I were not on terms of friendship, and what a pity it was that his lordship with so fine a stud was not a member, as his horses would contribute so greatly to the sport. At last one day I stopped him and observed: "Now, John, I am perfectly aware of the drift of your observations and you might as well at first have put the question direct to me at once, viz., 'Will you black-ball his lordship should he become a candidate?' My answer would have been 'Certainly not. Because, though I must always think Lord George's language to me at Newmarket was perfectly unjustifiable, yet malice is not one of my failings and I wish to forget the past.'" Of course, he was elected, and he sent his compliments to me through John Day, saying he would be happy to show me his horses, which he did. This was the olive branch.

I bought a very fine yearling of the late Duke of Grafton and named him King Charles. My trainer had a great opinion of him, and we tried him. But he proved an impostor; that is, he was far from a good horse. He was in the Derby, and I was induced from my trainer's opinion of him to take 100 to 1 that I won the Derby with him, riding myself. I was at that time 10 st. 12 lb. He was also in the 2,000 Guineas, and it only wanted a month when I was that weight, to that race. I reduced myself to 8 st. 4 lb. in that time by starvation, physick and sweating; but once during that severe training I thought I was going off the perch. When I commenced I was not fat, and during the last ten days I could scarcely get off a pound, nothing remaining but bone and a very small proportion of muscle.

I had a very nice mare named Sorella which won the 1,000 Guineas the year before, and she and Miss Elis (belonging to Lord George) were in the

Queen's Plate at Newmarket, which was run on the same day as the Two Thousand. It came off, the race before, on the Round Course. There was only another started, but many others were in, and I had backed the two mares against the field, so that it was not of so much consequence to me which won. The third offered to make running for my mare, receiving a ten-pound note, but I did not accept his offer, not thinking her good enough for the purpose. I believe I should have won if I had. Neither of us would make running, and we only ran in earnest the last three-quarters of a mile. Miss Elis was the better mare from public performance and she just beat me. Flatman rode her and I rode Sorella. I was leading, and Flatman shouted out extremely bad language to me on three different occasions. There was plenty of room, but he grazed my leg in passing me. On returning to the weighing room, I said : " How dare you make use of such language to me ! " And I was very nearly chastising him, but instead I lodged a complaint against him to the Clerk of the Scales, who reported it to the Jockey Club, who summoned us before them after the races were over.

I could only account for Flatman's forgetting himself from the following incident : The autumn before, after the Cesarewitch, I matched Sorella against a mare which ran second for that race—Ditch In, about two miles, for £200, and I backed her heavily. One of the stipulations was that I rode my own (which I did) and Flatman the other. At Bibury, Flatman would not ride in a race against the gentlemen because he could not stand the disgrace, as he considered it, to be beaten by an amateur. Just before we started I observed to Flatman : " You had better have ridden at Bibury against us because you might have won there, but to-day I shall beat you." He answered : " Not you ! " Just before we reached the Duke's Stand many called out : " The Squire is beaten ! " But they were as mistaken as the ladies at Heaton Park were, and I won easily. An observation from one of the jockeys in the weighing room after the race added also materially to Flatman's mortification, which was : " The Squire rode the best of the two."

The 2,000 Guineas came off after the race between Sorella and Miss Elis during which Flatman's elegant exclamations to me were made, and Sir Tatton Sykes won easily, King Charles beaten five or six lengths.

In the evening we both appeared before the Jockey Club, but only three members were present—Lord Exeter, Lord Stradbroke and Col. Anson. Flatman lodged a complaint against me for foul riding which was perfectly false, but I suppose he thought it would palliate the disgraceful language he had employed. I laughed at the attempt, and I was about to leave the room

THE COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK (1802-1848)

Modelled by Wyon. On the other side is the following inscription:—"Brave, earnest, generous, unselfish, true; he won the confidence and riveted the attachment of a great Party which his patriotism had inspired with courage and his self-devotion had animated with zeal."

THE DAY FAMILY

From the Painting by Abraham Cooper, exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1828.

Mrs. Anne Day, John Day's mother, and Mrs. Day, his wife, in a mule-carriage; John Day, Junr., leaning on the shafts; John Day with whip in hand standing on his right; Samuel Day mounted on Venison and William Day on Chateau d'Espagne.

when Nat Flatman said he was sorry he had made use of such language. I must here mention that on the principle of forget and forgive, Flatman rode many races for me afterwards.

Many of my readers are aware that Lord George died suddenly, and was found dead near a stile in his father's park at Welbeck. Some of his enemies declared that he poisoned himself, but I don't believe it; and my impression is that he died from an affection of the heart. I imagine his relatives were satisfied that he died by the visitation of God. He once declared publicly that his greatest object in keeping so large a stud of racehorses was to endeavour to break the betting ring, but he never succeeded. No man ever will so long as horse racing exists, because there will always be a host of speculators attached to it, some of whom have amassed considerable sums of money. I will not mention by what means they have attained their object, nor is it necessary, as it is well known among the majority of racing men. The total extinction of bookmakers would be impossible.

Lord George was universally admitted to be somewhat domineering; but he certainly exposed the greatest frauds ever attempted on the Turf. The first case arising out of these frauds was tried at Westminster and the second at Liverpool; as the last is by far the shortest to relate, I will begin with it. Mr. Ridsdale had a horse in the Derby called Bloomsbury, but he was not a favourite, being at 40 to 1 at starting. He won it, and from some private information Lord George Bentinck obtained he was induced to bring an action against the owner for the amount of the stakes. His accusation was that Bloomsbury was either four years old or a counterfeit, but he could not prove either. It created a great deal of anxiety at the time because, the horse being at such long odds, many had won considerable sums, hazarding very little. His lordship did not get much praise for this proceeding.

I will now describe the other. A party, composed of not very respectable characters, had a horse in another Derby [1844] called Running Rein, being got by The Saddler and named so in consequence. The responsible person of the firm was Goody Levi, a Jew. He was trained by Smith at Newmarket, and he won a stake of some value at one of the Spring Meetings. No suspicion whatever was then entertained as to his age, nor would it ever have been buzzed about except through an old Northamptonshire farmer identifying the horse on Epsom Downs. The real Running Rein never appeared, but his substitute which won the Derby was four years old and had won some races in the country.

By way of a blind and to render detection impossible, as the owners thought, they lent this horse to Mr. Worley, near Northampton, to keep for them many months before he was trained. Worley, the farmer, through some curious channel, I believe, knew him by his right name, but not as Running Rein, and he never contemplated being made the scapegoat to serve their purpose. He seldom attended the Derby but happened to do so on that day. Before starting he saw the horse stripped, and he immediately exclaimed, "Why, there is my horse," calling him by his right name. "No," the party said; "that is Running Rein." "Not a bit of it," he said; "it is So-and-so." The name I forget [Maccabæus]. "Do you think I don't know him when I had him so long? I can swear to him." Of course this declaration put the authorities on the scent, at the head of whom was Lord George Bentinck. I must here mention that Worley was one of the most respectable farmers in the whole county; he and his sons used constantly to come out with my hounds when I hunted Northamptonshire. Running Rein, as he was then called, won the Derby in a canter, Orlando being second.

There were two parties concerned in this "plot," and had not a most extraordinary accident occurred to the horse called Leander belonging to the other party, the matter would never have been exposed. I believe they backed both of them heavily; and as Leander was five years old, as was proved presently, they had two strings to their bow, a four- and a five-year-old. It was arranged that Leander should make running, which he did, and he must have won in a canter if "Running Rein" had not run into his heels and nearly severed the back sinew. Of course he could not gallop any further and "Running Rein" won as he liked. Had not this accident happened no objection would have been made by the second horse against the winner, no suspicion at that time existing as to Leander's age.

I must here mention in what manner it was proved. Leander was taken home immediately after the collision and shot; and to prevent detection they cut off his head and buried it. I cannot inform my readers through what channel the truth was communicated to Gen. Peel (the owner of Orlando), but someone connected with the two parties must have blabbed, because no other being could know where the head was buried, and his age. However, it was discovered and submitted to Professor Spooner of the Royal Veterinary College for examination, and he pronounced the head to belong to a five-year-old horse. As soon as the Derby was over the announcement of the doubt of Running Rein's age created immense excitement among all classes, and immediately produced a great deal of betting. The market price was

4 to 1 that Running Rein got the stakes; and if he did, bets must be paid according to that decision.

Lord George Bentinck, "the purger of all abuses," as some have denominated him, undertook the investigation of the report. He employed agents to collect all the evidence they could, and long before he had obtained what is called conclusive evidence they had supplied him with quite sufficient to determine him to give the Running Rein party notice of an action at law. The subject was mooted daily among the aristocracy and nobility; and the betting fluctuated before the trial commenced. I was one of the ignorant backers of Running Rein from his performance at Newmarket and I had several thousand pounds at stake, and unfortunately I did not take advantage of the odds betted on him immediately after the Derby. I knew the individuals composing the Running Rein party, and their solicitor; I immediately put myself in communication with them and they advised me not to hedge a shilling because every pound I hedged was so much money lost. The solicitor's name was Gill, and he being in possession of all the evidence, and a lawyer, too, I was guided entirely by his advice and opinion. He also assured me that theirs was a "plain unvarnished tale" and it was impossible to upset it.

Lord George Bentinck was unable to complete his case until the expiration of two or three months, when the action was tried in Westminster Hall. I believe Sir Frederick Thesiger and Mr. Martin (now Baron Martin) were Lord George's counsel; and Mr. Cockburn (now Sir Alexander) was counsel for the Running Rein party. Baron Alderson was the judge. I sat in court during the whole trial, very near the judge, and Lord George sat close to his counsel. Sir Frederick opened the case and described the nature of it, calling his witnesses, etc.; and Mr. Cockburn replied in a very able speech, calling some witnesses also for the defence. For a considerable part of the trial the Running Rein party seemed to be winning in a canter, and it was not until nearly the end that old Worley (the farmer) was called into the witness-box. His evidence was so conclusive and so clear that notwithstanding the cross-examination of Mr. Cockburn, not an iota could be contradicted; and thus the trial terminated. Baron Alderson desired Running Rein to be produced next day, but a disreputable fellow by the name of Coyle went down to Epsom the same evening and rode the horse to some other place, and he could not be found.

CHAPTER XVII

The 200-miles Ride at Newmarket—Horses Selected—Preparations—A Fall—No After-effects—Defrauded of Winnings—Mrs. Thornton's Match *v.* Frank Buckle—Shrewd Yorkshiremen—Another Feat of Endurance—Three Successive Nights of Billiard Play.

IN an earlier part of this narrative I stated that my memory is very treacherous; I cannot give the dates of any of my feats and the follies I have been guilty of, and must present them to the reader as they come to my recollection.

So much was written at the time about my ride at Newmarket when I did 200 miles in eight hours and forty-two minutes, there is not much left to be said on the subject; but a description of some of the horses and circumstances connected with the match may not be uninteresting.

For two or three years before the match was decided a report was in circulation that Mr. Ridsdale, a well-known sporting man, now dead, was going to ride from London to York in ten hours for a considerable sum. When his purpose was under discussion I happened to say to some friends that I could do that easily enough; and the result was that Gen. Charritie made the match with me for 1,000 guineas. I had eight or ten hunters of my own and was obliged to hire twelve or fourteen more horses, among which were a few galloping hacks.

The match came off on the Saturday in the Houghton Meeting [November 5th, 1831]. Of course I was at Newmarket at the commencement of the meeting and had finished my training there. Mr. Gully, well-known as one of the leading racehorse owners of the time, asked me if I could do the match in nine hours, as he could get 10 to 1 that I did not. I told him I could do it in any time the horses could, but I had only hunters and galloping hacks to ride, and they could not do the distance in the time he mentioned. Mr. Gully said, "I can lend you some racehorses, and you can procure more from your various shooting friends." I accepted his offer, and also his suggestion to borrow racehorses from other friends, but I cannot now remember what was the number I had as I am writing entirely from memory.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON ON TRANBY IN HIS WAGER OF 200 MILES AGAINST TIME

From the Engraving by G. Hunt after the Painting by H. Aiken. Lent by the courtesy of Messrs. Fores, Piccadilly.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON ON EMMA IN HIS WAGER OF 200 MILES AGAINST TIME

Reproduced from the Print after Alken in the collection of General A. H. Cowie.

I was obliged to go to the different racing stables the night before in order to fit the saddles, because small exercise saddles would not do to carry me riding 11 st. As some horses are much narrower than others between the legs of the rider, I noted on paper the different holes in the stirrup leathers that the grooms might make no mistake; but, of course, mistakes did occur. Thus in one case when mounting I found that one stirrup leather was three or four holes longer than the other; it seems a little matter, but putting it right caused a few seconds' delay, and seconds were of consequence to me.

The match came off on the Round Course; but in order to make it the four miles, which had been measured, I had to ride close to the ditch to the stand instead of keeping the racecourse. I changed horses every four miles, finishing at the stand. I only rode the hunters or hacks once, but I rode the inferior racehorses twice and the superior ones three and some of them four times. Tranby, the property of Mr. Gully, carried me 16 miles in thirty-two and a half minutes, an extraordinary performance considering the weight which, as I have said, was 11 st. A black horse belonging to Mr. Sowerby always threw his jockey off at the end of the race, unless someone caught hold of his head, the instant he pulled up—he was very near serving me the same trick. Another horse called Ikey Solomon belonging to Mr. Nash, of balloon notoriety, was a vicious brute. There is a plantation along the left-hand side of the Round Course going out, and a rather hollow, firm track close to it, which Buckle, the celebrated jockey, advised me to keep to, and I did. Without the least notice Ikey put his head down, and in a moment was bolting into the plantation where I must have been knocked off; but at that instant I tumbled off without hurting myself. I had placed two men on horseback at different points in case any of the horses tired or any accident occurred; it so happened that one of them was not 20 yards from me when I fell, and he came up in time to catch my friend Ikey, and I remounted and rode him the rest of the distance.

After riding 120 miles I stopped for eight minutes, during which time I ate and drank as much as I could; but the number of questions put to me by many of my friends and even by some ladies, amongst whom were Lady Chesterfield and the Hon. Mrs. Anson, rather interfered with the repast.

I was galloping one side of the ditch and the legitimate racing was going on on the other side, and many got on the top of it, which enabled them to see both performances at the same time. A great many witnessed the match notwithstanding the races.

The two Chiffneys, Sam and William, trainer and jockey, and some others

galloped into the town with me down the street to the Rutland Arms Inn. I had just an hour and a half to spare before dinner, and went into a warm bath ; after which Harry England, a good friend of mine, rubbed me all over with oils, and I got between the blankets, but did not sleep. I got up, dressed myself and was joined by friends at dinner. Lord Portarlington, Mr. Gully and seven or eight more dined with me at the inn, and we kept it up till two o'clock next morning.

I believe I could have ridden 300 miles in the same proportionate time, as I was not the least fatigued at the end of the match ; but perhaps few will be able to believe this assertion. The soles of my feet were very sore next day, also my knees.

Mr. Bland, the betting man, was commissioned by me to bet as much as he could in favour of my winning the match, even if he bet 2 to 1 on it. I was walking down the street when I met a man called " Crockeys "—he had been a croupier at Crockford's gambling house in St. James's Street. He congratulated me on my success, and said : " I hope you have won a good stake." I told him I did not know at all what I had won, and should not till I learned what Mr. Bland had received for me. " Crockeys " answered, " I wrote down bets for him during the last two or three nights, as he can't write, and they amounted to several thousand pounds, but I forget the number." I exclaimed " Indeed ! " and thought to myself that this was very good news. A few days afterwards I had an interview with Mr. Gully and mentioned what " Crockeys " had told me, requesting him to tell Bland to send in an account of what he had won for me. Bland did so, and I was vexed and astonished when he brought one showing I had won only £200 ! I told Mr. Gully I would not be humbugged in that way, but I could not succeed in getting any further account from Bland. I then advertised that I should feel obliged if any person who had had bets with Bland on the match would communicate with me, but I never received an answer. Mr. Gully told me that in consequence of my advertisement Bland would not even pay the £200, and I never got a shilling from him.

I may remind my readers that Buckle, the jockey, who advised me to keep to the track I named, was the man who rode against Mrs. Thornton in the match at York. The affair created a great sensation at the time. That very noted character, Col. Thornton, who purchased a large estate in Yorkshire and resided there until he went into Wiltshire, was a very clever, shrewd man and very wide-awake. He had a wide acquaintance among sporting people and very few were as good judges of racing or any other sport or game as he was.

A MEET OF THE QUORN AT KIRBY GATE IN 1859

From the Water Colour Painting by Ferneley in the collection of Major Guy Paget at Sulby.

The lady in the left foreground is Mrs. Tertius Paget with Mr. Thomas Paget and his grandson Guy Paget. Behind and in the centre is Lord Wilton (standing) with Lord Stamford (on the grey) and the Duke of Rutland further to the right.

He made a match to run a horse of his own against any other, stipulating that Mrs. Thornton should ride his nag and Buckle the other. The distance, I believe, was two miles, but I don't know the weights. An immense deal of money was depending on the issue owing to the novelty of the event. Mrs. Thornton won easily, to the surprise and dismay of those who backed Buckle's mount; and it was said that the colonel won a very large stake.

This is the only instance within my memory of a lady riding against a jockey in public. Of course, she must have had a considerable advantage either in the superiority of her horse or in the weights, or she never could have won. The result proved that the colonel was a much better judge of a horse than the gentleman with whom he made the match.

They are shrewd men in the North. There was a story of two friends who made a match between two of their horses. The details do not matter as the match never came off. It stood until a few days from the date fixed, when the two happened to meet at dinner at the house of a mutual friend. One told the other he had been thinking about their match, and had come to the conclusion that it was folly for two such old stagers as themselves to run against each other; to do so would only expose the form of both and prevent either making a match against "Flats." So what did his friend think about calling it off? The friend admitted that there was much justice and wisdom in what had been said, and if he particularly wished it the match should be off. Presently the first man said: "Well, I never could have believed you, of all men, could have been so easily gulled. My horse is dead lame and could not run on that day, if he is ever able to run again!" "You needn't crow," said his friend, "my horse has been dead this fortnight."

I will now describe another feat of horsemanship which taxed endurance nearly as much as the 200-miles ride.

When I hunted Northamptonshire [1827–34] we met one day at Fawsley, the seat of Sir Charles Knightley, whose furthest coverts are seventeen good miles from Northampton. We found and ran for two hours and a half; I should say 25 miles on a moderate computation. I then returned to Northampton. I was engaged to dine and go to a ball at Cambridge, so I had some good hacks placed in readiness. I changed my hunting apparel and had it sent after me as I meant to hunt the next morning. I reached Cambridge in time for a late dinner, dressed, and went to the ball and danced all night; and only had time to eat some breakfast and put on my hunting clothes and start again to meet hounds at Mr. Payne's at Selby; and after a very good run I took the hounds home to kennels. The coverts (Sir Chas. Knightley's) were

17 miles from Northampton, 17 miles back again; and, as I said, 25 miles running for two hours and a half on a moderate computation. Northampton is between 50 and 60 miles from Cambridge, and Mr. Payne's fully, or more than, 60. The good run and returning home after 12 miles must amount to 12 more—24; being 198 miles, besides drawing the coverts—perhaps 5 or 6 miles more.

Riding the 200 miles with only eight minutes' rest involved a greater strain on the muscles than in the other feat, as they got very little relief, and the severe pace also taxed one. You must average it at rather more than 22 miles an hour, including changes of horses and resting those eight minutes.

I mentioned before that once I played billiards for twenty-four hours with several members of the Portland Club [*the sheet on which this anecdote appears is among those missing*], but I once played longer than, perhaps, any other man ever did.

It is not above seven or eight years ago, and I was at that time sixty-six or sixty-seven years old. During one of the autumn race meetings at Newmarket I dined with some friends at the Rutland Arms Inn, and several of the party were billiard players. I made a match with one of them, and we commenced immediately after dinner, at about eight o'clock, and we did not leave off until eleven the next morning. This match I won. I never went to bed, but merely changed my dress, washed and breakfasted, then went to the races. I returned and prepared for dinner. Soon after dinner I commenced a new match with another antagonist, beginning about the same time as on the night before, and played until eleven the next morning. I then, as before, dressed, washed and breakfasted, never even lying down on a sofa, and went to the races. Having witnessed them I returned in time for dinner, and after we had dined I played against a third antagonist, commencing at the same time and going on till next morning about twelve. I dressed, washed, dined, etc., and did not go to bed till twelve that night, having returned to London after dinner by rail.

That last match was a " plant " upon me, by whom I don't know; it is, however, a fair surmise that my first two antagonists were the conspirators who wanted to see how long I could keep on. I had beaten them both, but lost the third match, in which my opponent was a professional, though I was not aware of this at the time. He took care not to dispose of his victim too soon, and had he continued the contest a few hours longer I should have beaten him, for he began to tire and could not play his game. He was of Jewish appearance, and his countenance betrayed a tendency to consumption; it was easy to see that he could not endure a very long strain on his endurance.

I could have played a great many more hours ; I could have continued all the time I spent at the races.

I cannot but feel that the history of many of my exploits recoils upon the head of the historian, and stamps him in the estimation of many as a fool. But I freely confess that chaffing challenges and the love of fame have always egged me on.

I. WAITING AT THE FIRST COVERT

From the Water-colour by Henry Alken in the collection of Oswald Magniac Esq.

II. GONE AWAY!

From the Water-colour by Henry Alken in the collection of Oswald Magniac Esq.

III. FULL CRY. OVER THE WATER!

From the Water-colour by Henry Alken in the collection of Oswald Magniac Esq.

IV. THE DEATH.

From the Water-colour by Henry Alken in the collection of Oswald Magniac Esq.

COMMENTARY ON THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By E. D. Cuming.

CHAPTER I

Use Made of Stray Notes—Ancestry of the Squire—Public Services of Osbaldestons—Entry at Eton—At Brasenose—The Guards' Row, Oxford to London—Osbaldeston's Crew *v.* The Guards'—Doings as an Oarsman—A Birthday Ode—Curious Lapse of Memory—The Squire's Militia Service—His Southern Hounds—His Career in Parliament.

THE following pages are to be regarded as a commentary on the Autobiography; as an endeavour, with the aid of contemporary writings, to amplify various passages and recover information which doubtless would have been contained in the lost and mutilated sheets of the MS. I have made use of a quantity of rough notes and memoranda made by Osbaldeston while compiling his story and afterwards, also of letters written and received by him. Through many of his notes he had run his pen, these having served their purpose; some enable me to replace what is lost from alien sources; others, again, tantalise; as "Row in railway carriage going to Ascot; Lord Palmerston in it"; or "Played billiards for forty hours. Won in the end." There are numerous such "Incidents remembered during my life," to quote the heading of one sheet; helpful to the writer, but incomprehensible to anyone else.

For the information of those who prefer accuracy in such matters, the name is pronounced Osbaldéston, the accent on the third syllable. It may be added that the correct spelling of the name of the Squire's old home is Hutton "Buscel," his rendering thereof representing the pronunciation; but in quotation "Bushell" has been allowed to stand.

The Squire was not descended in tail male from the ancient Yorkshire family, which traces back to the time of the first King Richard. His father, George, son of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wickens, assumed the name on succeeding to Osbaldeston property. An outline of the Squire's recent ancestry taken from the Genealogical Table kindly lent me by Mr. H. F. Osbaldeston follows; this outline includes those relatives mentioned in his autobiography:—

Robert Mitford of Mitford Castle married Mary, youngest daughter of Sir Richard Osbaldeston, Kt., of Hunmanby by his second wife, Elizabeth.

Philadelphia, eldest daughter of Robert and Mary Mitford, married the

Rev. John Wickens, D.D., member of an old Yorkshire family and Rector of Petworth and Tillington in Sussex.

The Rev. Dr. John and Mrs. Wickens had issue :

George and Philadelphia.

Philadelphia Wickens, sister of the Squire's father, married Sir Walter Barttelot of Stopham, who changed his name to Smyth. This gentleman was the trustee mentioned in the autobiography.

George Wickens, in 1770, inherited from his mother's brother, Fountayne Wentworth Osbaldeston, a share of the Hutton Buscel property and, as required by the will, assumed the name of Osbaldeston. Failure to do so within six months of the testator's death would have cost him his inheritance.

George (Wickens) Osbaldeston married Jane, daughter of Sir Thomas Head, of Langley, and had issue :

George (" The Squire "), Jane, Philadelphia, Sophia and Lucy Maria.

George married late in life Elizabeth, widow of Thomas Williams.

Jane married the Rev. G. Chandler.

Philadelphia married the Rev. Charles Cator.

Sophia married Richard Fountayne-Wilson, of Melton, Doncaster ; M.P., High Sheriff of Yorkshire.

Lucy Maria married Thomas Daniell, of Trelissick, Cornwall ; M.P., High Sheriff of Cornwall, M.F.H.

The Rev. Charles Cator is mentioned as the Squire's chaplain during the year Osbaldeston was High Sheriff.

Lucy Maria was the sister mentioned on page 3 as the victim of the youthful George's propensity for adventure—and mischief.

There is a general impression that the Hunmanby property belonged to the Squire. A letter from Miss Cowell, of Clifton Castle, Bedale, is therefore the more acceptable, setting out clearly as it does, the connection of the family with that estate :—

" Sir Richard Osbaldeston, Kt., of Hunmanby, born 1655, died 1728, was succeeded by his fourth son, Fountayne Wentworth (1695–1770). Fountayne Wentworth Osbaldeston left Hunmanby to his grand-nephew (son of his niece) Humphrey Brooke, who assumed by Royal Licence in 1770 the name of Osbaldeston. Humphrey Brooke Osbaldeston died 1835 leaving only two daughters. Thereupon the estate of Hunmanby passed to Bertram Mitford of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, who assumed the additional name of Osbaldeston. Bertram Mitford-Osbaldeston left Hunmanby to his brother, Admiral Mitford, who resided there in the nineteenth century. Admiral Mitford had

HUMPHREY OSBALDESTON

From the Original painting by Dighton in the collection of Col. Stanley Barry, D.S.O.

an only daughter who became the first Lady Amherst of Hackney; and when he died the Hunmanby estate passed, under the will of his elder brother, to one of the Osbaldeston-Mitford cousins."

Thus we see that, though both the Hutton Buscel and Hunmanby estates were held by Fountayne Wentworth Osbaldeston, they went at his demise to different branches of the family.

Miss Cowell adds, "This old family seems often to have ended in the female line and then gone back to a male cousin. Sometimes the members of it married cousins; so the pedigree is rather intricate."

The names of various members of the Osbaldeston family appear in different departments of the public service: thus, Richard was, in succession, Dean of York, Bishop of Carlisle and, 1762–1764, Bishop of London; the Bishop's brother, Fountayne Wentworth, from whom the Squire's father inherited Hutton Buscel, was M.P. for Scarborough 1766–1770: so also was the latter in his turn: Humphrey, member of another branch of the family commanded a regiment of Yorkshire Volunteers in 1803.

Taking up the thread of the Squire's life-story where light from outside sources is first obtainable: Mr. Henry Broadhurst, College Librarian of Eton, informs me that the Headmaster's Entrance Book contains in George's handwriting his name and the date of his arrival:—"May 15, 1802; Birthday Decr. 26. Age 14." Appended thereto is a line written no doubt by the Headmaster: "Went away December 1803"; that and nothing more. His age was mis-stated. Born in 1786, 26th December 1801 was his fifteenth birthday. There is strong probability that the Squire's conjecture is correct, and his mother, made apprehensive by the frequency with which he earned the birch, removed him as the alternative to probable expulsion.

The Squire's stay with Mr. Carr at Brighton would have endured at most for about sixteen months; the Brasenose College *Register* shows that he matriculated on 3rd May, 1805, being then in his eighteenth year.

Here, following the example of the autobiographer, I digress to notice his doings as an oarsman twenty years after he left Oxford. Concerning that rowing feat by officers of the Guards: it was in May 1824 that Sir James Burgoyne made a bet with Captain Standen of the 3rd Guards, as they were then styled, that a crew of six (not four) could not row from Oxford to Westminster Bridge in sixteen hours. The crew consisted of Captains Short, the Hon. J. Westenra, Douglas, Blaine, Hudson and Standen, who used a boat specially built for the occasion. Starting at three o'clock in the morning

they arrived at their goal, where an immense crowd awaited them, at a quarter to seven; thus winning the wager with fifteen minutes to spare. All six were much distressed; in fact they were obliged to lie on their oars for a few minutes at Battersea Bridge to fortify themselves with a little brandy for the final effort. The betting was 4 to 1 against their doing the 118 miles in the stipulated time.

This achievement took rank as the standard of rowing endurance; Osbaldeston's challenge, given five years later, in 1829, was to a test of speed rather than of staying power. His own crew were members of the Arrow Club; Messrs. Slater (stroke), Cannon, Bayford and himself (bow). The Guards' four were Captain Bentinck (stroke), Lords Chetwynd and Douglas and Colonel Hobhouse; the course from Vauxhall Bridge to Kew; the stake 1000 guineas. A great crowd assembled on 4th July to witness the race, which was won by the Arrow crew by about fifty seconds. The craft used were "wherries"; that of the Guardsmen was 37 ft. 11 in. long.

In June of the same year Osbaldeston had rowed Captain Bentinck from Vauxhall Bridge to Whitehall; he was defeated by four and a half minutes. It may be observed that Osbaldeston is noticed in this (the year of the first University boat-race), as "one of the young hands who have come into aquatic life."

"Young" he certainly was in his forty-second year, if activity counts for anything. He took to oarsmanship with avidity for a time at this period. In 1830 there was a "Grand Randan Match," Vauxhall Bridge to Hammersmith: Osbaldeston with Mitchell and Moulton against Captain Ross with Campbell and Emery; Ross's boat won by twenty-five seconds. Both the gentlemen were much distressed by their exertions. The randan is a craft which has passed into oblivion: the crew consisted of three, the man amidships pulling a pair of sculls to the oars of stroke and bow.

Osbaldeston is described as the "Leading Patron of the Aquatiques" this year; he did much to promote racing among the professional watermen of the Thames, making matches in which he took part himself when he knew there was no chance of winning, and subscribing liberally to purses to be rowed for by watermen. Rowing races in those days seem to have been conducted on principles of elasticity. When Lord Ranelagh with a waterman raced Mr. Cockington and a waterman from Westminster Bridge to Putney Bridge, and his lordship broke down exclaiming, "May I be damned if I can row any more!" Osbaldeston who was accompanying the competitors, pulled alongside, took the exhausted oarsman's seat and finished the race.

Another race in which Osbaldeston bore part took place in the same year;

he, with Mitchell and Williams in a randan, rowed a crew of four in a cutter from Westminster to Putney Bridge. The cutter, manned by watermen, won.

In the summer of 1831 he had built for him " a clipping wherry for randan rowing " though it was not anticipated that he would devote as much time to aquatics that summer as he had done in the two preceding. Nor did he, so far as can be discovered. If he rowed any more races the *Sporting Magazine* is silent on the subject. It may be that his interest in rowing lapsed in favour of the greater excitements of the Turf; but to this we shall come later. Meantime we accompany him home to Hutton Buscel at the close of his Oxford career.

A quaint relic of those Coming-of-Age festivities survives in the shape of a Birthday Ode composed by some local poet. I give it verbatim :—

In Hutton Bushell town as I've heard people say
The squire came of age all on Sent Stephens day
With roility and much fame we lately are informed
George Osbaldeston is his name

A ox he did pervide wich weighed one hundered stone
They striped of his hide and rost both flesh and bone
Another beast was boil'd and twenty fat sheep kiled
Tow hundered stone of fine bread was consumed in the field

Tousunds of people came the sight for to behold
The ox's head hiss'd up and his horns was dipp'd in gold
is flesh was given round and on it people fed
With good old inglish ale and plenty of white bread

The corting and the hall with livery was sorownded
And winter look'd like spring with flowers placed all round it
The people did declare these things they look'd so pritty
The like was never seen in neighter town nor city

The music sweetly play'd and the bells did merrily ring
Full bumpers overflowed to great george our king
And to this noble squire the lady they thought best on
Unto this great lady Mrs Osbaldeston

With joy and to increase and add unto the fun
With prises of great valy foot races they begun
Smocks waistcoats and anketchers was run for all on the flat
George knaggs from Sherburn came and took away the hat

Here's a helth to the squire and long may he live
To injoy the kind blesings and provisiongs he doth give
May his mind be fully imployed invesitring risolution
And hold by support his king and concetution.

" Corting " is the poet's rendering of the word " courtain," meaning court-

yard. The penultimate line furnishes a conundrum the reader must kindly solve for himself if he seek to know how it was desired that the Squire should employ his mind. For the rest we might find better English and spelling in these days, but not better feeling.

It was discovery of the medal, facsimile of which appears on the title-page, that prompted enquiry concerning the accuracy of the date the Squire gives as that of his birth. That medal, as anticipated, was struck in celebration of his 21st birthday.

Apropos the burning of Hutton Buscel, which house, it may be said, was never rebuilt: among the articles thrown from the windows by the volunteer helpers in the work of saving goods, and presently retrieved, was a dressing-case belonging to Osbaldeston. This remained in his possession all his life, and ultimately found its way into Mrs. John Williams' nursery, where her children used it as a plaything. One morning about eight years after the Squire's death, rough usage reduced the box to a wreck, revealing a quantity of papers, which the children forthwith proceeded to throw on the fire. Fortunately, Mrs. Williams' sister, Agnes, came in before the last were consigned to the flames, and rescued them; the papers proved to be £1 notes, the old issue of some Yorkshire bank. How many had been burnt nobody could tell; thirty-five were thus saved.

The incident is worth mention as showing the Squire's casual habit from early manhood where money was concerned. It was his practice to keep funds in that dressing-case, which contained a secret drawer. Nobody acquainted with him would suspect this to be hoarded money! His weakness lay in exactly the other direction: and the explanation is that the very existence of that store of notes passed out of his mind. He might well have forgotten it at the time in the excitement and hurry of the fire; but what other man, recovering thus the receptacle in which he bestowed cash, would have used it for more than fifty years afterwards without the fact recurring to memory? And the Squire, as we have seen, was generally in want of ready money.

The kennels built by Osbaldeston on Beckford's plan were long since converted into cottages, and these are still known as "The Kennels." The local school occupies the site of the Squire's old home.

The records in the War Office Library show that George Osbaldeston was appointed Lieut.-Colonel of the 5th Regiment of the North Riding Local Militia on 28th March, 1809; as he was then only in his twenty-third year his views concerning the manner in which his men might employ their spare time, if anathema to the martinet who commanded, may at least be condoned.

MEDAL STRUCK FOR GEORGE OSBALDESTON AND DISCOVERED WHEN THE FOUNDATIONS WERE BEING DUG FOR A HOUSE AT THORNTON-LE-DALE IN YORKSHIRE

Sent by courtesy of William Cooper, Esq., of Aislaby Hall. *Photograph by Smith, of Pickering.*

He resigned his commission on 19th February, 1811; thus his soldiering was limited to two trainings.

These Local Militia regiments were formed largely from the Volunteers under the Local Militia Act of 1808; they were disbanded in 1816, the Act being allowed to fall into abeyance after Waterloo.

Hare-hunting is traditionally an excellent apprenticeship for fox-hunting, and no doubt Osbaldeston owed much to his early experience with those Southern Hounds from Sussex which formed his first pack; but it is not wonderful that one of his ardent temperament soon became disgusted with them. The Southern Hound was going out of fashion before the day of his purchase: "Sport with such heavy dogs as Sussex Gentlemen use on the weald," wrote William Blaine in 1781, "is for him that delights in a long chace of six hours, often more, and to be with the dogs all the time." These hounds had perfect noses, but their appreciation of scent had drawbacks. On occasion, overcome by the delights that were in their nostrils, the whole cry would sit down on the line and, heeding naught else, upraise their voices in chorus of ecstasy, as the Squire describes; an exhibition of music and emotion which only too often resulted in loss of the hare; "which," says Blaine, temperately, "is by some thought necessary to complete the sport." Such hounds would never have satisfied Osbaldeston.

Of his career as a legislator it need only be said that the whole business went against the grain. He told Mr. E. H. Budd (*Sportascrapiana*, page 30) that he did not like the canvassing part of it: "One dirty fellow approached him in a most patronising manner; holding out his filthy paw, he said, 'Tip us your manus, brother sportsman! We both hunts varmint; you kills foxes, I kills rats.'" Whatever else he inherited from his parents, it was not the effusiveness indispensable to the public man. The sincerity of his indifference to affairs political is proved by his vagueness concerning the length of time he sat for East Retford. He says the dissolution which freed him from the uncongenial task "might have taken place eighteen months or two years" after his election. As a matter of fact that Parliament was dissolved on 10th June, 1818, five years and nine months afterwards. It is permissible to think that he, in the absence of urgent summons from the Party Whips, was apt to forget that he represented a constituency at all; though he might occasionally receive a gentle reminder of his responsibilities from the Press: as when in the summer of 1817 it was announced that George Osbaldeston, Esq., "M.P." was about to take the mastership of the Quorn.

There were two Bathursts in the Parliament during Osbaldeston's time.

As it is unlikely that the gentleman who distinguished himself in the gallery was the Right Hon. Charles Bragge Bathurst, Chancellor of the Duchy, the honour of having attracted the attention of Mr. Speaker in the manner described would attach to Mr. Benjamin Bathurst who, judging from contemporary reports, found something to say on many subjects.

We may pass over those " amours " with the remark that Osbaldeston was not worse than most of his contemporaries in this regard, and a good deal better than some of them. Society took a lenient view of these matters, requiring only that a measure of reticence be observed ; and that measure was liberal. Certain it is that Queen Victoria's stricter standard of propriety was felt to be oppressive ; until Her Majesty ascended the throne no great statesman had been goaded to the despairing cry that this damned morality would be the ruin of his party.

CHAPTER II

Chronology of Masterships—"Ascanbury Hill Woodlands"—Early Days in The Burton Country—Revival of the Hunt Races—Race-horses in Hunter Races—A "Side-show" of the Hunt Ball—Single-wicket Cricket Matches—Best Cricket Year—"Throwing"—Withdrawal from M.C.C.—Trouble with the Notts Cricket Club—End of Cricket Career—The Tennis Matches.

THE Squire gives us a list of the countries he hunted when reviewing his experience as Master of Hounds; it will be convenient to set out here his various periods of office with due regard for dates:—

Burton	January 1810 to 1813
Mr. Musters' country (Notts.)	1813 „ 1815
Atherstone and Derbyshire	1815 „ 1817
Quorn	1817 „ 1821
Hambledon	1821 „ 1822
Holderness (?)	1822
Thurlow	1822 to 1823
Quorn (2nd term)	1823 „ 1827
Pytchley	1827 „ 1834

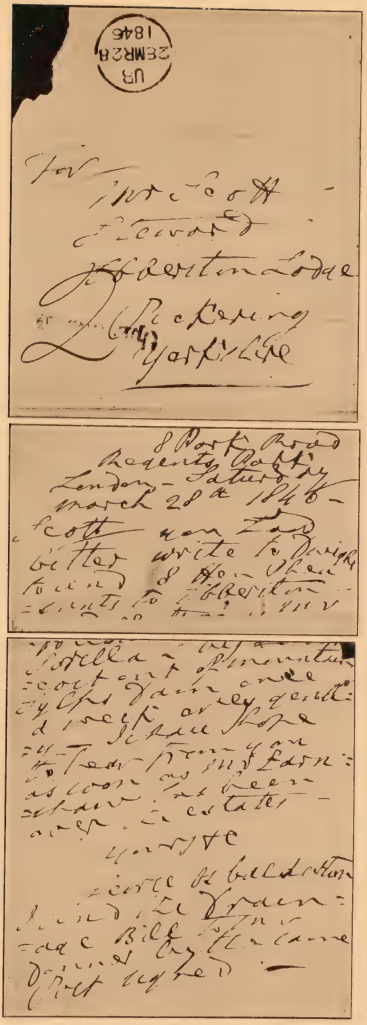
I must add that there is not in the history of the Holderness Hunt any mention of Osbaldeston as Master. Captain Frank Bryant of Camp Hill, Bedale, who has made a study of it, is unable to discover that he ever held office. I shall return to this point later. The "Ascanbury Hill Woodlands" included in the Squire's list is a puzzle. An appeal for information concerning this region made through the columns of the *Field* brought from Mr. Stephen Watkins of West Malvern the suggestion that Aconbury Hill Woodlands, large coverts lying about six miles from Hereford on the Ross road, are meant; but the conjecture of Mr. Dudley Smith, Hon. Secretary of the South Herefordshire Hunt, from whom information was sought, that Alconbury Hill on the borders of the Thurlow country was the region the Squire had in mind, is more probable. There is no evidence to show that he ever hunted in Herefordshire, whereas he may well have taken his hounds into country adjoining that which he hunted in the season 1822–23. The name "Ascanbury" is unknown in Yorkshire or it might be concluded that he at some period did a little spring

hunting from Ebberston. It is on record that Sir Bellingham Graham on 7th April, 1823, gave him permission to draw part of the Quorn country; but for how long he enjoyed this licence does not appear. He would have hunted from 1st November to 31st October if he could, and it is very possible that he killed a May fox or two in Leicestershire.

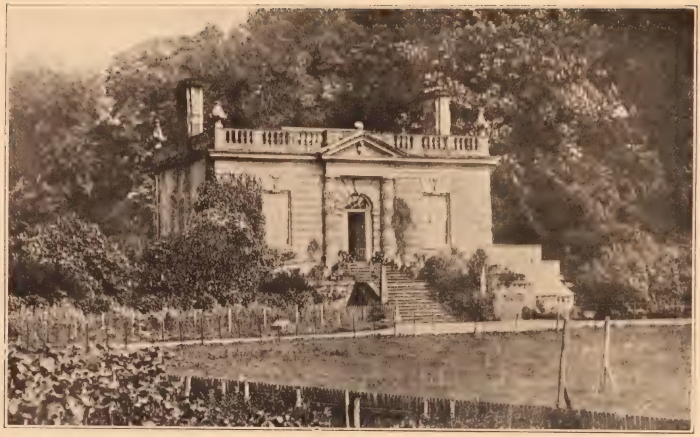
We will now follow again the autobiography.

Lord Monson's death occurred in November 1809, and hunting in the Burton country was consequently suspended. In January 1810 the purchase of the deceased nobleman's hounds by Osbaldeston was announced, with the intimation that hunting would begin as soon as the weather permitted. Here we have an account of the young Master's first day; it seems to have been an auspicious beginning:—"Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds (late the worthy Lord Monson's) on the first day of being hunted by Mr. Osbaldeston, met at Eagle Low-Wood, and after trying nearly half of it found a brace of foxes; hounds ran one of the foxes twenty minutes in covert, when they got him clear off, and ran him to ground in thirty-two minutes without a check.—The fox was dug out and given to the hounds. In digging him out another fox was found in the same hole (a rabbit hole), which was turned down in view; the hounds ran in a grand style two hours and thirty-five minutes with only three or four checks of as many minutes; but it is conjectured that during this rapid chase, the hounds must have changed foxes, from the very great pace they went, as no one fox could have lived with the hounds in such a severe run. All the horses in the field were completely knocked up, and had it not been for the assistance of a gentleman's groom who came up at the conclusion of the day, the hounds could not have been whipped off, there not being a horse able to follow the hounds (who were running hard at that time) faster than a jog-trot. Mr. Osbaldeston hunts the hounds himself, which he does in a masterly style; and from his amiable and agreeable manners in the field, has gained universal esteem with the gentlemen of Lincolnshire."

We may suspect that when, toward the end of the season, the Duke of Rutland expressed a wish to see Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds at work, his Grace thus veiled a desire to see how the young Master handled them. He would have been perfectly familiar with the pack as Lord Monson's. The meet was at Coleby on 15th March; Osbaldeston showed sport "over a fine but severe country which produced a good many falls"; hounds lost their fox "by a false holla from a man who thought it prudent to hide himself." After drawing two coverts blank the Duke and his party took their leave about two o'clock "highly gratified" but Shaw, his Grace's huntsman, was so much interested



PORTIONS OF A LETTER FROM SQUIRE OSBALDESTON TO HIS STEWARD



EBBERSTON HALL

From the Photograph lent by the courtesy of Mrs. Williams, of West Drayton.

in the proceedings that he finished the day; and was rewarded with a run of over an hour, ending with a kill.

Osbaldeston's account of the sport shown by his hounds is borne out by contemporary reports, which, moreover, mention a fact he does not notice; to wit, his revival in 1811 of the Burton Hunt Races. He had made his first appearance as owner and jockey in the previous year, when, at Northallerton Races, he came in second on his horse Tally-ho! by Laurel. The Burton Meeting afforded him opportunities; during the two days he won a Handicap Purse on Tally-ho! beating three others, and two matches, one on that horse, the other on Mr. White's Two Shoes. He did much to foster these hunt races, presenting in each of the three years they survived a Gold Cup to be run for by hunters which had been ridden with his hounds; in the third year he gave a similar cup open to horses owned and ridden by farmers.

The Meeting did not survive his departure; after he left Lincolnshire to take Mr. Musters' country it was not repeated.

We detect the finger of inexperience in the conditions laid down for that first Gold Cup. In 1811 the horse which had been hunted only four times was eligible; in 1812 the qualification was raised to twelve appearances with hounds during the past season;* but this more stringent rule did not suffice to exclude horses which had no business in a field of hunters: the winner in 1811 had been a horse named Ironsides, and Ironsides carried off the Gold Cup again in 1812. Concerning which the chronicler speaks with a voice often heard at the present day: "The sport would have been better had Ironsides been barred as he is more of a racer than a hunter." And "had it been a qualification that Ironsides follow Mr. Osbaldeston's leaps he certainly would not have been entered." Which points not only to the venerable age of the difficulty but also to the fact that Osbaldeston had already made his mark as a straight rider across country.

It would not be worth mentioning the ball held in the Upper Assembly Rooms in Lincoln during the Hunt Race week were it not for the additional attraction provided for the guests; an attraction that reflects the social atmosphere of King George's time: Belcher and Richmond, two of the foremost prize-fighters of the day "gave an exhibition of the pugilistic science at the Green Dragon." Speculation concerning the effects of this side-show on the ball itself is inevitable. How was it regarded by the mother of the young

* The Isle of Wight Hunt Meeting conditions at this period required no less than sixteen appearances with hounds. The stewards of some Irish Hunt Meetings required would-be entrants to prove their jumping powers before accepting them.

M.F.H., who acted as hostess, and the ladies? Did they seize the opportunity so thoughtfully provided to see a display of the pugilistic science of which they heard so much from male relatives and friends and of which the conventions—wisely—forbade them to see anything? Or did they lament the introduction at the Green Dragon of a side-show which proved stronger even than the attractions at the Upper Assembly Rooms? We feel here the need of a Horace Walpole.

Osbaldeston made his mark as a cricketer at an early period. He had always been keen about the game; when his mother lived at Springfield, near Horsham, he used to lie in wait for the tradesmen's messenger boys, and when a lad disappeared into the kitchen George would hide the basket left at the back door and require the lad to bowl him ten balls before restoring it.

He does himself less than justice in his account of the match against Joseph Dennis and Humphrey Hopkins; this was played on King's Meadow, Nottingham, on 21st and 23rd September, 1815, the stake being 50 guineas a side. Osbaldeston gives his own score as 70, whereas others agree that it was 84. Dennis and Hopkins made 12 in their first innings and 5 in their second; but the former was "lame of a finger," which obliged him to enlist Pacey to act as fieldsman for him.

He over-estimated his prowess at single wicket on occasion; as in his endeavour to play, with the aid of a fieldsman, John and James Shearman and Bowyer of the Mitcham Club at Lord's on 19th July, 1813. It was a bold thing to attempt, John Shearman being, as Osbaldeston says, one of the best players in England, and he could not have been surprised at his defeat by 31 runs.

Mr. Phillip Norman, in his *Annals of the West Kent Cricket Club, 1812–1896*, mentions a match played at Lord's in July 1816 between Marylebone and Prince's Plain, one of the conditions of which was that Osbaldeston should not be one of the former eleven. "Why Osbaldeston was barred," says Mr. Norman, "is not quite clear; he had not distinguished himself as yet this season, though later he got 112 and 68 for the Marylebone Club against Middlesex with Robinson. His tremendously fast bowling was no doubt formidable."

I have not been able to find any account of that match at Godstone in which Osbaldeston played to oblige his friend Lambert and took all ten wickets (page 35). It is possible that the Prince's Plain men had that feat in mind when they "barred" so formidable a bowler. It is difficult to suggest any other reason for their objection, and the stipulation sheds curious light on Regency notions of cricket.

1816 was a great cricket year for him; playing for Sussex against Epsom, he scored 34 and 0; for the Old Etonians *v.* the Gentlemen of England, 29; for Epsom *v.* Hants, 16 and took five wickets. His principal achievement in 1817 was to make another century—106 in his first innings for Sussex *v.* Epsom: centuries were rare in those days. It is noticeable that he nearly always did best in his first innings; two exceptions were the matches Surrey *v.* England, and Lord Frederick Beauclerc's team *v.* Mr. Ward's; in the former he scored 11 and 60, in the latter 10 and 39.

His prowess as a bowler did not always mean victory for his side. In June 1816 he captained a Select Eleven of England against another Select Eleven captained by Mr. Aislabie, and the latter team, scoring 210, won by 4 runs and four wickets. In the same month an Eleven captained by the Squire played Lord Kinnaird's Eleven. The betting was 5 to 4 on Osbaldeston's team, but Lord Kinnaird's won by 325 runs against 315. Both matches were played at Lord's.

He mentions a match played by Eleven of England against Eleven of Kent in which "throwing" was permitted the latter (page 35). By "throwing" he means bowling overhand, a method which prevailed more especially in Kent, having been introduced to counter the new style of batting which came into vogue in the early years of the century. In an elder day underhand bowling sufficed to cope with the strictly defensive game tradition prescribed for the bat; but when some enterprising spirit adopted the plan of running in at the ball and hitting hard—of bold forward play, in a word—the bat obtained a superiority to meet which "straight-armed" bowling was invented: this in defiance of No. 10 of the Laws of Cricket as then established, which required that the ball be delivered with the hand below the elbow. It may be remarked that in 1828 Mr. G. F. Knight endeavoured to procure alteration of the rule in such wise as to allow of what we should call round-arm bowling—the hand not to be raised above the shoulder—but failed to carry the M.C.C. Committee with him.

Osbaldeston's withdrawal from the M.C.C. is described in *Lords and the M.C.C.*, by Lord Harris and F. S. Ashley Cooper. The Squire and his usual supporters having been easily beaten in a match, "many who came to cheer the Squire chaffed him rather unmercifully instead, which so provoked him that he took a pen and erased his name from the M.C.C. membership, in doing which he obliterated the only two other names beginning with O. Soon Osbaldeston regretted his hasty act and asked his friend Budd to wait on Lord Frederick and Ward to see whether he could induce them to replace his name

on the books. The latter readily agreed, but the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerc—he of all men—would not countenance such a thing."

The chaff must have been carried far. Osbaldeston was a man of even temper : only in his latest days did he grow irritable and easily stirred to anger : rheumatic gout makes for placidity in none of us, particularly in advanced age.

Another unpleasantness this year was brought about by Osbaldeston's inability to refuse the pleadings of a friend. Lambert came to him with the request that he would make one of an Eleven of All England to play Twenty-two of Nottingham. Lambert had two sound reasons for doing this ; Osbaldeston was the most dangerous bowler of his day, and a brilliant if uncertain bat ; he was also a rich man who would find the £150 stake for which the match was to be played. Osbaldeston was very unwilling to make the engagement ; he told Lambert that he was going to shoot in Scotland and had great doubts of his ability to get back in time for the event, which was fixed for 7th September. Under pressure, however, he gave way, and signed articles with Joseph Dennis, thus pledging himself to be at Nottingham on that date. The articles were signed on 1st August ; on some later day, Osbaldeston, then in the Highlands, wrote Lambert that he could not return in time for the match, and unless it were postponed he declined all responsibility in respect of it.

There must have been a misunderstanding somewhere, for the All England team went to Nottingham expecting to find there Osbaldeston and the £150. He had not come, and in absence of the stake-money it was agreed to play for love, the gentlemen of Notts undertaking to contribute £30 towards the expense of the visitors' return journey.

The match was played before 20,000 people ; the crowd, we are told, would have been even larger had Osbaldeston been present, for he was already a personage in the sporting world ; and the home team won by 1 run and fourteen wickets.

It was thus Osbaldeston's misfortune to offend both sides. His defection may have cost the All England team the match ; and his repudiation of responsibility involved that £150 stake. He declined to pay it, and then the fat was in the fire : the Notts Committee caused their Secretary to write a letter which can only be described as vitriolic, frankly ascribing his absence to an overweening sense of his own importance and, in a word, saying frankly what they thought about it.

Osbaldeston's defence rested on the letter he had written Lambert saying he should not be able to reach Nottingham in time, and declining all responsibility as neither Lord Frederick Beauclerc, Mr. Budd nor himself would be

there to manage the match; but the fact remains that he allowed himself to be persuaded into making an engagement he knew he might not be able to keep.

The accident in March 1821 whereby his right leg was so badly broken made an end, practically, of his cricket career. I find mention of him as a cricketer only twice after his recovery: in 1827 he played for All England against Sussex at Sheffield, and again at Brighton; in neither did he at all distinguish himself. He appears not to have bowled in either.

There is no clue to the date or place of the tennis match against the famous player, J. Edmond Barre. The French champion visited England every year, and as Osbaldeston never throughout his life visited the Continent, the encounter would have taken place in England; and certainly before the Squire sustained the accident that permanently lamed him.

Marchasio, son of the Master of the Tennis Court at Turin, was in London in the early summer of 1817, when he played, at the Royal Court, James Street, Haymarket, three matches against the proprietor, Philip Cox, winning two and losing one. No doubt Osbaldeston's meeting with the Italian took place in that year.

CHAPTER III

The Affair with Sir Henry Every—Early Steeplechases—Hurdle-Racing—The Hunter Shamrock—Dick Christian on Captain Ross as Cross-country Rider—Pigeon-Shooting Matches—Large Bore Guns Used—Osbaldeston's Pigeon Gun—His Demeanour and that of Lord Kennedy at the Traps—Double-barrelled Guns—How to Keep Pigeons for Trap-shooting—Skill as Pistol-Shot—The Pigeon Shooting Clubs—103 Brace of Partridges in One Day—Partridge-Shooting Matches—Lord Kennedy's Feat of Endurance—Lord Middleton's Bull Rivalled—The Pig Pointer.

FOLLOWING still the autobiography, though here it involves going back a few years, we come to that "very unpleasant occurrence" in the Derbyshire country which led to Osbaldeston's challenge of Sir Henry Every. The incident took place in December 1815, and perhaps it is unnecessary to do more than add that the challenge was given not on account of the slight put by the owner of Egginton upon Osbaldeston and his hounds by beating the covert, but—ostensibly—because Sir Henry failed to answer Osbaldeston's note demanding an explanation of a written notice that the Egginton coverts were thenceforth closed to him. For this omission Sir Henry wrote the apology which Osbaldeston accepted; a good-humoured man and no fire-eater, he was satisfied with an apology for whatever offence.

The affair created a sensation in the neighbourhood, as we may infer from the fact that Osbaldeston sent the correspondence he had had with Sir Henry to the Lichfield *Mercury* requesting publication in order to dispel contradictory reports. Sir Henry, nettled, as we may believe, by the appearance of his apology in print, retaliated with a long letter in which he ascribed the failure of that day's sport to the Master's mismanagement of his hounds; Mr. Breary (misnamed Brady by Osbaldeston) rushed into print seeking vent for his wounded feelings; and somebody else chimed in with a proposition well calculated to divert attention from the affair itself; this last writer drew shocked attention to the enormity of which Mr. Floyer had been guilty in acting as second: he was a Justice of the Peace. How did a J.P. reconcile it with the duties of his office to carry a challenge? The question would have given the J.P.'s who chanced to read it food for thought—if they suffered

so novel an idea to enter their minds at all; for manifestly if a gentleman might not act as second merely because he was on the Commission of the Peace, much less might he take the part of principal in an affair of honour. And where were you then? Nobody answered that query; the man who put it was in advance of his age.

As Osbaldeston bought Ebberston Lodge about the time he gave up the Atherstone and Derbyshire countries, the peculiarities of the house with the additions he made thereto may here be noticed. Judged by the photograph it appears as though the accommodation must have been limited in the extreme; but a picture of the house from the front does it no justice. Built on the brow of the hill, Mr. Wheeler (*Sportascrapiana*) describes it as "an Italian villa with a trout-stream running under it, or, more correctly built over a trout stream. Many of the bedrooms were approached by descending instead of ascending stairs, but there were none below the ground level." The stream fed the large ponds mentioned on page 17.

We pass on to those steeplechase matches which did not come off owing to the intervention of friends. The reader may have asked himself why friends interfered to prevent them. It is to be remembered that steeplechasing in England was then in its early infancy and was regarded askance even by the *Sporting Magazine*. "This system of horsemanship," we read in the December issue of 1820, "dangerous in the extreme as it is, has become a favourite amusement with the young foxhunters of the day." Lockhart, twelve years later, when asking Surtees to write on steeplechasing for the *Quarterly Review*, called it "this absurd amusement"; so we may safely assume that the intervention of friends was prompted by a consideration which would not weigh with Osbaldeston himself.

Some of the early cross-country races were run over very long distances—emulating great runs with hounds: in 1814 Messrs. Reynoldson, Harbinger and Duckett ran a "steeple-race" from Stortford in Herts to Coleshill for a stake of 50 guineas; the distance is given as 21 miles. Mr. Duckett won, according to the *Sporting Magazine*, in one hour and nineteen minutes. On 8th March, 1818, Messrs. Paxton and Howard made a match for 200 guineas to race from Nettlebed Wood to Chiney Court, Oxfordshire, about 25 miles. Mr. Paxton won, despite a fall with his horse in a morass, in one hour thirty-five minutes. In what condition the horses were after their exertions we are not told.

It will have been noticed that Osbaldeston often writes of a man as a

" good rider " ; a comment which plainly suggests that a firm seat across country and good hands were uncommon enough to deserve notice ; in which case steeplechasing might well be " dangerous in the extreme " for the majority of those who followed hounds. In this connection it may be observed that the Clinker-Clasher race was " allowed to be one of the finest things ever seen at Melton ; the riders displayed first-rate horsemanship." All Osbaldeston's steeplechases were ridden after the accident in which his leg was broken ; the experience made him nervous of close following in the field, but did nothing to impair the boldness of his riding when he had nothing to dread behind him.

Osbaldeston won all his steeplechase matches, but he was not invariably first in all his jump-races. Major Guy Paget of Sulby Hall (which name, by the way, the Squire always writes " Selby ") has been kind enough to send a contemporary description of the " Northampton Grand Steeplechase " of 23rd March, 1833. The line was " in the vale between the turnpike road and Merry Tom Ford, a mile on the left of the fifth milestone from Northampton to Brixworth ; the finish was at the Cow Pastures near Cottesbrook up a gently rising hill. There were two brooks—and with the exception of a ploughed field about the centre, the whole of the country was grassland, and having some rasping fences in the course of the four miles. Flags were placed at proper intervals. Nine horses started, and in the most beautiful order at a quick pace. The distance was done in fifteen minutes." The Squire on his grey, Grimaldi, was favourite, but fell with his horse into the first of the brooks ; and Colonel Charritie's ch. h. Daring Ranger, ridden by Mr. Sollway, was an easy winner, Mr. Wilson's Moses, Jem Shirley up, being second and Mr. Tibbett's br. g. Enterprise, Mr. Ivins, third.

Hurdle-racing was not a sport to which Osbaldeston was addicted, though, being one regarded by the critics as dangerous, it should have had charms for him. The *Calendars* of that era give only the names of riders of winners, and as Osbaldeston's does not occur among these perhaps it will be safest to say he never won a hurdle-race. The first recorded was an adjunct of the Warwick Spring Meeting in 1831 ; a ten sov. Sweepstake ; 2 miles over six flights of hurdles ; it " attracted much interest as a novelty." Brighton followed suit in November 1833 with a race of $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile with " six leaps over sheep-hurdles " ; this was " one of the prettiest races ever seen." Another in December of the same year was marred by the high wind. As young ladies with their large sleeves, and even carriages, were blown over it could not have been agreeable weather for race-riding.

In 1834 a Hurdle-race was added to the programme of the Pytchley Hunt Meeting; a Sweepstake of ten sovs. for hunters. Five started and the winner was Osbaldeston's Bilberry, a horse he had raced with success in 1832. He was ridden by Stevens; no doubt the Squire's whipper-in. It was not of this particular race, but of one at Brighton about the same time in which three out of seven starters fell, that an eye-witness wrote: "Some fatal calamity is certain to result; the hurdles employed are not higher than an ordinary nursery fender." The trappy nature of very small obstacles had even then been recognised. From this time forward a hurdle-race was frequently an item at such meetings.

Dangers notwithstanding, the steeplechase flourished. In 1829 "the steeplehunt was more prevalent and fashionable than ever"; and by the year 1836 the sport had become so firmly established that we read of "the steeplechase season," and of agitation for the creation of a governing body which should be to 'chasing what the Jockey Club was to the Turf. *Apropos* of which last Osbaldeston was freely named as one, who for the prominent part he had taken in the sport, should be a member. The *Steeplechase Calendar* had its birth in 1845.

Shamrock, the horse Osbaldeston proposed to ride against Mr. Assheton Smith (page 51), was an exceptional jumper. He would seem to have been a shining exception to Whyte Melville's rule that "horses don't like jumping"; for when Mr. Budd, who bought him for the Squire, went to inspect Shamrock at the premises of Mason, the Stilton horse-dealer, he was ridden over two sheep-hurdles, one placed above the other, making an obstacle 6 feet high, and 6 feet wide only. He was an Irish bred one; a beautiful bright chestnut.

Osbaldeston's opinion of Captain Ross as a horseman is borne out by Dick Christian, who, by the way, was his pilot in the Clinker-Radical steeplechase match: "The captain was a poor hand across country without someone to lead him; couldn't make his own running nohow, but go anywhere anyone else went; a bold man, and a good creature he was too. He gave me £100 when Clinker beat Radical" (*Silk and Scarlet*).

The account of that steeplechase given by Osbaldeston would appear to be more accurate than Apperley's. A writer who signs himself "Sir Mark Chase" says his expectations were woefully disappointed. "To use the language of the ring it was but a hawley mawly sort of a scrambling fight, though so highly embellished by the pen of Nimrod."

Osbaldeston's memory played him a curious trick when it suffered him to

write (pages 63–64) : " I never shot a match singly against Ross." The *Sporting Magazine* contains mention of several such ; and apart from this testimony we have the evidence of a couple of his own pigeon-shooting score-books wherein are recorded, bird by bird, the details of a few of his single-handed matches with the redoubtable captain. Here is a selection :—

In 1825 between 21st May and 2nd June, the two shot a 6-day match, 50 birds a day : Ross killed 212, Osbaldeston 209. On 22nd June they shot a 50-bird match " off the table " ; a tie, 21 birds each. On the 25th they shot another under the same conditions : Osbaldeston 35 kills, Ross 30.

As " shooting off the table " seems to have been an invention of their own, it may be well to explain that the competitor himself pulled the cord to open the trap, then caught up his gun as quickly as he might. The greater number of kills on the second occasion shows how their shooting improved with practice.

On 29th June they shot a 50-bird match : Ross 36 kills, Osbaldeston 27.

In 1826 : 100-bird match (two days). Ross being 19 birds ahead on the second day, Osbaldeston gave up.

These scores are fairly representative ; they show that Osbaldeston at his best was not greatly inferior to Ross at the pigeon traps ; but he seems to have been a somewhat uncertain shot. Like many other men he " had his days."

These score-books contain particulars of other matches which deserve passing notice as showing the skill of men who receive mention in the autobiography : in 1825, 13th June, Osbaldeston and " A " (identified as Mr. Arrowsmith) shot a 100-bird match against Ross and Lord Kennedy. The former pair being 23 birds ahead on the second day, their opponents gave up. In 1827, between the 6th and 20th June, Osbaldeston shot a match with Lord Kennedy, 500 birds (five days) for a stake of 2000 guineas. Osbaldeston won with 438 kills to his adversary's 418. This is the " long match " in which his lordship, using a single-barrelled gun, killed 36 birds in succession but " did not win " (pages 74–75). Osbaldeston's longest score of successive kills was 29.

Pigeon matches in those days were shot with guns that bear little resemblance to modern weapons. In 1821 the members of the Old Hats Club were criticised for using guns " of enormous dimensions " ; and what, in the opinion of the critic, enhanced the misdoing, they were percussion guns, otherwise described as " guns that fire without visible ignition," in contradistinction to the flint-locks they were beginning to supersede. Mr. Shoubridge,

mentioned in the autobiography, was one of the first to try a percussion gun at the traps; he said he preferred it to any he had ever used. This gentleman was apparently fond of experimenting with novelties, as we find him a year later using a " new invented gun without any cock to it."

The Old Hats came to recognise that extravagantly large bores were not appropriate, for in 1823 they made rules prescribing the " ultra size of the bore or calibre "; also the charge of shot permissible.

Osbaldeston would of course conform to the club rules at the club meetings, but he continued to use a gun of unusual bore where licence was still permitted. We find him pilloried for so doing. " Mr. Osbaldeston will excuse me," writes a correspondent who signs himself " A Member of the Burton Hunt," " when I say that he may as well carry a field-piece as the gun with which he usually shoots his pigeon matches. Surely this cannot be called fair work when the barrel will admit of a crown piece down its muzzle!" Inasmuch as a crown piece is an inch and a half in diameter, the writer, if he did not exaggerate, judged even by contemporary standards, cannot be held captious; the calibre of the 4 bore is only ·948". He thought Mr. Osbaldeston took unfair advantage of his personal strength, which allowed him to handle a gun too heavy for any ordinary man. This weapon may be the gun of large calibre made by Manton, sold by Osbaldeston for £100 to Captain Ross (page 64).

The Squire's methods at the pigeon traps were once the subject of adverse criticism. Colonel Colvin, of Henfield, Essex, has drawn attention to the remarks of " John Plainway " in the *Annals of Sporting* for June 1827 :—" Mr. Osbaldeston, for a clever shot, is the most awkward and ungraceful that can be imagined. There is neither decision nor ease about him; not a bird must twitter nor a tongue be moved nor a whisper be heard when he is at the scratch. Then it would fidget some people to death—up goes the gun to the shoulder—anon ' as you were '; again up; now it is cocked; now again presented; at last, and after a tiresome pause, ' Pull ! '—then fire; and, to do him credit, nine times out of ten, down drops the bird. But really Mr. Osbaldeston shoots well enough to divest himself of all this ceremony; and is experienced enough not to give way to the irritability and pettiness about trifles he too often discovers." This writer much preferred the demeanour of Lord Kennedy who " acts as though he were in the field and the trap-puller his pointer. He goes up to him, commands ' Pull ! ' puts his double-barrel to his shoulder; and all is over—hit or miss, he is the same and he makes no bustle; in grace and business-like performance there is

not a comparison between the two. I should mention that in this very match the *second* barrel was more frequently called into use by Mr. Osbaldeston than by Lord Kennedy; and to that and a fortunate selection of pigeons is he mainly indebted for his victory."

Perhaps "John Plainway" wrote while smarting under recollection of a snub from the Squire. He describes a nervous, fidgety man which Osbaldeston was not. The last sentence seems to imply that a competitor selected his own pigeons, which is a mistake.

It was the rule in match shooting for each man to provide the birds for his adversary; the Squire adopted the system of keeping the pigeons it would befall him to furnish in a large building where they could use their wings freely, and thus leave the trap more briskly, with stronger flight than birds which had been narrowly confined. The astute Captain Ross lost no time in following his example.

Double-barrels were sometimes used at the traps; when they were it was usual for each barrel to count. In at least one match the plan of trapping two pigeons at once was tried. In pre-Victorian days it was not the thing to use a double-barrel in the field: the obituary notice of Mr. John Holt, of Tottenham, who died in 1831 aged eighty-five, lauds him as "so true a lover of fair-play he would have scorned to use a double-barrel." Mr. Holt also was constant to his flint-lock, as we glean from the fact that he is portrayed holding such. Doubtless there were sportsmen less squeamish; when Colonel Thornton laid aside his double-barrel for the season during his famous sporting tour in Scotland in 1784, he did so for a different reason: he regarded all such guns as "trifles; rather nick-knacks than useful." They were, however, coming into use for grouse, partridge and pheasant-shooting by 1835.

To the modern mind it seems curious that none of those who notice Captain Ross's achievement in shooting swallows with a pistol (page 73) have a word to say except of admiration of his marksmanship and ingenuity; Mr. Denis Lyell states that the eaves of Rossie Castle are a considerable height from the ground, a fact which indicates exceptional skill: but that there was anything reprehensible in killing parent birds in the very act of feeding their young occurred to none. Ross's wager, by the way, was made with Mr. George Foljambe; he bet £100 that he would shoot ten brace of swallows in the day. A more pleasing example of his skill with the pistol is mentioned by Nimrod. A black wafer being stuck on an ordinary playing card backed by a board and set up at 14 yards, Ross hit the wafer 155 times in 300 shots; he missed the card only twice.

The autobiography contains no mention of the writer as a pistol shot, in which regard he was but little the inferior of Captain Ross. As an example, he once took a bet that he would place ten shots on the ace of diamonds at 20 yards; and won.

A word about the Pigeon Shooting clubs which provided the sportsmen of that epoch with amusement during the summer: the Old Hats was the oldest. Founded in the year 1777, the members had no ground of their own, but met at various places on the outskirts of London; Ealing was a favourite resort; Islington, Highbury and North Cheam were also patronised. The event of the year was the competition for the Crunden Annual Gold Medal. Osbaldeston won this in 1826.

The first reference to Battersea occurs in 1822; in August of that year the Common was selected by several of the best shots for pigeon shooting; Lord Foley, the Hon. C. Greville and the Hon. G. Anson are named as pioneers. The Red House Club had two special events annually; the competition for the Prize Gun and that for the Gold Medal. Osbaldeston won the former in 1826 and the latter in 1831; in the latter year he was hon. secretary of the Club.

Where, and with what weapon, he killed nine out of twelve birds at 40 yards' rise, instead of the orthodox 21 yards, we are not told. The feat is recorded as proof of the advantage of using the then new patent cartridges—cylinders of wire or cardboard to contain the shot. Cartridges of the kind had been brought into use in the late 'twenties; witness the Ross-Anson match in 1828.

To the shooting feats he mentions himself may be added one recorded by Mr. Budd, who once bet Mr. Thelluson that Osbaldeston would kill 80 brace of partridges in a day:—"I handed him the gun for every shot. He killed 97½ brace, and 5½ brace were picked up next day; so in reality he killed 103 brace; also 9 hares and a rabbit in the one day."

The place he had won for himself in the world of shooting men may be gauged by the flattering reticence of the *Sporting Magazine* of October 1831. His portrait appeared as "A First Rate Shot," with the comment that it was unnecessary to say whose it was. He had not then ridden the 200-mile match at Newmarket which made his name a household word, but he filled a very conspicuous place in the public eye.

Little need be said of the partridge-shooting matches. They were not frequent, sportsmanlike feeling being opposed thereto. In October 1823 Lord Kennedy and Mr. William Coke, jun., made a match—who should get

the largest bag in two days, the former shooting at Monreith in Wigtownshire, the latter at Holkham. Sir William Maxwell states that his father, over whose lands Lord Kennedy shot, declared that nothing would induce him ever to allow such a proceeding again, as the ground was strewn with crippled and wounded birds for days afterwards. His lordship was a bad man to beat when it was a matter of physical endurance. Some of his feats might have been envied by Osbaldeston himself; that performance in the summer of 1822 for instance:—He took a bet of 40 to 1 in fifties that between midnight and midnight he would shoot 40 brace of grouse on the Felar moors in Aberdeenshire, and afterwards ride to Dunnottar and back, 140 miles. He began shooting at 4 a.m. and killed his forty brace by 8.41, though the birds were wild after a very wet night. He then changed his clothes, started on horseback and rode to Dunnottar, where he arrived at 2 o'clock; rested for an hour and got home at three minutes to eight; thus winning the wager with four hours and three minutes to spare. It is to be noticed that the roads were very bad, with many short, steep hills which were rocky and stony.

Apropos of Lord Middleton's whimsical choice of a bull as shooting mount: his lordship had a humble rival in James Hirst, the eccentric character of Rawcliffe. One of the peculiarities of this man was so fierce an objection to all taxes that he renounced the horse, on which he must have paid an annual tax, for a bull, on which he would appear at the meets of the Badsworth Hounds.

Hirst also trained a pig to stand game, thereby emulating the achievement of the brothers Toomer, who lived in the New Forest, to whose pig the Squire makes passing allusion (page 88). The latter animal was a black sow whose nose is said to have been particularly good; she stood well to partridge, pheasant, blackgame, snipe and rabbit, but never pointed a hare. She became the property of Sir H. St. John Mildmay, who contributed an account of her accomplishments to Bingley's *Memoirs of British Quadrupeds*. James Bateman's picture of the "Pig Pointer" engraved by Archer, appears in vol. 100 of the *Sporting Magazine*, 1842.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON'S HOUSE AT ATHERSTONE ON THE WATLING STREET
From Mr. H. A. Radford.

HALL OF SQUIRE OSBALDESTON'S HOME AT ATHERSTONE
From Mr. H. A. Radford.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON'S FIREPLACE AND BOOT-CUPBOARDS AT ATHERSTONE
From Mr. H. A. Radford.

GEORGE OSBALDESTON AS A YOUNG MAN

From the original sepia Painting in the collection of Mr. Philip Baker, Wildmoor, Alcester Road, Stratford-on-Avon

CHAPTER IV

Osbaldeston a Celebrity before Nimrod's Time—Nimrod on the Quorn Hounds—Strength of the Squire's Kennel—Kennel Methods—Keenness—Staying Power—Mastership of the Hambledon—Hunting the Holderness Country—Mastership of the Thurlow—Shortage of Foxes—Hopkins, the Fox-Dealer—Osbaldeston's Desire to Return to Lincolnshire—Lends Forty Couples to Lord Southampton—His Reputed Dual Mastership not Confirmed—"The Druid" and Dick Christian on the Squire as Huntsman.

IT has been said that Nimrod "made" Osbaldeston, in the sense of bringing him into the limelight. Without denying that the famous writer did much to spread the fame of the Squire, more particularly making him known to the non-sporting world through the classic *Quarterly Review* essay in 1832, it must be pointed out that Osbaldeston had won his place in the public eye or ever Apperley came on the scene. Nimrod's pulpit was the *Sporting Magazine;* the first contribution of any importance signed "Nimrod" appeared in the issue of January 1822; this was the first of a series of descriptions of the Hunting Countries of England; and Nimrod first mentions Osbaldeston in an article he wrote on "Riding to Hounds" published in the January number of 1824, when he comments on a fall the Squire had with Cervantes and remarks that "Mr. Osbaldeston is going on well in Leicestershire and Sir Bellingham in Staffordshire." So much and no more.

Osbaldeston had then been a Master of Hounds for fourteen years; his success in the Burton country had been the subject of eulogy more than once in the magazine, one enthusiast going so far, in 1814, as to couple his name with "the great Meynell, Ward, and Smith." In January 1816 he is described as "one of the keenest, most liberal and capital foxhunters of the present day," with reference to his doings in the Atherstone and Derbyshire countries; and in December of the same year notice is taken of a great run in Staffordshire. In the November issue of 1824, "B——" writes: "The present Master (of the Quorn) is a veteran in foxhunting. . . . He is considered the best breeder of hounds in the sporting world, and for practical purposes no establishment in England can show a better or a finer turn-out at the covert-side."

Nimrod therefore had a ready-made subject for his pen when in June 1825 he described a visit paid the previous season to Leicestershire in these terms:

"When I saw the first pack of hounds Mr. Osbaldeston brought to covert, 'Surely,' I said, 'these cannot be the Quorn hounds! They must be the —— subscription pack hired for the day.' When I looked at them again, however, I saw what was the matter. I saw that the natural powers of these fine animals had been called upon beyond what they were able to bear. To support this call they had been fed till their blood was heated and they were all but in a state of disease. Their skins were inflamed, their coats broken; eyes dull and sterns down; in short they were scarcely fit to bring into the field. Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds have been this season 11½ hours per day from the kennels, besides travelling on Sundays, and were only stopped four days by frost. Next season Mr. Osbaldeston means to obviate this, for he told me he should have 100 couple in his kennel, making four packs, and he should have two packs out whenever he could."

The Master had out a second pack on this day, and of this Nimrod felt able to write in warmer terms; the hounds were "very different to those we had out in the morning, looking pretty healthy and well in their coats, and of particularly fine form."

Nimrod observes that the distance at which Quorndon lies from the best parts of the country involved much travelling for hounds.

The following season saw him again in Leicestershire. This time he strikes a very different note, "scarcely daring to trust his pen while mentioning Mr. Osbaldeston's bitch pack." Each "was entitled to sit for her picture . . . these bitches are quite the thing for Leicestershire; with a scent they can not only get pretty well away from the Melton horsemen, but in case of mischief as they are more than equal to their fox, they can afford to give him a check or two and catch him after. . . . Very fast, they carry a good head and turn quickly."

In 1825 Osbaldeston had three packs; there were in his kennel 62½ couples of old hounds and 27 couples of young ones, which was about the strength of his establishment when he hunted Staffordshire. Nimrod singled out for special mention among the bitches, Vocal by Vanquisher and Mindful from the Belvoir. The famous Furrier was at this time five years old; he is noticed as the Master's favourite sire, a black and white hound of immense power.

Nimrod expresses admiration for the kennel methods, attributing the condition of the hounds, partially at least, to the fact that they never tasted meal less than ten months old. As soon as the malting season was over, the maltster began making oatmeal for the hounds; there was always twelve months' supply in hand. He approved the system, apparently new at that date, of

washing the feet of hounds in warm broth after they came in from hunting; but had doubts concerning the virtue of washing them all over.

It is hardly necessary to offer proof of Osbaldeston's keenness: he was loth to go home without showing sport. After one blank day they found a fox in the Coplow and, discovering it was a vixen, hounds were whipped off; it was then 5 o'clock; but Osbaldeston, remarking that there was a moon, declared he *would* find a fox; and he did. It was such enthusiasm that moved Colonel Lowther to dub him the "Moonlight Hunter"; or, very happily, "*Georgium Sidus*," after the planet discovered by Herschel in 1787, the year of Osbaldeston's birth, and named after the Sovereign (subsequently called Uranus). Undoubtedly a new star rose in the Hunting Firmament when the Squire was born.

Osbaldeston is severe upon the Meltonians, but he spared no pains to show them sport. Thus, on 8th November, 1825, hounds met at the Coplow, but it proved too wild and stormy to hunt. To atone for the disappointment the Master appointed a meet at the Coplow for the next day, and to suit the convenience of those who came from a distance sent Dick Burton with another pack to Owthorpe.

Even his remarkable powers of endurance must have been taxed by the manner in which he hunted the Quorn. It is one thing to undertake strenuous exertion for eight or ten hours as an exceptional thing; it is quite another to hunt hounds six days a week spending, as Nimrod observes, eleven and a half hours in the saddle daily—it will be remembered that the Master generally took hounds home to kennel himself—with, we cannot doubt, travel on some Sundays at least. Yet the only relaxation Osbaldeston allowed his frame during the hunting season was to spend a long night in bed on Saturdays, breakfasting at noon.

In an age not remarkable for sobriety, he was an abstemious man, though he does confess to an occasional lapse in congenial company. His doings are the best proof of this; only a man who kept thoroughly fit could have done what he was able to do.

To his own account of the accident whereby his right leg was broken it may be added that when able to ride again he, unable to draw on an ordinary top, always wore a boot that laced up the side. Whatever he may have written concerning his sport in the interval between his first and second terms of mastership in Leicestershire has disappeared. That he postponed his resignation of the Quorn as long as he could in the hope of resuming office is clear from the fact that assumption of mastership by his successor, Sir Bellingham Graham,

was announced only on 22nd November, 1821, when the season was well launched. As a matter of fact, the two exchanged masterships, Sir Bellingham making over the Hambledon country to Osbaldeston, who, though he could walk only with a stick at this time, was able to ride.

His stay in the Hambledon country was brief and may be briefly dismissed ; a quotation from Æsop's *Sporting Reminiscences of Hampshire* will serve the purpose : " At the beginning of the season (of 1821–22) in November the hounds were under Sir Bellingham Graham's management and advertised in his name ; but after a few weeks Mr. Osbaldeston, who had resigned the Quorn, came into Hants and became Master of the Hambledon in the place of Sir Bellingham Graham, who addressed the landholders of Leicestershire, offering to take the country, and was accepted by them. It is said that when Sir Bellingham was treating for the Hambledon country he asked Mr. Walker what subscription he would get ; and being told ' about £700,' said, ' That will hardly keep me in spur leathers.'

" Mr. Osbaldeston, commonly known as ' the Squire,' finished the season which Sir Bellingham commenced. Dick Burton and Tom Sebright were his servants. Mr. Osbaldeston and Sebright hunted the hounds between them ; they were very handy. When at fault they would divide, so that Mr. Osbaldeston would take one half and Sebright the other, and so they made two casts at once ; but withal they were very unsuccessful in bringing foxes to hand, killing, I am told, only seven during the season. The hounds were not fitted for the country, being too fast ; and from being previously hunted on grass could not get along on the flints."

Osbaldeston's partial disablement sufficiently explains why he shared the task of hunting the hounds with Sebright. " Nim South," in the *Sporting Magazine*, might eulogise his energy by describing him as " two single gentlemen rolled into one," but he could not have been at his best at this time.

From Hampshire he went home to Ebberston and employed himself and his hounds hunting the Holderness country or part of it. He was never, as already said, a duly appointed master of the Holderness ; but the probability is that his offer to show a little sport during the spring of 1822 was accepted during the interregnum between the masterships of Mr. Digby Legard and Mr. Hay. In the absence of his own account of it, nothing is known of this incident —it was no more than an incident—in his hunting career. The only light we have upon it is a letter he addressed to the *York Herald*, dated from Ebberston, 23rd April, 1822. Some attempt had apparently been made to create mischief, for he wrote denying emphatically that he had ever said he " never

YORKSHIREMEN OUT WITH THE QUORN

From the copy by the late Mrs. Arthur Sclater of the original water colour by Parson Hodgson, now in the possession of Mrs. Clough, and presented to the grandfather of Major H. K. Clough, O.B.E., of Boxford, Berkshire

wished to see a farmer hunting with his hounds "; on the contrary, it would always give him pleasure to see farmers in the field and he would do his best to show them sport. Nimrod, writing in 1827 of the Holderness country says, " Mr. Osbaldeston once had a turn at it, but I believe for not more than half a season."

The Squire might claim a certain family connection with the country; one of his great uncles, Humphrey Osbaldeston, having hunted the Holderness in the middle decades of the 18th century.

In October 1822 he took the mastership of the Thurlow in Suffolk, making his headquarters at Thurlow Cottage. This country had been hunted until then by the East Essex under Mr. Charles Newman, who, it is stated, took his hounds into the Thurlow territory only during the two or three seasons preceding the advent of the Squire. In November 1822, Mr. Newman's " subscription pack has been obliged to give way to Mr. Osbaldeston, whose quick, animated style of hunting, extraordinary knowledge of breeding, selecting and breaking hounds; the cheerful, good-natured way he meets his friends in the field; with a due sense of the kindness shown him by the nobility and gentry preserving foxes—added to its being no longer a subscription pack —promise a permanence this country desires and deserves. . . . Some of their runs already have been very good."

The mastership of Osbaldeston was to be anything but permanent; he had undertaken the Thurlow, as he had hunted the Hambledon and Holderness, only until such time as he recovered strength for the far more arduous task of hunting Leicestershire; but while in Suffolk he showed his followers such sport as they had not known before his day. Another writer in the *Sporting Magazine*, after eulogising the beauty of the pack, proceeds to say it was " something new to see them stick to their fox and eat him at the end of an hour in an immense wood so thick that it was next to impracticable for a team of spaniels. Mr. Osbaldeston, with his injured leg in a laced boot, rode a neat chestnut, and went very steadily and hunted his hounds with great patience and judgment."

Foxes, this writer adds, were " very scarce at the end of the season ": which might be read as a tribute to the number of masks adorning the kennel door were it not that Osbaldeston himself gives us to know that the country was short of foxes when he took it. He only followed the usage of his time in commissioning Mr. Budd, on 19th November, 1822, to order a supply from Hopkins of Tottenham Court Road. When an M.H.F. was short of foxes he applied to Hopkins, as the principal dealer; but perhaps did not always stipulate, like the Squire, for " old English foxes, no —— French dunghills "

(*Sportascrapiana*, page 37). The traffic was carried on quite openly; the helpful Hopkins might be found any sale-day at Tattersall's with a stock of his wares for disposal. He sold many to the Surrey Hunt (Mr. Jorrocks's respectful admiration for the "warmint that mortal man never handled," such as he saw hunted by Mr. Lambton's hounds, over the bagmen usually hunted in the Surrey country, occurs to mind), but he had clients wherever foxes were scarce. On occasion he provided a little informal sport at Albert Gate, as on 3rd June, 1822, when four cubs escaped from their basket and all hands joined in the hunt to recapture them.

Himself a patron of Hopkins in time of need, Osbaldeston could not in consistency complain when, during his mastership of the Pytchley, his coverts were raided by an organised gang of fox-stealers and he "suffered to a considerable extent." After his retirement from mastership he played Hopkins himself to special friends. He preserved very few letters; but among these is one from Sir Richard Sutton, dated from Lyndford 13th September, 1842, in which the writer expresses regret for having on some former occasion refused Osbaldeston's offer of fox-cubs and saying he should be glad to have some now if available. The Squire's headquarters were in London then, so the foxes, if procured, would no doubt have come from the Ebberston property.

Nimrod, writing in the *Sporting Magazine* of March 1827, says he understands that Osbaldeston wanted to resign the Quorn and return to his old haunts in Lincolnshire. If the Squire did wish to go back to the country he held the best scenting in England he failed to obtain his desire: his friend Sir Richard Sutton held office and, presumably, knew when he was well off, for he remained in command of the Burton until the year 1842, before which time Osbaldeston's career as M.F.H. had come to a close. Accepting Nimrod's statement, it was only as an alternative that the Squire took the mastership of the Pytchley, his acceptance of office being made known in May 1827.

Leaving for Northamptonshire, he acted with characteristic generosity towards his successor in the Quorn mastership, Lord Southampton, lending him 40 couples of hounds. We do not know what the strength of his pack was at this time—whether he had brought it up to the 100 couples he proposed; but in any case it was an action which entitled him to the gratitude of the Leicestershire men.

The pack, being the best in England, naturally came in for close scrutiny and criticism in their new country. "Hounds," says a writer in March 1828, when Osbaldeston's first Pytchley season was drawing towards its close, "are capital, and lots of them; the bitches have reached the climax, for what was

once called fox-hunting may now more properly be called fox-racing." This writer thought, however, that " there was a slackness for blood in the hounds which might be remedied by keeping them baying at their fox when he is killed a little longer than Mr. Osbaldeston usually does."

I have searched in vain for evidence that would prove the oft-repeated statement that Osbaldeston hunted both the Pytchley and Thurlow countries at the same time, spending nights in the saddle to do it. There is no mention of it in his autobiography, and he would hardly have omitted reference to such dual mastership when summarising his experiences of office. The sheet whereon he enumerates these is intact, and the pardonable pride he displays in narrating his feats of endurance compels the conviction that if he ever did hunt the two countries at one and the same time he would have mentioned it. The story may have its origin in the fact that during the cubbing season of 1831 he did what taxed his powers even more than hunting two countries a night's ride apart. While training for his 200-mile match he used, once a week, to ride from Pitsford in Northamptonshire to Newmarket, a distance of 60 miles, in order to gallop the horses placed at his disposal for the match. He would start after cub-hunting on Wednesday, spend Thursday on Newmarket Heath giving the nags their gallops, and start back for Pitsford the same night in order to hunt his hounds on the Friday.

The " Druid " (*Saddle and Sirloin*) has a comment upon Osbaldeston which must have puzzled many: " When the poets called him ' the very worst huntsman that ever was born ' they had said their worst, and perhaps they were not very far wrong." I do not know who those poets were, and have not thought it worth while to seek them out. It is Dixon's remark, " and perhaps they were not very far wrong " that gives us pause. The writer may have been carelessly echoing as his own belief the voice of the Meltonians, of whom he says " they could not outride him and they crabbed him to make up for it." To attempt defence of Osbaldeston as a huntsman would be to commit an absurdity equal to that of those poets.

His practice of dividing the pack at a check and casting with half himself in one direction while his whipper-in cast the rest in another may have startled the orthodox, but it would be difficult to urge any practical objection to a method which doubled the chance of recovering the line without delay. And doubtless orthodoxy was shocked by his methods at the covert-side, where, according to Dick Christian (*Silk and Scarlet*), " he was the oddest man you ever saw. He would talk for an hour, then half draw and talk again, and often blow his

horn when there was no manner of occasion—always so chaffy. The whips mostly drew the covert while he was talking. Very keen on the sport, though ; sometimes have two packs out in one day : get away with his fox like a shot."

Osbaldeston was at the covert-side what he was everywhere and under all circumstances—a tireless talker ; it may have been an expression of his exuberant vitality, but he was never silent : a family byeword for loquacity even in advanced age.

CHAPTER V

"Matches" a Century Ago—Pedestrian Feats—Endurance of Horses—M. de Saussure's Testimony Thereto—Rattler's Match *v.* Miss Turner—*v.* Mr. Theobald's Racker Rochester—Cause of Rattler's Death—Tom Thumb's Matches—Harry England—Scenes at the Spring *v.* Langan Fight—Dawson the Horse-Poisoner—Bland's Suspected Complicity.

OSBALDESTON'S complaint that Mr. Jackson "let the cat out of the bag" by showing what his American trotters could do is redolent of the atmosphere in which he lived. The man who thus possessed means to make matches and did not make them was eyed with impatient contempt as one who neglected opportunity. In an age when there existed few organisations to provide public amusement people were dependent on themselves; and they varied the staple attractions of cock-fighting and dog-fighting by making matches; some of which reflect more credit on the ingenuity than the wisdom and taste of our grandfathers. It should be said that the words "Match" and "Bet" were, to all intents and purposes, interchangeable terms: when "Mr. T. of Kensington," in 1811, bet 150 guineas that he would drive his tandem full speed against the wheels of the first seven vehicles he should meet on the Brentford Road (and won in 25 minutes), he made a "match"; when Mr. Ireland bet Mr. Jones that he could cover 100 yards in fewer than 30 hops (and did it in 21!), he made a "match"; when an unnamed hero undertook to eat twenty fried eggs within five minutes (and did it without choking), he made a "match." So did he who wheeled a barrow with a specified load a given distance in a given time, trundled a coach-wheel or rolled a barrel.

Such prominence has been given to certain old feats of athletics we are apt to regard these as exceptional, whereas they are rather to be considered representative: Captain Barclay's famous walk of 1000 miles in 1000 hours, for example. Similar performances, generally the achievements of men in humble life, have been forgotten. In 1815 George Wilson, aged fifty, vendor of pamphlets, undertook to walk 50 miles a day for twenty days on Blackheath. He was well up to time when, on the 16th day, the local bench, alarmed by the size of the crowds his doings brought together, withdrew the permission given him. In 1816 one Baker sought change from the excitements of his calling as smuggler in the calmer atmosphere of pedestrianism: he walked 1010 miles

in 21 days on a common near Rochester; and in the following year walked 2000 miles in 42 days on Wormwood Scrubbs, finishing with 9 extra miles to his credit. On his second day's walk he covered 65 miles.

More to the present point are the horse matches. When the horse was the principal means of conveyance it was natural that matches should be made to test endurance. Thus, on 20th November, 1810, Mr. Cunningham trotted his mare, under 13 hands, 16 miles within the hour on the Kingston-Staines Road. On 18th December, 1819, the owner of a horse under 15 hands won easily his bets that the animal would cover 100 miles under saddle within 12 hours; the horse was stopped twice to bait; two 7-stone lads were the riders, one relieving the other at the 50th mile. In the same year a horse and a mare were backed against each other to do 100 miles under saddle. The mare won, doing 90½ miles in ten hours: the horse broke his trot so frequently that his rider gave up after going 89 miles.

It is to be borne in mind that those were the days of sturdy roadsters bred for prolonged travel; animals capable of effort far more sustained than the horses of our day. The powers of the meanest astonished the foreigners who found occasion to employ them: thus Mons. de Saussure, a Swiss, who spent the years 1725–1730 in England and wrote an account of his experiences for the enlightenment of his compatriots:—

"They (the hackneys let out for hire) are excellent. When you travel on horseback in England it is always at a trot or a gallop, and Englishmen hardly know what it is to go at a foot's pace. Soon after my arrival in England, wishing to ride to Guildford, which town is thirty miles distant from London, I went to a horse-dealer and told him I wanted to hire a horse for two days. This man told me that if I had no business to keep me at Guildford I could easily return the same day, and he offered me a sorry-looking animal that did not look worth two crowns. I expostulated, but he told me to let the horse go; that I was not to press and not to stop him, and I might be assured I should be satisfied. In truth I got to Guildford early in the day, stopped there a few hours and was back in London at seven in the evening. My horse never stopped going at a hand-gallop both there and back, excepting on the stones and on the pavement, and there I had to let him walk for it would have been impossible to go faster; but as soon as he was on the roads he started off at a gallop without a word from me, and required no persuasion either with whip or spurs. This little episode surprised me, but I did not know then the worth of English horses."

As our horses were in the time of George II, so they were still a century later before the railway usurped their functions; and the hired hacks being

what Mons. de Saussure describes we may form our own estimate of the horses of better class.

So much it is desirable to say, not only that those who indulged in these matches may be acquitted of the charge of cruelty which might fitly be laid at the door of him who to-day subjected his horse to so severe a test of endurance, but to show that the Squire's proceedings were simply in keeping with the spirit and usage of his time. His account of the trotting matches with Rattler and Tom Thumb may be amplified a little from contemporary accounts. Rattler, while still the property of Mr. Jackson, from whom the Squire bought him, had been trotted against a famous Welsh mare named Miss Turner, 10 miles under saddle, on 25th April, 1828, on the Cambridge-Godmanchester Road. Rattler did the journey in thirty minutes forty seconds, and won. The mare broke several times, but it does not appear that she might have won otherwise. Rattler is described as being " rough as a bear " when brought out.

His match of 5 miles in harness on the Cambridge-Royston Road (July 1832) against Mr. Theobald's racker, Rochester, was a very close thing, the nose of the latter touching Osbaldeston's wheel at the winning post. The distance was accomplished in thirteen minutes fifty-eight seconds. The Squire had backed his horse for £1000 to £500 ; but, as he tells us, there being doubts as to the fairness of Rochester's paces, all bets were declared off.

Driver, the horse of Mr. Theobald's against which Osbaldeston trotted Rattler in the 36-mile match that resulted in the death of the latter, was scarcely 14 hands high. He was a wonderful trotter, having done, it is said, 17 miles within the hour on one occasion. The match described took place during the Newmarket July Meeting of 1832 : the horse died on the evening of the day following. " Obstruction of the principal artery of the heart which, with inflammation and severity of exertion, caused death," was the report of the veterinary surgeon who made the post-mortem. Osbaldeston estimated the loss he thus sustained at £4000.

There is little to add to the account of Tom Thumb's 16½-mile match. It came off on 30th August, 1830. F. C. Turner's picture shows Osbaldeston arrayed in green coat and white tall hat ; the cart in which he drove weighed not quite 1 cwt. From the eulogistic inscription below the engraving we learn certain details which would be held of the first importance ; to wit, that the betting was 3 to 2 against Tom Thumb's doing the 16 miles within the hour, and 4 to 1 against his doing 16½ miles : that bye bets at 5 to 1 were made to a large amount against his having two minutes to spare ; and that he " com-

pleted this unprecedented Match in fifty-six minutes and forty-five seconds amidst the Cheers of Thousands of Spectators."

Osbaldeston's friend Harry England had been a pugilist: when he retired from the ring he set up in business as publisher of sporting prints. The engraving of Turner's picture was published by him.

The inscription proceeds to relate that the first match performed in this country by Tom Thumb was against Mr. England's roan horse Jerry, for 100 guineas, 50 miles on the Brighton Road, in a common chaise. He beat his opponent by four minutes, doing the 50 miles in four hours and ten minutes despite unfavourable weather, the rain falling in torrents all the time. Another match was trotted by Tom Thumb on 2nd February, 1829, when he did 100 miles in ten hours seven minutes on Sunbury Common, "altho' 3 to 1 was betted that no Horse or Mare could perform it under 10 hours and a half."

That last achievement of Tom Thumb was eclipsed a few years later by Mr. Dixon's mare Nonpareil, who, on 27th April, 1836, covered precisely the same ground in nine hours, fifty-six minutes fifty-seven seconds; but under less strenuous conditions, she being taken out of the match-cart every twenty miles and given cordial balls and gruel.

The collapse of the stand from which Osbaldeston witnessed, or hoped to witness, the Championship fight at Worcester so monopolised his thoughts when writing that he forgot to tell us anything of the battle itself. As it produced a scene of turmoil unusual even in that age, it is worth brief notice.

Tom Spring (otherwise Winter) and Langan met on 7th January, 1824: Lord Deerhurst and Sir Harry Goodricke were the umpires and Colonel Berkeley was referee. The two fought 77 rounds in two hours and twenty-nine minutes, for the last hour of that period under difficulties described by Thomas Reynolds, Langan's second: "I feel incompetent to describe Langan's ill-treatment," he wrote. "He was kicked on the back and head several times, and towards the latter part when the ring was full, whenever he attempted to throw Spring, the rascals within the ropes gave every obstruction in their power by placing their knees in such a manner that instead of Spring being under he was turned on top of Langan. . . . One time by the pressure of the crowd I was thrown out of the ring, Langan upon me, Spring upon him; and in this situation a cowardly ruffian deliberately aimed a kick at Langan's side, but . . . it fell on my leg and cut it." Sir Harry and Colonel Berkeley were obliged to quit the ring during the last hour of the fight because "it was crowded

to excess by men kicking, pushing and striking with whips and sticks, Langan receiving more than his share of blows."

It was after this experience that Spring was instrumental in founding the " Fair-Play Club " whose object should be to ensure order in the Ring. He himself had suffered at the hands and feet of Langan's backers, but these being less numerous or less badly behaved, he escaped without much hurt.

We can understand why pugilists sometimes stipulated that they fight on a stage raised high above the heads of a crowd which might include such elements as those at Worcester.

Osbaldeston's remarks concerning the bookmaker Bland betray animus; but in coupling the name of the man with that of Dawson the horse-poisoner he merely echoed the conviction of racing men of the time. It will be remembered that poison was placed in the water-trough on Newmarket Heath on 1st May, 1811, with the result that four horses, of which Sir Frank Standish's Eagle colt was one, died. Others belonging to the same owner, to Lord Foley and to Lord Kinnaird, all in charge of Richard Prince, were seriously affected. A reward of 500 guineas being offered for discovery of the guilty persons, Dawson was apprehended. Killing, wounding or maiming a horse was then a felony, punishable with death; and Dawson, tried on the specific count of killing the Eagle colt, was found guilty on the testimony of one Cecil Bishop, a druggist, who turned King's Evidence. Bishop proved that the man obtained from him 6 ounces of white arsenic, the poison which was detected in the trough.

The name of Joseph Bland was so freely bracketed with that of Dawson, that the former felt it incumbent upon him to face the accusation of complicity; and did it by addressing an open letter to " The Jockey Club and Gentlemen Frequenters of the Turf "; in this he set out a list of the bets he had laid against the poisoned horses, seeking to show that their destruction did not benefit him. Dawson, under sentence of death, affirmed that a previous misdeed of the same kind—poisoning horses in 1809—had been known to Bland, but not his crime of May 1811. Prince, the trainer, firmly maintained that Bland was " in it " with Dawson.

The brother referred to was, of course, " Jem " Bland, a well-known bookmaker and character of the time.

CHAPTER VI

Furrier—Mr. Harvey Combe's Country—Osbaldeston's Abortive Effort to Resume the Quorn Mastership—The Pytchley Mastership—To take the Holderness—" Scrutator " on Osbaldeston as Huntsman—" Cecil " on Osbaldeston and the Quorn Establishment—Conditions of Sale of Hounds—Details of the Sale at Tattersall's—Début as Referee in the Prize-ring—Cannon *v.* Hudson—Ward *v.* Cannon—Umpire for Mackaye *v.* Byrne—Fatal Result of the Fight—Trial of Byrne and Others—Ben Caunt *v.* Bendigo—Thieves at Prize-Fights—Recovery of Osbaldeston's Watch by " The Bishop of Bond Street."

IT is impossible to write of Osbaldeston without mentioning Furrier. For information concerning the pedigree and more immediate descendants of the famous son of Saladin and Fallacy, the reader may be referred to *The Breeding of Foxhounds* by Earl Bathurst. Premising that Mr. Yeatman bought a son of Furrier (Furrier '27) from Osbaldeston, the following pencil-note in the late Mr. John Williams' copy of Cecil's *Hunting Tours*, which probably has not appeared in print before, adds an interesting item to Hound History :—

" When the Rev. H. B. Yeatman was Master of the Blackmore Vale I had occasion to call on him on business ; he was going to have a bye-day and asked me to come with him, so I turned my horse and did so. We had a twenty minutes run and killed. Mr. Yeatman pulled out his watch and said ' Look at them ! Twenty minutes from find to kill ! Tell the Squire of it when you see him. Not a tongue out ; all like racehorses ; every hound of the Furrier blood ! ' "

Furrier stood first among Osbaldeston's favourites ; but he had many others. Writing in 1840, " An Old 'Un " tells an anecdote which illustrates the Squire's trend of thought in his silent moments and perpetuates his opinion of two hounds : " I remember how, in the midst of a conversation which had nothing to do with hunting or hounds, the Squire suddenly exclaimed : ' People say nothing is perfect ; but my Vaulter is perfect, and never told a lie in his life. I'll believe the Monson sort before any man alive ! Aye, before my own eyes ! And Clinker too, is a real Monson ! ' "

Mr. Harvey Combe, who bought Osbaldeston's hounds, is said to have

covered a greater mileage with his pack than any man in England, the seller of those hounds only excepted. The Old Berkeley country in his day extended from Scratch Wood, seven miles from London, to Cirencester; 80 miles from end to end. Mr. Harvey Combe, however, drove from place to place "crossing the country in a gig," whereas the Squire did his travelling in the saddle.

It was not for lack of endeavour that Osbaldeston's career as Master of Foxhounds ended with his resignation of the Pytchley. If he wrote anything on this subject it has been lost. In 1834, on his retirement, he was forty-seven years of age, in full possession of his physical powers and capable as ever of a long day's exertion, and though "circumstances," at whose nature it is not difficult to guess, compelled him to dispose of his children, as he called his hounds, he soon repented the step and sought to retrace it. From the published report of his action against Mr. Harvey Combe, we learn that, at a date not mentioned, he offered through Lord Cardigan to take again the mastership of the Pytchley and the negotiations fell through. Osbaldeston stipulated for a guarantee of £3,000 (£1,500 a year) for two years, and that the Hunt take over his pack for £2,000 when his term of office expired; and it would seem, by the light of a subsequent event, that the latter condition proved the obstacle.

In 1839, we find from a letter dated June 29th, written by Sir James Musgrave, that Osbaldeston sought to resume the mastership of the Quorn, and here again failed to come to terms with the Committee. "I am sorry," Sir James writes, "for the delay which has arisen from the Leicestershire Gents not knowing their own mind. I should have liked to have seen you and the old pack again, and am sure I should have seen more sport with them, unless the old times are sadly altered, than I am likely to do under any other arrangement."

From this it is clear that the Squire had made advances to the "Leicestershire Gents"; that they considered his proposal at their leisure, and in the event declined it. There was before them another candidate in the person of Mr. T. Hodgson, who had that year resigned the Holderness. Mr. Hodgson proposed terms to the Quorn Committee and, Sir James Musgrave's letter tells us, modified these when objections were raised, substituting others which were "so much more reasonable that it is likely they will be accepted." Mr. Hodgson's original demand was that the Quorn guarantee him the price of his hounds when he gave up the country; the Committee refused this, so he withdrew it, and "now only insists on £1,500 paid before Christmas and takes his chance of further subscriptions afterwards." To resume mastership

Osbaldeston must have repurchased his hounds from Mr. Harvey Combe, and it was imperative in his embarrassed circumstances that he get his money back on resignation. Neither the Pytchley nor the Quorn felt able to meet him in this respect; hence, we may safely infer, failure of his endeavours to arrive at an understanding with either Hunt.

Disappointed in turn by the Pytchley and the Quorn, he turned his thoughts in a new direction, seeking the mastership of the Holderness, recently vacated by Mr. Hodgson. He was assured of a welcome; satisfactory replies were received to the customary letters asking permission of landowners to draw their coverts, and Mr. Bentley Phillips, who, if I mistake not, was the Squire's solicitor, wrote him on August 1st, 1839, that "there was a great meeting of gentlemen at the Agricultural Show yesterday and all parties express themselves desirous that you should take the Holderness country." Mr. Bosville wrote that about £1,500 subscription might be expected; and "could he get his hounds back from Mr. Harvey Combe?"; to whom Osbaldeston had sold them on terms so ill-defined that the transaction led to the law-suit to which he refers with some bitterness.

It was over the repurchase of his pack that a hitch arose fatal to Osbaldeston's ambition. He was already in correspondence with Mr. Harvey Combe on the subject, manifestly with the view to taking the Quorn for the third time, and things had not gone smoothly, as we infer from an expression in the latter gentleman's letter of May 1st: "It is not fair to put me in this corner," he writes. There was evidently further correspondence between the two in the interval, but we obtain no more light on the subject until six weeks later, when Mr. Harvey Combe writes that he "cannot accede" to Osbaldeston's request; which, we glean from the context, was that the hounds should be made over at the beginning of November. He had been willing to do this provided sufficient notice were given him and he received for the hounds a greater price than ever had been given for a pack. Osbaldeston, we may be sure, would have found means to pay whatever sum was asked; but he failed to give the required notice; in its absence Mr. Harvey Combe arranged to hunt his own country until Christmas and could not therefore surrender the hounds without breaking faith with his supporters; Osbaldeston was unable to take the Holderness until he recovered possession of his pack, and thus was passed over in favour of Mr. Robert Vyner, who had offered his services; and the Squire's career as M.F.H. was at an end.

He was, without question, one of the ablest huntsmen ever known whether professional or amateur. K. W. Horlock whose pseudonym, "Scrutator," was

THE OLD KENNELS AT HUTTON BUSCEL

LAUNDRY AND SITE OF THE OLD HALL AT HUTTON BUSCEL

[Photo. by A. H. Robinson

well known to a former generation wrote of Osbaldeston and Assheton Smith in *Baily's Magazine* of 1861 as " the two most brilliant stars which have ever arisen in our hunting hemisphere ; in whom every requisite was combined—genius and talents of the highest order—energy and activity—quickness of decision—coolness in action. They possessed confidence in their own capabilities, yet placed the greatest in their hounds. They knew thoroughly well when to let well alone—never interfering with the sagacity of the animals under their command."

The Squire's method is exemplified in this comment by " Cecil " who visited the Quorn at Christmas 1826 :—

" I could not fail to admire the precision with which the hounds drew three small coverts blank, every hound being intent on trying to find his fox. Mr. Osbaldeston spoke to them but little when in covert. In strong gorse he went in with them himself, and spaniels could not have done their work more satisfactorily. . . ."

The conditions upon which the Squire's hounds passed into Mr. Harvey Combe's possession—if correctly stated by counsel at the trial—were undoubtedly of a nature which should have been committed to writing. According to the *Times* report, Mr. Harvey Combe advanced £1000 to Osbaldeston, who gave him a memo. to the effect that the pack had been sold him for that sum ; but stipulating that if Osbaldeston refunded the £1000 by 1st March, 1837, he was to have his hounds back. The Squire did not refund the money ; on the contrary, he borrowed a further £500 on the security of the pack, agreeing that it was now virtually Mr. Harvey Combe's property ; but with the proviso that if Mr. Harvey Combe sold it, he, Osbaldeston, was to have first refusal at £1500 ; and if the pack were sold to anyone else for more than £1500 he was to receive the surplus.

The Squire, casual in business matters, had evidently forgotten all about the memo. given when he received the £1000 ; and inasmuch as seven years elapsed between that transaction and the sale, and three years between the borrowing of £500 and the sale, the terms of an agreement largely verbal might well have grown befogged in the minds of both parties. Mr. Harvey Combe's letter to Osbaldeston, summarised above, shows that the writer was under a different impression as to the terms.

The hounds were sent to Albert Gate on 6th July, 1840—nine months after Osbaldeston's abortive endeavour to obtain the mastership of the Holderness.

I am indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Tattersall for particulars of the sale :—

Lot 1.	5 couples	720 guineas.	Bought by	Lord Cardigan.	
2.	5 ,,	1020 ,,	,,	,, ,,	
3.	5 ,,	720 ,,	,,	Mr. Allen.	
4.	5 ,,	1360 ,,	,,	,,	
5.	5 ,,	32-11s.	,,	Lord Henry Bentinck.	
6.	5½ ,,	170 ,,	,,	Lord Rosslyn \ Resold to Lord	
7.	5 ,,	939 ,,	,,	Mr. Berkeley / Cardigan.	
8.	5 ,,	840 ,,	,,	Mr. Allen.	
9.	5 ,,	370 ,,	,,	,,	
Unentered Hounds.					
Lot 10.	5½ couples	105 ,,	,,	,,	
11.	5½ ,,	59 ,,	,,	,,	
12.	5½ ,,	115 ,,	,,	,,	
13.	One bitch	10 ,,	,,	,,	
	Total	£6814			

The original memorandum of the sale bears among other endorsements, " All those to Mr. Allen were on behalf of Mr. Harvey Combe."

The action was heard on 5th February, 1841. Osbaldeston has told us the result.

His protest that " there was not one sportsman " on the jury before whom the case was heard, betrays some little confusion of thought as to the issue. Had the question before the court been one involving the merits of the hounds and their value, sportsmen would have been in place in the jury-box : but the point for decision as presented by the judge was Whether there was or was not a contract between seller and buyer ? and the twelve made answer that there was none. Nor can we feel that the jury erred when they " were guided entirely by the judge's summing up."

We now follow the Squire to the Prize-ring.

His first appearance as referee at a " battle," so far as I can discover, was on 23rd November, 1824 ; he then acted in this capacity at Warwick when Tom Cannon fought Josh Hudson. A more important fight at which he was referee took place also at Warwick in the following year, when James Ward and Cannon fought for the Championship. This fight was brought off on a stage, and was settled in 10 rounds, Ward the victor. The brevity of the proceedings may perhaps be explained by the exceptional heat of the day—19th July ; the thermometer marked 91 degs. in the shade.

Among the rough memoranda made for his own guidance when writing

his autobiography I find two relating to this subject. One, a single line, "Sparring with Shaw, the Lifeguardsman and breaking his ribs," must be passed over with the remark that Shaw was over 6 feet and stripped 15 stone for fighting, while Osbaldeston was about 5 feet high and at his heaviest rode about 11 stone. The other note touches a matter on which he wrote, but of which his description has disappeared: it reads: "Umpire for Mackay or Mackray killed by Burn. Went from London with 4 horses with Goodricke. Cost me 2 or 300 to get out of it. In the dock with Burn. Prettyman the cause."

In the absence of his account of the fatal fight between Simon Byrne and Alexander Mackay, Irish and Scottish Champions respectively, it may be completed from other sources. The men had met before, in May 1827, at Dunoon on the Clyde; on that occasion Mackay's second took his man out of the ring on the plea that Byrne in the fifth round "went down unfairly": the umpires did not share his opinion and gave the fight to Byrne.

The articles signed on 15th February, 1830, arranged for a "fair stand up fight in a four-and-twenty-foot roped ring, half minute rounds, within 150 miles of London, for £200 a side. The men to be in the ring between 12 and 1 o'clock, or the party absent to be deemed the loser unless prevented by magisterial interference."

The scene of action, the "Tilting Ground" as Osbaldeston calls it, was at this time kept a close secret until the last moment as a precaution against interference by the authorities. In due time a spot near Hunslope, Northants, was appointed; the date 2nd June. The fight seems to have been conducted fairly without any display of active partisanship by spectators. In the 47th round Byrne knocked his man down with a left-hand blow on the throat; and was awarded the fight, Mackay failing to come up to time. Mackay's injury proved fatal the next evening. Byrne with his seconds took flight, but were arrested on the Dublin steamer at Liverpool and brought before the bench.

Then arose a difficulty, which at first sight appears curious. None of the witnesses could swear positively that the man in the dock called Byrne was the man they had seen in the ring. It may not be easy to identify a man dressed in his ordinary clothes as him last seen stripped to the buff, and the defence made the most of it. The Rev. Mr. Prettyman, however, swept aside all forensic obstacles and committed Byrne for trial; with him Cribb, Cooper, Reynolds and Martin; he observed when doing so that there were "persons more highly placed in society who ought also to be in the dock."

It would appear then, that Osbaldeston's memo, " In the dock with Byrne," should be read as a figure of speech.

The five prisoners, principal and seconds, were tried at the Buckingham Assizes by Mr. Justice Littledale. The affair created an extraordinary sensation ; not the court only, but the town itself was crowded to excess with people avid to learn the result. Details of the trial may be omitted. After ten minutes' discussion the jury brought a verdict of Not Guilty ; which was received with " most boisterous acclamation." Public sympathy was all with the man who had had the misfortune to kill his adversary in fair fight.

Regarding the matter from the legal point of view, Osbaldeston, the other umpire and the referee should have shared the dock with Byrne and his companions ; they were accessories ; but contemporary accounts include no mention of their names.

" Cost me £200 or £300 to get out of it. . . . Prettyman the cause." I confess to some curiosity touching the direction in which the £200 or £300 went to enable the Squire to get out of it. Was the money bestowed on potential witnesses whose sight or memory or both was thus conveniently impaired ? There is the ring of resentment in the last three words. Osbaldeston had then been Master of the Pytchley for three seasons and would have known the Rev. Mr. Prettyman personally. He evidently held that courageous J.P. guilty of an unfriendly act which cost him dear.

The pages missing from Chapter XIV may have borne an account of another Championship fight at which Osbaldeston was referee : that between Ben Caunt and Bendigo (Wm. Thompson) at Sutfield Green, Oxfordshire, on 9th September, 1845. This battle was very stoutly contested, the men fighting for two hours. In the 93rd round the Squire gave his decision in favour of Bendigo on the ground that Caunt had deliberately violated the Rules of the Ring by going down without a blow. This verdict was sharply criticised ; it was urged that Bendigo had gone down numbers of times to avoid punishment, without objection : and Osbaldeston's decision was attributed to fear of the Nottingham " lambs " who surrounded the ring.

We may take leave to doubt whether fear of rough usage weighed with him. His greatest detractors never charged him with lack of physical courage.

Apropos the behaviour of the thieves and pickpockets at the Broome-Bungaree fight near Newmarket : a " battle " was always well attended by these. Their absence, not their presence, was the subject of remark. The report of a fight which took place on 9th November, 1824, includes this comment : " Being Lord Mayor's day the pickpockets were at home plundering

the citizens, so that so pleasant a field of pugilism has not been for a long time witnessed." As pains were judiciously taken to conceal from the authorities all arrangements for a fight, the Squire's rather indignant remark that "there was not a single policeman, not even a constable, present on the ground" reads oddly.

He retained his interest in the prize-ring long after he had ceased to officiate as referee, never losing an opportunity of witnessing a fight. On one occasion while in London he chanced in at a Leicester Square resort (probably the room at the back of Nat Langham's public-house), and found himself among a crowd of roughs and thieves. One of the pickpockets relieved him of his watch; and following the customary routine Osbaldeston went to "The Bishop of Bond Street" to enlist that functionary's assistance in recovering it. Bishop was a well-known gunmaker and a famous character in the early Victorian days. In some mysterious fashion he had established such channels of communication with the fraternity of pickpockets that gentlemen who had been relieved of their watches went as a matter of course to "the Bishop," who very often was able to recover the lost property. He was successful in Osbaldeston's case, and announced the fact in the following note :—

170 *New Bond Street.*

My kind Soul,

I have got your Ticker at £8.—Oh dear, what will this world come to, but so it is the longer we live the more we know so we must tick on a little longer. I am Your faithful servt.

The Bishop who saw you shoot 42 years ago, everyone cannot say so good Esquire.

To Mr. Osbaldeston.
The last of Febry. '55.

CHAPTER VII

Turf Career begins 1831—Some Particulars of the 200-mile Ride—£50 Handicap Plate for Horses Ridden—Osbaldeston's Challenge—Mr. Thornhill's 213-mile Ride—Miss Pond's Ride—Mrs. Thornton's Race *v.* Buckle—Osbaldeston's Horses in 1831-32—Lady Elizabeth's Remarkable Record—Reasons for Failure of The Saddler—The Rush Affair—Gentlemen Riders—Details of the Two Races at Heaton Park—Mr. Payne's Statement to Lord Chaplin—The Truth About the Duel a Mystery—The Reconciliation—Curious Incident at York Races—Mic Mac, Mahometan, Mountain Sylph, Currycomb and Camp Follower—Visit to Ireland—Daniel O'Connell at Queen Victoria's Coronation.

THE autobiography is particularly deficient in the pages which must have given us Osbaldeston's experiences on the Turf: hence it becomes necessary to seek light in the *Racing Calendar*, a source of information not wholly satisfactory for the present purpose, inasmuch as the volumes for the first half of the nineteenth century mention only the names of riders of winners; and Osbaldeston won greater fame as a jockey than his horses won for him as owner.

His appearance as an owner of race-horses, in contradistinction to animals run at Hunt meetings, begins in earnest in 1831 with his purchase of The Saddler (page 138). He had run a chestnut colt by Aladdin at the York Spring Meeting of 1824 without success, after which he does not figure again as an owner until 1828. In that year and again in 1829 he won the Welter Stakes at the Northampton Hunt Meeting on his h.b. Don Juan; also in the latter year with the same horse a match against Mr. Hungerford's The Colonel.

With 1831 the sequence of the autobiography must yield for once to the sequence of events, since this was the year of the famous 200-mile match at Newmarket which set the seal on Osbaldeston's fame. His own account of that remarkable feat of endurance may be supplemented by a few particulars from contemporary descriptions, whose number and fulness of detail testify to the interest it excited.

The Squire, during the last weeks of his training rode 80 miles daily at full speed, using horses he had selected for the match itself; wisely he did not try to reduce his weight.

The saddles were covered with sheepskin, wool uppermost; and Osbaldeston, in his racing colours, wore a wide belt stiffened with whalebone; the fact that the topboot on his right leg laced up the side was generally remarked. He started at twelve minutes past seven in the morning on Emma, who did her

GEORGE OSBALDESTON

From the Engraving by J. B. Hunt after Harry Hall from the "Sporting Magazine," Vol. 148.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON ON SORELLA, WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND AND OTHER RACES

From the original in the possession of Mrs. Williams, of West Drayton.

4 miles in nine minutes. The fastest heat was the 27th on Tranby, eight minutes, and the slowest the 31st, which, thanks to the misbehaviour of Ikey Solomon, took twelve minutes. The first 100 miles were completed in four hours nineteen minutes forty seconds, the whole 200 in eight hours forty-two minutes, including changes of mount and the halt for refreshment. Tranby was the only horse ridden four times; the 20th, 27th, 36th and 45th heats. Skirmisher was ridden three times, and 17 of the other horses—28 in all—were ridden twice.

Particulars of the match were published on a well printed card suitable for framing; they are reproduced from the copy found among Osbaldeston's papers :—

EXTRAORDINARY MATCH BY GEO. OSBALDESTON, ESQRE.

This match was performed on Saturday, Nov. 5th, 1831, on the Newmarket round course for a bet of a Thousand Guineas, Col. Charrite betting Mr. Osbaldeston that he did not perform the distance on Horseback of 200 miles in 10 hours, the number of horses being unlimited. Various bye bets to a great amount were also made, one party betting ten hundred to one that Mr. Osbaldeston did not accomplish the task in 9 hours. The distance was performed in gallant style in 8 hours and 42 minutes, including the time for Mounting, Dismounting, and Refreshments. The greater part of the day was very unfavourable, being very stormy and attended with heavy showers.

The following is a correct list of the horses with the time which each took to do the 4 miles. Mr. Osbaldeston's weight including saddle and bridle, 11st. 3 lb.

		M.	S.			M.	S.
1.	Emma	9	0	26.	A horse by Smolensko	8	52
2.	Paradox	9	20	27.	Tranby (2nd time)	8	0
3.	Liberty	9	25	28.	Skirmisher	9	25
4.	Coroner	9	15	29.	Guilford	8	25
5.	Obberton	9	40	30.	Dolly (2nd time)	8	45
6.	Don Juan	9	0	31.	Ikey Solomon	12	0
7.	Morgan Rattler	9	13	32.	Tam O'Shanter	9	40
8.	Paradox (2nd time)	9	6	33.	Eldorado	9	20
9.	Cannon Ball	9	23	34.	Coventry	9	0
10.	Clasher	9	25	35.	Ringleader	8	42
11.	Ultemar	9	10	36.	Tranby (3rd time)	8	15
12.	Fairy	9	5	37.	Ipsala	8	20
13.	Coroner (2nd time)	8	40	38.	Skirmisher (2nd time)	8	15
14.	Liberty (2nd time)	9	30	39.	Guilford (2nd time)	9	10
15.	Emma (2nd time)	9	21	40.	Streamlet	8	50
16.	Don Juan (2nd time)	9	8	41.	Donegani	9	12
17.	Obberton (2nd time)	8	20	42.	Hassan	9	0
18.	Cannon Ball (2nd time)	9	45	43.	Surprise (filly)	9	10
19.	Ultemar (2nd time)	9	0	44.	Ringleader (2nd time)	9	30
20.	Tranby	8	10	45.	Tranby (4th time)	8	50
21.	Fairy (2nd time)	8	8	46.	Coventry (2nd time)	9	30
22.	Morgan Rattler (2nd time)	9	28	47.	Ipsala (2nd time)	9	0
23.	Colt by Tramp	8	58	48.	Donegani (2nd time)	10	15
24.	Dolly	8	58	49.	Streamlet (2nd time)	9	0
25.	Acorn	9	2	50.	Skirmisher (3rd time)	9	40

Tranby, a year later, went to the Royal Stud at Hampton Court and in 1835 was sold for £1000 to go to America.

As a sporting acknowledgment of the service rendered him by those friends who lent animals for the occasion Osbaldeston offered a £50 Handicap Plate open to the horses he had ridden. The race came off on the last day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting that year; eight came to the post, the winner turning up in Lord Lowther's colt by Smolensko, Donegani second. It gives something of a shock to find the field for this race described as "a miserably looking lot."

The betting on the 200-mile match was exceedingly heavy; large sums were laid against it being accomplished within nine hours, one sceptic, as that card tells us, going so far as to bet 1000 to 1.

There were, on the other hand, persons who depreciated the performance, for not long afterwards Osbaldeston issued the following challenge to "any man in the world, of any age, weighing or carrying my weight, to ride any distance he prefers from 200 to 500 miles for £20,000; but if he will ride only 200 or 250 miles I will ride for £10,000. Or I will ride against the jockey of 7 stone whom they talk of backing to ride 200 miles in 8 hours receiving 30 minutes for the difference between 7 stone and 11 stone. Or I'll take £10,000 to £3000 or £20,000 to £6000, that I ride 200 miles in 8 hours, which it must be allowed would be a wonderful performance for 11 stone odd, and I think almost impossible; at least a single accident would lose me the match, and I should scarcely have time to mount and dismount. I am always to be heard of at Pitsford near Northampton. G. Osbaldeston, November 19, 1831."

Nobody took him up. Who was the 7-stone jockey "they talk of backing to ride 200 miles in eight hours" does not appear.

As a feat of human endurance the one most nearly approaching the Squire's was that performed on 29th April, 1745, thus described in the *Gentleman's Magazine* :—"Mr. Cooper Thornhill, innkeeper at Stilton, set out from thence at 4 o'clock this morning to ride to London, and came to the King's Arms over against Shoreditch Church ten minutes before eight. He turned back immediately for Stilton and from thence came again in good spirits to Shoreditch, the whole being 213 miles, which he was to perform with several horses in 15 hours for a considerable bett of his own money and large sums laid by Gentlemen."

Another performance much quoted in this connection is Miss Pond's ride of 1000 miles in 1000 hours at Newmarket in 1758.

Osbaldeston's conjecture that in her race against Buckle at York Mrs.

Thornton " must have had a considerable advantage either in the superiority of her horse or in the weights " is correct in the latter sense. This match came off in 1805, a year after the notorious quarrel arising out of a race between the lady and her brother-in-law, Mr. Flint. Mrs. Thornton rode Louisa, 9 st. 6 lb. and Buckle Mr. Bromford's Allegro, 16 st. 6 lb., 2 miles. A difference of 7 stone did confer an advantage on the lady !

Turning now to the Squire's doings on the Turf : in 1831 he had a good one in Apuntador, by Blacklock ; this horse won four of the seven races in which he started. Osbaldeston rode him in the Oatlands Stakes, also in a dead heat with Camillus at Ascot.

The best of the stud in 1832 was Bilberry : he ran twelve times and won five of his races, including matches at Ascot, Bibury and Heaton Park in his owner's hands. Of the other six horses which formed the string, Streamlet, who had been ridden in the 200-mile match, won both the races in which she started, ridden by Major Bouverie, who sometimes had the mount on Osbaldeston's nags.

It would have been interesting to hear the views of her owner on his Lady Elizabeth, by Lottery : in 1833, her 5-year-old season, she ran 24 races and won 14, including King's Plates at Doncaster and Winchester. Osbaldeston rode her in several of her winning events. This wonderful record was made under weights varying from 8 st. 9 lb. to 11 st. 7 lb. It should be noticed that in her journeyings from meeting to meeting she covered over 900 miles during the season. The van for the racehorse, it will be remembered, was only brought into fashion after Elis, conveyed thus to Doncaster, won the St. Leger of 1836. Lady Elizabeth's successes were for the most part at provincial meetings ; thus, at Taunton she won all the three races in which she was started.

The Squire's memory was at fault when he wrote that The Tutor " was only two from the leaders and must have won the St. Leger of 1833 " (page 141). As a matter of fact his horse was not among the first six (*The History of the Great St. Leger*).

The Saddler, described by a contemporary critic as " the sweetest horse that ever looked through a bridle," won but one race in 1833. Osbaldeston, or his trainer, would appear to have exercised little judgment in running him, for we read that " he was started for almost everything within his reach after winning his match with Protocol at the Newmarket Craven of 1832 (he was then Mr. Wagstaffe's property) and without the slightest regard to his condition. In consequence he was frequently beaten." Of his three races in 1834 The

Saddler won one, a match against Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus at the Newmarket Craven.

Swing, by Fitzwalton, was another horse who did well in 1834. Osbaldeston bought him after he, in Colonel Charritie's colours, won the Billesdon Coplow Stakes at Croxton Park. He ran ten times afterwards and won four of his races, Osbaldeston up in three of them. In this year the Squire made his first bid for The Oaks, with his Sister to Benedict; she was not placed.

Of the "Rush Affair" in 1835 Osbaldeston leaves something to be said. It may be noticed that Lord Wilton was reported to be "a little disappointed at the scarcity of horses" at the meeting of 1834; a fact which suggests that owners not in the charmed circle were beginning to look doubtfully upon it; thus lending colour to the Squire's assertion that doubts were felt concerning the impartiality of the handicapper. The remedy adopted by Lord Wilton was the introduction of races open to professional jockeys, the events theretofore having been, as Osbaldeston says, confined to gentleman riders.

Parenthetically it may be remarked that the term "Gentleman Rider" was variously interpreted, and with some flexibility. For the Anglesey Stakes at Goodwood the qualification was clear enough: "Officers of the Army or Navy or members or sons of members of White's, Brooks's, Boodle's, Jockey, Goodwood, Eglinton Park, Heaton Park, Bibury or Croxton Park Clubs"; but this was too restrictive for many meetings, and the question, What constitutes a G.R.? was a fruitful source of perplexity. Harriette Wilson's definition, "A man who has no ostensible means of getting his bread and can keep his hands out of his breeches pockets," may have been helpful to stewards confronted with a delicate problem; but there were always dubious cases, and not always a lenient Lord Derby to decide that an aspirant might pass because he spoke French and wore a gold ring.

This, by the way; we have to notice the Rush Affair. Osbaldeston is perfectly frank in describing the business: he tricked those watchers at the trial with Marson's mare, his object being to secure a light handicap for Rush; he gives us clearly to understand that he pulled the horse in that first race, the Manchester Stakes, at Heaton Park, and held himself justified of the proceeding by reason of the favour shown, it was firmly believed, by the handicapper to horses owned by the guests at Heaton Hall.

It will simplify matters to take from the *Calendar* the details of the two races in which Rush was engaged:—

THURSDAY (24th Septr.). The Manchester Stakes of 20 sov. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100L. added by the Town; one mile and a half. (11 subs., 7 of whom paid only 5 sov. each.)

Mr. Richardson's b. f. Lady de Gros, 4 yrs. old, 11 st. 9 lbs. (Lord Wilton) 1
Mr. Hobson's ch. c. Whitefoot, 4 yrs. old, 10 st. 9 lbs. 2
Mr. Dawson's b. c. Morpeth, 4 yrs. old, 10 st. 9 lbs. 3
Mr. Ruthven's ch. c. Rush by Humphrey Clinker x Vermilion 4 yrs. old, 10 st. 9 lbs. 4

FRIDAY (25th Septr.). A Gold Cup given by the Town of Manchester, added to a handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sov. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared; for four years old and upwards, the owner of the second horse received 20 sov. from the stakes; the St. Leger Course. (39 subs., 28 of whom paid only 5 sov. each.)

Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. Rush by Humphrey Clinker, 4 yrs. old, 10 st. 2 lbs. (Owner) 1
Mr. Richardson's b. f. Lady de Gros, 4 yrs. old, 12 st. 2 lbs. 2
Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. Giovanni, aged, 12 st. 12 lbs. 3
Mr. Robinson's b. g. Solon, 5 yrs. old, 10 st. 12 lbs. 4

Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, 5 yrs. old, 12 st. 2 lbs.; Mr. Hebden's b. m. Lustre, 5 yrs. old, 11 st.; Mr. Hobson's ch. c. Whitefoot, 4 yrs. old, 11 st.; Mr. Buckley's b. c. Intruder, 4 yrs. old, 10 st. 12 lbs.; Col. Gilbert's b. f. Goldfringe, 4 yrs. old, 10 st. 10 lbs.; Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Darius, 4 yrs. old, 10 st. 7 lbs.; and Mr. Lacey's ch. g. Vulpes, 4 yrs. old, 10 st. 10 lbs., also started but were not placed.

2 to 1 against Rush and 5 to 1 against any other.

The *General Stud Book* confirms the *Calendar* in giving the dam of Rush as Vermilion. The horse had won two Royal Plates at the Curragh that year, 1835, in the colours of Mr. Watts; it will be noticed that on the first day at Heaton Park he ran in those of Mr. Ruthven.

There was some confusion in the writer's mind when he stated that he did not attend the Newmarket October Meeting that year because he had to cub-hunt his hounds. He sold them in 1834 when he resigned the mastership of the Pytchley, more than a year before. We must bear in mind that he was an old man when he wrote of this matter—it falls near the end of the MS. finished in 1862 and he was then in his seventy-fifth year; and he obviously misapplied recollection of a regular practice to this particular case.

As regards the duel with Lord George Bentinck: it is clear that opinion

generally was against Osbaldeston in the affair, though he does not seem to recognise this himself. He was hurt by Mr. Payne's refusal to ask Lord George for the £200, but read no meaning into the refusal. The same gentleman declined to act as second; and Colonel Dacre having agreed to do so withdrew his assent next day "without giving any reason." It needs no great penetration to guess Colonel Dacre's reason; in the interval he had learned that Osbaldeston was in the wrong and, like Mr. Payne, was not disposed to be involved in the business. The interesting note furnished by Sir Theodore Cook to this passage in the autobiography in the *Field* puts the opinion of the time beyond doubt :—

"The late Lord Chaplin, also known as 'the Squire' by his intimates, had a conversation on the subject with George Payne at Sulby Hall, which has fortunately been preserved; and on Lord Chaplin's authority, this is what George Payne said :

"'The night before the duel I went to the Portland Club, where I had run Osbaldeston to earth at last, for he had avoided me for days. With great difficulty I got him away from the card-table and walked him up and down outside for two hours, arguing with him to drop it. Osbaldeston said : "It's no good, George; he said it was a damned robbery, and as sure as you stand there I will shoot the beggar dead to-morrow morning, or rather, this morning, for it's after midnight." I replied : "Osbaldeston, you and I are very old friends; you know Bentinck was right; it was a damned robbery; and if you kill Lord George to-morrow there will not be a single gentleman in England who will ever speak to you again." Osbaldeston looked at me and turned and left me without a word. Later on that morning he missed Bentinck.'"

"Lord Chaplin was of the opinion that George Payne must have told Lord George Bentinck afterwards of this conversation. Lord George knew he was going to his death, not for any paltry bet of 200 guineas, but for those principles of clean betting which were his ruling passion on the Turf; for he knew that so fine a shot as Osbaldeston could never have missed him at twelve paces under any circumstances; and the feeling that Osbaldeston had acted deliberately in the matter was no doubt one motive in Lord George's offer of 'the olive-branch,' recorded at a later date. Clearly, the whole truth can never be known."

Osbaldeston professes his conviction, born of the slightness of the recoil, that the pistol handed him was not loaded with ball. If he were right Lord George's also contained only a blank charge. But then we have to account for Colonel Anson's "nervousness"—so great that he could not load the weapons!—and his manœuvre in requiring Osbaldeston to "look at him"

REV. JOSEPH ARKWRIGHT, OF MARK HALL, HARLOW, ESSEX, MASTER OF THE ESSEX HOUNDS FROM 1857 TO 1864

From the original by Joshua Dighton, of 6, St. Michael's Terrace, Pimlico, in the collection of Lieut.-Colonel F. F. Colvin, of Henfield.

HENRY JOHN CONYERS, OF COPT HALL, ESSEX, MASTER OF THE ESSEX HOUNDS 1805-8, 1818-53

From the Painting by Richard Dighton (of 5, Hugh Street, West Eccleston Square), in the collection of Lieut.-Colonel F. F. Colvin, of Henfield.

while standing in such a position that the challenger could not obtain a fair shot when the word to fire was given. Putting blank charges in pistols would try the nerves of no man; and Colonel Anson's alleged endeavour to baulk Osbaldeston of a fair shot was futile if the charges were blank. In *The Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck* it is stated that the colonel required *both* men to "look at him"; also that Osbaldeston's bullet went through Lord George's hat. It is idle to try to probe the matter; as Sir Theodore Cook says, the whole truth can never be known.

It is a little curious that the Squire, when referring to the reconciliation between himself and his whilom foe, should have omitted mention of one incident which reflects equal credit upon both. In 1843, seven years after the bloodless encounter on Wormwood Scrubbs, Osbaldeston rode in the Andover Stakes at Bibury Lord George Bentinck's mare Bellisima; and won, beating among others his own horse The Devil Among the Tailors. In thus inviting the Squire to take the mount his lordship gave the most practical and appropriate proof of restored confidence; in accepting it Osbaldeston was true to himself; he took the extended hand and put the past behind him. He had his faults like the rest of us, but bearing malice was not one of them. It does not follow, of course, that Lord George had come to regard the Squire with affection; but it does show a spirit for which the latter does not give him credit.

In 1836 Osbaldeston made an unsuccessful bid for the Derby and St. Leger with his Ebberston. This horse contributed his share of the spoils by winning the Column Stakes and a race at Stockbridge. Pocket Hercules ran twice at Heaton Park and won both events. Five horses, to sum the matter up, ran in twenty races and won seven of them. Rush ran three times but did nothing.

A curious incident occurred at York this year. The last race of the day, a 5 sov. sweepstake, was so late in starting that the judge protested his inability to see the colours. The stewards, however, required that it be run, and the judge accordingly left his chair and took up a position on the course, where he might see better. He awarded the race to Osbaldeston's Whitefoot, ridden by Mr. Kent, and the owner of the second lodged an objection on the ground that the judge "was not in the chair." Singular as it seems, this objection was recognised as valid by the stewards and they ordered the race to be run again. Osbaldeston took the case to the Jockey Club, who naturally reversed the judgment of the York stewards, holding thus that in technically "leaving the chair" the judge had done what his duty required.

In 1837 with seven horses running twenty-nine races Osbaldeston won five, three of them with Mic Mac; his candidates for the Derby, Oaks and St. Leger were unplaced. Mahometan in his 4-yr.-old season, 1838, did better, winning

in his owner's hands the Bibury Stakes and Bibury Cup. The two following years, 1839 and 1840, were not memorable for successes; Mountain Sylph, by Belshazzar ex Sister to Incognita, unplaced in the St. Leger of 1840, won three of the eleven races for which she was started in her 4-yr.-old season; at Croxton Park, Bibury and Goodwood; and all three, be it noted, in Osbaldeston's hands.

In 1841 among the seven which made up his string the Squire had a useful one in Currycomb, by The Saddler; this horse ran fourteen times during the season, and in three of his winning races Osbaldeston rode him. Camp Follower was the most successful of the eight running in 1842. Of four races she won two, ridden by her owner. He made one of his long shots this year, standing to win £20,000 on Brother to Cantle for the Derby. The horse did not start.

A mutilated sheet of the autobiography bears an account of a visit paid by Osbaldeston to Ireland in order to ride at the Howth Park Meeting, where amateur jockeys only were allowed. Beyond the facts that he was Lord Howth's guest and he received a cordial reception from the "Paddies," there is nothing to be learned from the remnant.

I conclude this chapter with one of Osbaldeston's stray memoranda, the period being appropriate, though the subject is remote from the Turf, relating as it does to an historical character seen by the Squire at Queen Victoria's coronation, at which he was present ("Saw in a window a ticket advertised for £50"). He notes that he "spent from 4 a.m. to 7 p.m. in the Abbey with nothing to eat"; then, after some similar brevities respecting the uniforms and dresses which made the splendour of the scene, he writes in full an impression:—

"Among those in the House of Commons Gallery I noticed a man in a fancy dress who made himself very conspicuous by constantly standing up while his fellow members were seated. Perhaps some of my readers will anticipate his name—the notorious Dan O'Connell. As their gallery was immediately opposite the Queen's throne I've no doubt his object was to attract her notice, which he did. He wore a brown wig which was dressed in a most extraordinary fashion, curled all round except in front, exactly like a state coachman's. His coat was cut very like a Quaker's and the colour exactly corresponded with his wig. Had not the buttons been of a glittering kind he must have been taken for a Quaker. He was a rather stout and very vulgar-looking personage."

CHAPTER VIII

Osbaldeston's Letters to his Steward, Scott—His Trainers—Brood Mares and Young Stock at Ebberston—Horses in Training brought South—Racing and Coal—The Squire's Varying Moods—Rascality on the Turf—Boring for Coal—Sorella Beaten for The Oaks—Losses on the Running Rein-Orlando Trial—Endeavours to Borrow—Anxiety lest Discovery of Coal be Concealed—The Sorella-Venus Match—Anxiety concerning Warrener's Probity—Promises to Scott—Brood Mares at Ebberston—An Early Steam-plough.

WITH the year 1843 is opened to us a new and most interesting mine of information, in the shape of a series of letters written by Osbaldeston to his steward, George Scott, at Ebberston. These, preserved by Scott, as became a business man, extend over the period 1843–1848; the years that witnessed the Squire's increasing embarrassments and the sacrifice of his property. They are numerous and lengthy; needlessly lengthy, for the Squire had a vexatious habit of repeating himself which does nothing to enhance the clarity of his communications.

The letters do more than enlighten us concerning the writer's doings on the Turf (if he continued to follow hounds there is no hint of it in any one of them); they enable us to form some idea of the man himself otherwise than as a sportsman. Superhuman in that character, in others he was very human indeed; and his letters are as interesting by reason of the light they shed on his weaknesses as for the information they afford anent his doings.

Osbaldeston bared his soul to Scott as to an intimate friend who knew all concerning his most intimate private affairs, and in whom he placed implicit confidence. And it is due to Scott to say that he deserved confidence: he seems to have been devoted to his employer's interests, doing his utmost in the face of great difficulties to develop the resources of the estates; and, if we read correctly between the lines of the Squire's letters, trying to check the reckless career whose end he must have foreseen. Scott suspected the existence of minerals and fired Osbaldeston's ambition to discover them; he started lime-kilns, brick-and-tile-works, and, turning to account the timber, made contracts for the sleepers in demand by builders of the railways then beginning to spread over the country. For these undertakings money was required;

and money was hard to come at, though the Squire did not hesitate to adopt his usual expedient when the mineral prospecting enterprise had gripped his imagination : " We will not stand still for want of money," he writes on May 25th, 1844, " as I can always borrow."

His headquarters were now in London. In January 1843 he was living at No. 8 Park Road, Regent's Park ; here he dwelt until July 1847, when he moved to No. 21 North Bank, in the same district. He subsequently lived at various places in the southern counties before he finally took up his abode in London ; but to these changes of residence we shall come later.

For some time his horses had been trained by Frank Butler in Yorkshire ; dissatisfied with results, he took them away and, as he tells us, had them trained by his own man, Stebbings at Ebberston. The letters reveal serious trouble with Stebbings ; matters came to a climax at Newmarket in October 1843 after the trial of a 2-yr-old named Escrick : " It appears that I have been deceived about him," he writes, " and in consequence I could not refuse to give Stebbings a good character, as I could prove nothing. But his ruffianly abuse almost made me lose my temper." He advises Scott to " take Thurkill (a gamekeeper) with you when you go to settle accounts with Stebbings at Hambleton in case he offers you any violence." Again, on 26th October, Scott is desired to see about Stebbings' account and take over the horses ; on this errand he is to take the policeman at Pickering with him, " as I am certain he will say something to you and it will be a check on him." Osbaldeston mentions, but with evident scepticism as to prospects of recovery, that Stebbings owes him a bet of £25.

The new trainer, John Warrener, took up his work at Ebberston to begin with. There was no suitable gallop on the estate, therefore Osbaldeston himself marked one out on a tract called the Warren and bade Scott have it prepared. Warrener carried on as best he could for a year or two, and then Osbaldeston brought his horses in training south to Ilsley in Warrener's charge, the brood mares and young stock remaining in Yorkshire. This outline of the arrangements is necessary to the understanding of his letters to Scott.

In 1843 the Squire had eight horses running. Of these mention may be made of the 4-yr.-old The Devil Among The Tailors, by The Saddler ex Fickle, who started thirteen times and won four of his races including the Innkeepers' Plate (W. Day up) at Goodwood, and a match against Parade at Newmarket. Sister to Martingale by The Saddler, dam by Partisan, ran five times in this her 2-yr.-old season, and calls for notice as the mare who, as Sorella, became a special favourite of her owner. She ran a dead heat in the Bretby Stakes this year and was twice second.

The earlier letters indicate Osbaldeston's interest in planting operations which Scott had in hand at Ebberston; but this soon fades from sight before the alluring prospects of wealth brought to life by the hope of making those mineral discoveries. Anticipations of finding coal which should restore and enlarge his fortune filled Osbaldeston's mind in these days; only racing overshadowed it. In fact when dealing with this correspondence it is impossible to dissociate racing from coal.

A prominent trait in Osbaldeston's character was the ease with which he was swayed. This comes out very clearly in his letters: an encouraging line from Scott exalts him into the realms of bliss; a line in the contrary sense depresses him to the depths. Thus on 13th February, 1843, he "is most happy to hear of the coal prospects. I begin to feel most sanguine"; ten days later, "I begin to despair about the coal. I believe the borers have gone through coal and never let us know it." The next sentences of this latter communication betray the vein of suspicion which constantly appears in various connections: "It is to their interest not to find coal. Being Dodd's men of course he would not wish it because he knows it would interfere with his colliery." He now proposes to send to Staffordshire for someone to inspect the workings; to "see if they have found coal and are keeping the fact a secret. I am very uneasy about it." Then he expresses the haunting conviction which was in such singular contrast to his invincible optimism: "Bad luck always pursued me and will till my death even if I live to be 100. Anyone else would pop on the coals directly but we shall never find them whilst I hold Ebberston and Allerton."

Perhaps this spirit of distrust had been engendered by costly experience: "Nobody was ever so robbed as I have been," he writes Scott. He is not to be adjudged of suspicious temperament because always fearful lest rogues tamper with his horses; there was only too good reason to fear mischief in those days when racing was carried on in a miasma of knavery; every owner was obliged to take stringent precautions when rascality flourished. This from *Bell's Life* on the Derby horses of 1844:—

"The Sir Tatton party, to prevent mischief, had one of the detective force to guard the stable at Headley, and the number of suspicious characters about proved the wisdom of the precaution. The Fancyboy party did the like; the lad slept in the stable with a string fastened to his leg, the other end of which was attached to the window, which thus could not be opened without waking him. Pyrrhus, Humdrum and others were, alike, well guarded. To such a pass racing has come when such expedients are required to secure fair play!"

Osbaldeston, naturally trustful, as we are assured by those who knew him well, had grown suspicious; fearful lest he be defrauded and deceived.

The rental of the Ebberston and Allerton estates amounted to something under £6000 a year, and this was absorbed by interest on mortgages. Other sources of supply were, to speak temperately, uncertain; thus, on 2nd May, 1845: "I am most happy to find that the Lime Kilns are likely to be most profitable. If we are lucky with the horses this summer perhaps we can afford to build two more kilns." Well for him had he put lime-kilns first and made racing dependent on their success instead of reversing the process! The mining enterprise was another thing: there is in boring for minerals an element of chance; it is in the nature of a gamble; and anything in the nature of a gamble had fatal fascination for the Squire despite his conviction that "some unlucky genius haunts me, and although I am positive in my own mind that there are good coals on the estate some unlucky accident will happen to prevent our finding them."

After Sorella, ridden by Robinson, won the One Thousand of 1844, beating Merope two lengths, the Squire cherished pardonably high hopes of the Oaks; and gave proof of his confidence in the usual way. "She has as good a chance as any," he wrote Scott; and on 17th May he apprises the steward that he shall win £12,000 if the mare wins, but has several friends standing in with him. Scott himself is to "stand £200 to the losing of nothing." Osbaldeston was ever open-handed.

If Sorella had pulled it off no doubt Scott would have received a remittance to enable him to carry on his several industries; but mares were deceivers ever, and to the dismay of her owner she was "beaten 100 yards. Quite a mystery to me, for no mare could be better and she was in her old form when we tried her two days before, the same as when she won the Thousand Guineas. Robinson says she could not go a yard. Many who saw the start say Robinson was afraid to go near his horses. I have lost as much as I won at Newmarket. I have fretted myself till I am not at all well, for I shall never have such another chance of winning the Oaks."

Sorella, or Sister to Martingale, as she was then known, did something to redeem her character at Ascot where she won the Great Produce Stakes, and her owner found himself £1800 to the good. None of the booty went to Scott for the lime kilns or other hopeful ventures: "I can't pay bills," wrote Osbaldeston when reporting this success, "I must pay at Tatts, or our character and credit will be gone." In that unregenerate age there was no benevolent legislation to protect with Gaming Acts the poor fellow who backed the wrong horse.

Scott was evidently pressing for money at this juncture; on 17th June his employer writes that the Running Rein and Orlando trial comes on this day week, and "should Running Rein get it I can send you £100 or £200 more to go on with." As we have read in the autobiography Running Rein did not get it; the Squire lost £2,000 and Scott did not get that £100 or £200. Osbaldeston is almost apologetic to the expectant (?) Scott in conveying the information. The Running Rein party were so confident that he did not hedge, and so far from being able to send anything at all he "wishes particularly to know what you feel confident you will make by your different concerns, clear of all expenses, next November or December—I mean what surplus there will be in my bankers at that time."

He was "very sore at losing £2,000, as it is a most unsatisfactory way of throwing money away. Just like putting it into a fire."

The following of 17th July evidently is the response to an appeal from Scott to send money: "I am not in a prosperous way myself, but I will write to Mr. Phillips to-day to know if Mr. X—— will advance another £1,000 or £2,000, which is the last sum I must borrow." An excellent resolution, but one he found impossible to keep. He was nearing the end of his tether; thenceforward we follow him into deeper depths of embarrassment; he continued to borrow until nobody would lend; we watch a race between Debt and Coal. Debt wins; Coal nowhere—literally, for though the Staffordshire experts came as projected none was found on the estates. A week later, 25th July, oppressed still, we may suppose, by the loss of that £2000 and, conceivably, by the necessity of borrowing (though to that expedient he was surely well used by now), he writes Scott that he has been thinking a great deal about his situation with respect to his estates and must confess he feels rather uncomfortable. He fears "there is a chance that Mr. X—— and other mortgagors will call in their money without notice, whereby they might compel me to sell. They might have some friend ready to buy, and the consequence would be they would purchase the estates at £50,000 less than their value; and if there are coals at £200,000 less." His fear is that coal will be discovered, that the fact will be kept from himself and made known to somebody who will buy and reap the profit. "It will be folly not to ascertain what we possess under the earth," he writes on another occasion, "because after selling all some £20,000 per annum may be made."

Sorella distinguished herself again at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. Osbaldeston had made a match for her against Sir Joseph Hawley's Venus,

two miles, the D.I. course, for £200; and rode her himself, 10 st. 7 lb. This account is from the *Observer* of 4th November :—

"The immense sums laid on this race attested the great interest it excited. The betting opened 5 to 4 on Sorella, and closed 6 to 5 on Venus. The pace during the first quarter of a mile was scarcely a canter, Nat thinking to steal a march on the Squire; then he jumped off at a strong pace and went along the flat with a lead of 4 or 5 lengths. After making the Turn of the Lands the Squire drew up on him, led at the Duke's Stand and ultimately won in a canter by six lengths. After this and the Doncaster running it appears very extraordinary that Sorella should have been so shamefully beaten for the Oaks."

There is a little note of triumph in the Squire's brief announcement of this success to Scott : "I won a match at Newmarket riding myself on Sorella on Thursday. I won £500 clear besides £200 stakes."

1845 was a bad year for the Lincoln green and black cap. Sorella and five other horses carried Osbaldeston's colours with small success; the mare started twelve times; and won, in the hands of F. Butler, the Trial Stakes at the Northampton and Pytchley Meeting and a Royal Plate at the Newmarket Spring; thereafter she was three times second and once third. Osbaldeston rode her in six races. None of the other five won anything.

It was in this year that he resolved to bring his horses south in charge of Warrener. His mare Sister to The Devil Among the Tailors had been beaten at Bath, and Osbaldeston had "every reason to believe that she was poisoned. My horses are so watched at Newmarket that I am determined not to train there." But he was not sure of Warrener's trustworthiness : "You must talk to him most seriously," he tells Scott, "and impress upon his mind that no bribe, however large, must tempt him to do wrong. If he only sticks to me and does his duty honestly and strictly he will soon make a fortune and such a one as will make him independent of the whole world. I have to-day made my will and have left him £200 in consequence of his good conduct up to this time."

Having regard to the conditions under which racing was then carried on, his uneasiness concerning Warrener's fidelity is not to be wondered at.

Scott at this time was busy with schemes to make the estates pay. Osbaldeston gratefully acknowledges his steward's efforts and says that if they come up to his calculations he shall feel it his duty to make him a handsome present independent of his salary : "I am sure you will admit it is a handsome present when I give it to you."

We doubt whether Scott ever expected to get that present when Osbaldeston, good resolutions notwithstanding, enlisted his aid so often to borrow, or try to borrow, money. The Squire's benevolent intention to make the fortunes of his dependents would have been somewhat discounted in their eyes by his professed belief in his own ill-luck and conviction that those connected with him were bound to share it; but however that may have been Scott kept his duty rigidly before him; and, under difficulties akin to those of the Israelite brickmakers in Egypt, strove to do the best for his employer.

One of the letters, that of 28th March, 1845, gives us a glimpse of the breeding stud at Ebberston. Osbaldeston sends Scott instructions touching Queen of Beauty, Mountain Sylph, Camp Follower, Cantle's Dam, Filly by The Saddler, Mountain Sylph's Dam, Mare by The Saddler, and Sorella's Dam. These are to go variously to Lanercost, Hetman Platoff, Touchstone and Stockport. The " rest of the mares " are to be covered by The Saddler.

There are no means of discovering how many other mares he had, but he was breeding on a fairly large scale for that day.

Now and again Osbaldeston casts a side-glance at the agricultural possibilities of his estates: thus on 7th June, 1845, he writes that he has " heard of a company in London that breaks up moors and all uncultivated land by steam, and can do 1000 acres while you can plough 100. It is worth enquiring about." The first patent for a steam-plough was taken out only in 1849; the London company referred to was evidently working with an experimental pattern.

He concludes this letter with the seemingly irrelevant remark " we must cut down our stud." It sounds like a response to some representation of Scott's concerning expenses.

CHAPTER IX

Rumours of Embarrassment Afloat—Scott Urged to Expedite Coal-boring—Fourteen Horses in Training, 1846—Good Resolutions—Scott's Manifold Tasks—Scott to "Stand-in" over King Charles and Petit Morceau—Training to Ride King Charles in the Derby—A Non-starter—Thumb-nail Sketch of Osbaldeston—Petit Morceau also a Failure—Giselle, Secutor, and The Devil Among the Tailors—More Good Resolutions—Wishes to do Scott Justice—Promises of Reward—The Turf Before All Else—Successes of Horses after Sale—The Financial Position Grows Dark—Temporary Interest in Coursing.

IN February of 1846 we find Osbaldeston staying with Sir Richard Sutton, and "down with lumbago." The letter in which he mentions the attack reveals the fact that he was keeping beagles at Ebberston, and did not expect to hunt them again: "See if you can give them away," he writes Scott. "You might advertise them in the next *Herald*. Give them away if you can. If you can't you must find quarters for them."

Rumours of his embarrassed circumstances were now gaining currency, for on 27th February he writes thus from Park Road about a new gamekeeper: "I was never more surprised in my life than when I learned that Kitchell would not stay, and am quite certain Langdon (another keeper) has been telling him the most infernal lies. I believe he has persuaded Kitchell that we cannot last above another season and by the time he brought his family down and got settled he would have to leave again." Langdon, who had not been satisfactory, was to be dismissed; "I wouldn't let him remain with no wages at all. See him off and put everything into the hands of old Thurkill and his son, who ought immediately to go round and kill all the pheasants." A few months before he had written of his serious thought to give up game-preservation; at least to such an extent as would enable him to dispense with one keeper.

Uneasiness about the financial situation peers through the injunctions sent Scott at this time. Thus in a letter postmarked 25th February: "Don't fail to see after some men about commencing boring, &c. We had better pay a little more and have real first-rate men. Everything depends on our success this summer." Then on 12th March he bethinks him that active prosecution of the work must depend on the paramount interest: "If we

By courtesy of Major Guy Paget. Photos. by C. S. Fros[illegible] Rugby

LEFT: MR. GEORGE PAYNE'S CARDROOM AT SULBY HALL, JUST AS IT WAS WHEN HE PLAYED WHIST FOR £100 A TRICK AND £1,000 THE RUBBER AGAINST SQUIRE OSBALDESTON.

The pictures on the wall in the first picture from left to right are: Loraine Smith's "Bagging the Fox"; Ferneley's Water-colour of The Quorn; the Squire's 200-mile match; and Ferneley's frame for Meet-cards. Mr. Payne's crest is carved on the overmantle. On the right is shown the north front of Sulby

THE MELTON BREAKFAST

From the Engraving by C. G. Lewis in the British Museum, after the Painting by Sir Francis Grant.

From left to right the figures represent: 1. Massy Stanley 2. Earl of Wilton 3. Count Matuscewitz 4. Lord Gardner 5. Walter Little Gilmour (in the armchair) 6. Lyne Stephens 7. The Club servant 8. Sir Frederick Johnstone (at breakfast) 9. Lord Rokeby (reading a newspaper) 10. Lord Forester (by the fireplace) 11. Lord Kinnaird (writing) 12. Rowland Errington, for whom the original was painted, Master of the Quorn from 1835 to 1838.

can make a good start with the horses this spring we will put on a good force and try to find everything there is underground. You have no time to lose about seeing after some first-rate borers." The experts apparently were to be engaged whether the horses did well or not; the "good force" of miners might come afterwards.

The Turf, in the Squire's eyes, was business pure and simple; for while rumours were afloat concerning his solvency, and with good reason, this year, 1846, was a bumper year in point of numbers; he had fourteen horses in training, exclusive of Moonshine, "whose legs are queer."

He had sold Hutton Buscel, other than the shootings, before this time, and his liabilities, secured by mortgages on the Ebberston and Allerton properties, seem to have amounted to either £118,000 or £124,000. Both figures are mentioned, but the Squire himself, it is not surprising to find, is vague about the exact sum. He was, however, very conscious that his affairs were dangerously involved, and he made tentative efforts, or, it were more correct to say, announced his intention, to pull up. He would sell off his race-horses, with the exception of a few, "and by riding myself among the Gents. I can do well."

Scott, as I have already suggested, appears to have had his own views and expressed them in his letters. It is conceivable that he did not write much, for he was a busy man; his employer kept him busy: to or through him were given all instructions respecting the stud at Ebberston; what mares were to be sent to what sires; what mares are to be taken in hand for training; what work is to be given this young one and that; what young horses are to be sent south, and when and how ("David is to bring up the brown filly and go in the box with her; never lose sight of her for a moment"). The same about greyhounds, for Osbaldeston at this time was taking a keen, but temporary, interest in coursing. Scott is to give directions about repairs to the cushions of the billiard table; he is to send so many dozen grouse eggs to a friend; he is to send to the station for pheasant eggs to put under the tame hens; he is to send such puppies to Birmingham, see they are fed before starting and take care they are despatched in such time that they shall reach their destination the same day. Scott is to send up a ham, a sucking pig and some butter. Is it true that Hope's foal is the best we have ever had? What about the show of young pheasants? What is the truth about the bay filly's trial? Please kill one buck and send the haunches and neck. Whether it were to give names to puppies or sound somebody about another loan Scott was the man; nothing was too trivial or too important to be entrusted to Scott.

The Squire also had faith in him as a negotiator. When he wanted to obtain leave from farmers to train his horses " on some capital ground about 60 miles from London," he asks Scott to " come up and talk them over."

The office of this much-enduring man, however, had compensations—or would have had them if only Fortune consented to stand the Squire's friend. When Osbaldeston believed he had a good thing on Scott must share it. Scott was not a betting man and did not even know how well he was being treated until his employer explained : " You don't seem to understand my liberality, as you call it," he writes on 11th April, 1846. " You say you are much obliged for allowing you to stand £50. My offer is a good deal better than that. I said you should stand £1,250 to nothing ; that is if Charles wins you win £1,250, and if he don't you lose nothing instead of losing £50. If I like him when I try him you shall stand to win £2,000 to losing nothing, and the same on Petit Morceau." The last name was entered for the Chester Cup ; the odds 100 to 1 against her.

" Charles," otherwise King Charles, was an exceptional case. Scott might know and care nothing about racing and betting (though, as already remarked, we feel he held pronounced opinions concerning the Squire's appetite for both), but he could hardly fail to be interested in that year's Derby, knowing what he did. On March 28th Osbaldeston had written him announcing the purpose he mentions in his autobiography : " . . . . as soon as I get the further loan you shall have some directly. I expect King Charles will win a good deal this year. It only depends on his health. I have taken £30,000 to £300 that I ride him and win the Derby. I am going into training next week. I feel confident I can get the weight."

He went into training, and did it with the thoroughness he devoted to anything connected with sport. On April 18th he wrote that he " could ride just at this moment 8 st. 7 lb., so I am certain to be at the weight for the Derby."

He rode King Charles in the Two Thousand, 8 st. 7 lb. ; and, having regard to the condition to which he had reduced himself to draw the weight, it is not surprising to learn that " the horse overpowered his rider and went to the front." King Charles was not placed. Incidentally, Osbaldeston was cautioned by the stewards for being twenty minutes late at the post.

The horse, we gather, had been tried against Giselle, for on 16th April Osbaldeston wrote, " Giselle runs to-morrow and I think will win. If she does King Charles is a superior animal." Giselle, however, was beaten in

the One Thousand, to which the writer refers, and " I lost £400 including (? also) the stake. . . . Her defeat don't speak well for King Charles and I am afraid he is not a good horse." He was, at all events, not good enough for the Derby, in which the Squire did not start him. It may be remarked that he never figured in the betting on the race. King Charles ran altogether nine times that season and his one success was in a match against Sir Joseph Hawley's Prospect at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. Osbaldeston rode him in five of his races after the Two Thousand.

We have a thumb-nail sketch of him at this time : " Short and awkward, shrivelled and shrunk, with round shoulders and a limping walk ; ill-clothed in a brown frock coat with velvet collar, loose grey trousers and cloth boots " (*Saddle and Sirloin*). The man who wasted from nearly 11 stone to 8 st. 7 lb. might well look " shrivelled and shrunk."

Petit Morceau, upon whom Scott was to stand £2,000 to nothing, also proved a disappointment, though her owner's hopes ran high. " Without extraordinary bad luck I must win £1,000 on Petit Morceau next week at Newmarket," he had written on 11th April : and on the 16th : " Petit Morceau has twice the chance for the Chester Cup that King Charles has for the Derby." The mare ran seven times that season, was once second and once third ; in her other five races not placed.

Giselle by Stockport ex Mountain Sylph's dam did a little better. Unplaced in the One Thousand, of her other nine races she won a 50-sov. sweepstake at the Newmarket Second October Meeting and a match at the Newmarket Houghton.

Secutor, a b.c. by Gladiator, in this, his 4-yr.-old, season started eight times ; he began by winning the Scurry Stakes at Croxton Park (Osbaldeston up) and finished by winning a couple of races at Reading.

The aged Devil Among the Tailors provided disappointment of other sort. Sold for £100, the horse in the hands of his new owners won this season five races in succession at provincial meetings. He had come into possession of men who knew how to place him. Of the rest, the Squire's own words, 2nd May, to Scott suffice :—" I am most sorry to say that none of our horses are half as good as Sam (Warrener) imagined, and in consequence of his being so sanguine I have lost with stakes £1,500."

A veil may be drawn over the failures of other horses. Osbaldeston was in despondent mood at this time, for, " I am afraid from my inability at the present time you will not be able to put the borers on. If you cannot it is impossible to know the value of the property." Then we hear the voice of

the temporary penitent : " I shall get rid of my horses by degrees. I intend selling 7 of them when they can be got rid of."

Possibly this mood of depression was due to over-training, for, says he, " I rode 8 st. 5 lb. at Newmarket (on 28th April) and am now (2nd May) 9 st. 3 lb." He concludes his letter thus : " In a few days I shall be as good a man as ever I was in my life, but everything goes so unlucky against me that I am almost tired of my existence."

A couple of months later he had quite made up his mind that he must part with his estates, and was resolved to do so as soon as those minerals were found ; and after various discussions about raising money and the most profitable method of selling, whether as a whole or in lots, he, mindful of the claims of a good servant, wishes to know what Scott would like in the shape of reward for all he has done and is doing. " I should regret it as much as you were I to die before the works at Ebbertson are completed and you were not properly rewarded. I am quite willing to secure to you in case of my death what you think would be a handsome remuneration in any way you suggest. You had better write and say with what sum you would feel handsomely remunerated with, and in what way secured."

He is feeling rather sanguine about the estates now and fully expects to get a good price, " though not a large one," for them. Scott, better aware of the position than his employer, evidently did not feel that his reward would be very safe, as on 14th July Osbaldeston writes him again :—" I imagine from your letter that if I were to sell my estates you would not get your ten per cent. unless you did so before the sale. You leave everything to me, and I think with the following proposition you will feel satisfied, and handsomely rewarded for your discoveries." He proceeds to set out terms ; if the estates sold for £300,000 Scott was to have £10,000 ; if for £350,000, £15,000 ; and if for £400,000 he was to receive £20,000. But " you must undertake to swear you won't receive any bonus from the buyer and must bear your proportion of the expenses of the sale."

There is nothing whatever to show that Scott was nearer making " discoveries " now than he had been at any previous time, but the Squire was well and in sanguine mood. A few weeks before he had written : " Thank God I am as well as ever I was. Health is everything and I am quite satisfied, though most unfortunate."

Scott, we may safely assume, was less preoccupied with these dazzling forecasts than with the sordid present. The most devoted of stewards cannot prospect for minerals, pay brick-makers and wood-men, to say nothing of

stable-hands, gamekeepers and gardeners without ready money; and it was seldom the Squire had any to give him. This was the kind of answer he received to his petitions for cash to go on with: "Perhaps I can get £1,000 more from Mr. X——. I have only enough to carry on the horses." "It is impossible I can let you have any more money at present as the horses swallow up every shilling." His employer fed Scott on Hope, even as he fed himself: "If we are lucky at Newmarket next week I can afford £500 more for forwarding our exploring, etc."

On the face of it Osbaldeston might think his Turf failures were due to ill-luck. Consider the record of 1847: in accordance with his decision he had sold some horses and had only seven in training: his 4-yr.-old Giselle ran four times third and was thrice unplaced before she won at Goodwood a Selling race and passed out of his hands. In those of her new owner the mare started in six more races, of which she won three and was twice second. Then the case of the ch. g. Cerberus by Defence, also a 4-yr.-old; in Osbaldeston's colours, owner up, he ran four times unplaced and was once second before he, steered by Sharpe, won the Caversham Stakes at Reading and was sold for £250. As the property of Mr. Elwes and thereafter of Mr. Bray, the horse ran in six races, won three of them, was twice second and once third. Such changes of form wear the colour of bad luck; but ere long the Squire was to suspect that bad luck did not entirely explain it.

Turning again to the financial situation: it was taking on a disagreeable complexion this summer. In July Osbaldeston had announced his intention of coming to Ebberston to shoot a few grouse. The estates had then been advertised for sale, and as the time drew near he felt dubious about showing himself at home. He meant to run two horses at York; and, "it would be better if I could be present, but I am afraid of going to Ebberston because I understand that people consider me totally ruined and, I've no doubt, would actually come to the house. Of course I could not stand it, and I should very likely take up something and beat their heads with it. It is entirely Rogers' fault for not completing his survey sooner. . . . If the sale had been over we should have some money to . . . pay off the ungrateful scoundrels who are constantly crying out, and I could go to Ebberston. . . . If you feel certain I shall not be annoyed by people coming to dun me for money I would go to York and then come on to Ebberston. I should not mind being pointed at at York, but I should not like to be annoyed at Ebberston by fellows coming to the house and abusing me. . . You must send me

your real opinion by return of post about people coming to dun me at home for their bills, etc."

Scott's real opinion was apparently that people *would* come and dun his employer; for several letters, dated August and September, prove Osbaldeston to have remained in London—at all events, these contain no reference to a visit to Ebberston such as might be looked for had one been paid. The unfortunate man realised now that the time was come to adopt real measures of retrenchment, for he concludes the letter from which the foregoing passages are quoted, with a request that Scott will furnish a list " of every animal in the shape of a race-horse," as he means to put up " almost all," horses, mares and foals, for sale at Doncaster, and needs therefore a complete list of them.

He ran but one horse at that York Meeting, a 2-yr.-old colt named Buckstone by Melbourne ex Aspen; and Buckstone brought what must have been a timely grain of consolation by winning the Convivial Produce Stakes, in F. Butler's hands.

Osbaldeston still possessed hounds, but of these we know no more than the fact that he kept them at Ebberston. There is a single mention of them in the letters. On 19th October of 1846 he writes: " I suppose Marshall has had the hounds to Crosscliffe and rides the old Wizard. The hounds ought to go out three times a fortnight."

His interest, active interest, at all events, in coursing endured only for a few years. In 1846 and 1847 he bore part in organising the Ebberston Meeting, which included " The Saddler " and " Giselle " stakes of £5 each; and did his part in helping matters by issuing a mandate against the shooting of hares. In 1846 he won one of the events with his dog Hymeltus; if he ran nothing in the following year he had a voice in the direction of affairs, for he writes Scott on 17th November: " Then about the coursing meeting at Ebberston; Simpson must be slipper, no matter what Mr. Watson says."

In 1848 he wrote, *apropos* of the despatch of four brace of puppies to his trainer: " If I can't afford to keep greyhounds after the sale (of the estates) they will bring something." He found means to keep them after they passed out of his hands; for in 1849 his Ophelia, Orlando, Olivia and Olinda ran, unsuccessfully, at the Newmarket Champion Meeting. Olinda was runner-up to Desperate for the Derby Cup, but this, so far as I can discover, was the best the kennel ever did in public coursing. Osbaldeston's last appearance as a courser seems to have been at Ashdown Park in 1850, where he ran a puppy without success.

CHAPTER X

Change of House in London—Mrs. Thomas Williams—Anxiety concerning Sale of Estates—Unreasonable Business Men—Perplexing Improvements in Horses when Sold—Mr. Crosbie's Bid for Ebberston—Mr. R. Stephenson's—Mr. Walker's—More Borrowing—Fugleman, Chat, and Buckstone—In Despair for Money—More Borrowing—Unwilling to Part with Race-horses—Sale of Estates—Under £23,000 Remains—Renewed Turf Enterprise—Chat, Joc o' Sot, Fugleman, and Mountain Deer—Mrs. Williams Buys an Annuity for the Squire—He Marries Her.

IN July 1847 Osbaldeston drew Scott's attention to his new address, No. 21 North Bank, Regent's Park. Of this change of abode it is only necessary to remark that there dwelt at No. 10 North Bank the lady who, as Mrs. Osbaldeston, is soon to come into the story. The fact may explain the Squire's move.

Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, *née* Cornes, was an old friend, as we learn from the letters to Scott, wherein that useful factotum is enjoined to send her country produce of various kinds. She was the widow of Mr. Thomas Williams, who died while his children were yet in infancy and of whom nothing is known. Mrs. Williams' brother, Major Cornes, served in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny; he died on the way home from the East when already within sight of land, his body being brought ashore at Parkstone for burial. Captain Cornes, his son, was in the Royal Engineers; an expert in gunnery and explosives, he held an appointment at the War Office, and was largely responsible for the design of the 81-ton gun which created so great a sensation in the 'eighties of the last century. He married Hester, daughter of Mr. Lloyd Phillips of Dale Castle, Haverfordwest.

Mrs. Williams, who was younger than the Squire by nineteen years, had three children, Thomas, John and Marianne: Thomas died in 1861; hence Osbaldeston's description of John as "the only son of my wife Elizabeth." She had been left in very comfortable circumstances, owning house property in St. John's Wood and Kensington, also in Brighton.

While recognising that any woman who was on terms of friendship with Osbaldeston risked suffering from his reputation, I am persuaded that the commonly accepted idea of the relations between the two prior to marriage

is a wrong one. Were it correct, proof of maintenance would be found where disguise is impossible and such proof is entirely absent. Moreover there is abundant evidence to show that Mrs. Williams was a sensible, strong-minded woman who used the influence she undoubtedly possessed over the Squire for his benefit. There is, further, written evidence that he held her in great respect; which would hardly be the case were there irregularity.

The Squire's anxieties were increasing in 1847; he was dissatisfied with what he considered the half-hearted fashion in which agents were advertising the sale of his estates and he was tormented by the thought that he might have to sell in ignorance of their real worth: "We are still in complete mystery about the minerals," he writes; and urges Scott to go on boring for that coal —or ironstone; for hopes of finding the latter had been dangled before him.

The estates were put up to auction at York that autumn, but there were no bidders; and, rather unreasonably, Osbaldeston blames the auctioneer; the man, he wrote Scott, "was totally lost and had no idea of conducting a sale of such magnitude." He had pinned his hopes on finding a buyer among the monied people of the great manufacturing cities of the north; one who would settle at Ebberston and found a family.

The situation was growing desperate, and yet we find him writing such letters as these; in answer to Scott's intimation that one Mr. Brown is coming to see him in London to discuss the matter, "I go down on Monday next to the Champion Coursing Meeting, which lasts five days, so I can't possibly see Mr. Brown till after." When a Mr. Donner who had taken an active part in arranging about the sale sent in his account, requesting the Squire's signature thereto, Osbaldeston is irritated by the unreason of the man: "I explained that he could not expect me to sign his accounts until I had time to look over them and compare his payments with my receipts, etc., and that, as I must now attend the races half my time would be taken up. . . . I am going to Northampton to-morrow." Sport was ever paramount with the Squire.

Everything was going ill with him. He had sold six or seven horses at Doncaster in the previous autumn as he proposed, and now he writes concerning their performances since they passed out of his possession: "Warrener is either a great fool or he can't train, for my horses vary so in their trials and turn out so different after I have parted with them that I don't know what to think."

If the horses thus sold did as well in the hands of their new owners as The Devil Among the Tailors, Giselle and Cerberus did in the hands of

theirs, Osbaldeston might well speculate on causes. A reason presented itself to him later: there is among his rough memoranda one to the effect that trainers consider less the chance of any horse in any given race than they do the excitements of a meeting and the opportunity of seeing friends; therefore flatter the owner with false predictions, seeking his consent to run horses they know are bound to lose.

In November 1847 a Mr. Crosbie was in negotiation for purchase of Ebberston and Allerton. Osbaldeston received a letter from him and thus reports to Scott: "I think he would give £190,000, but that won't do. He says unless I am prepared to meet him in his late offer he must decline all further communications. Not a shilling less than £210,000. I think if I can get that, keeping the north moor, I ought to take it." Mr. Crosbie, who, Osbaldeston thinks, must be the agent for somebody else, evidently meant business, for he "crabbed everything" after the manner of him who would beat down the price; and Scott is desired to send up a plan of the properties dotted out in lots, armed with which the Squire thinks he may be able to bring the man to the scratch: "Crosbie dreads sale in lots." At the beginning of 1848 he was taking a rather more hopeful view of the position, if we may base an opinion of the larger value he now set upon his estates. Other parties, he told Scott, were coming into the field, and he would not take less than £230,000 from Mr. Crosbie. He dreads being hurried: "I could have got £10,000 more for Hutton Bushell had I not been hurried." A Mr. Holford had appeared as a possible buyer; and "I shall ask him £240,000." It is interesting to notice that in May Mr. Brown informed Osbaldeston that "Mr. R. Stephenson the engineer and railway proprietor has an idea of buying Ebberston." But, says Osbaldeston, writing a few days later, "I would rather Mr. Walker had the estates than any speculative railway man because they would still be held by a Gentleman of the county."

Mr. Walker's must have been a tentative nibble; for three weeks afterwards Osbaldeston learns that he never had the least idea of bidding for them. Nor did the enquiries of that speculative railway man, in whom we recognise the son of George Stephenson come to anything. The death of the latter took place this year, so we may assume that his heir contemplated setting up as a country gentleman.

Hope of finding that elusive coal had now been abandoned, and with it those rosy dreams of an earlier day when the Squire thought he might get as much as £400,000 for his estates. For a time, when the hopes of coal were fading, Scott had cheered him with the possibility of finding ironstone

in paying quantity, but this soon evaporated; and Osbaldeston was reduced to straits which led him to contemplate borrowing at 30 per cent. " or on some such horrid ruinous terms."

However, he managed to raise a few thousand more on mortgage, and this enabled him to carry on with the horses as usual. He had nine in training this year, 1848, of which Fugleman, by The Saddler ex Camp Follower, was considered the best. Fugleman ran unplaced in the Derby; of eight other races he won two. Vice-Consul, who had won two races out of twelve the previous year, this season won the Burton Constable Stakes by a neck, cleverly ridden by the Squire. The 4-yr.-old Chat, mentioned in the autobiography, started in seven races, including the Cesarewitch, and never got a place. Buckstone began badly, was twice second and ended his career in Osbaldeston's colours by winning at Egham a selling race for which he was entered at £50. Better things had been expected of Buckstone, but his failure was only in keeping with the rest. " I am most unhappy about my situation," the unfortunate Squire writes on 6th April, " the times are so bad that I feel certain we shall be obliged to sell the estates for £30,000 under their value." Then—and this glance at matters outside his own immediate purview is exceptional—he reviews briefly the position in Ireland and France as likely to affect the prospects of the sale. Affairs being as they are in those countries, " money matters are in a sad plight. . . . It is impossible that I can carry on until September or October with the money I have, and where to get more God only knows. Mr. Brown knows everything about the estates, and next time you see him you might name to him how matters are and ask him whether about the middle of June if I wanted 2 or 3000 he could get some of his friends to advance such a sum on mortgage. The money will be perfectly safe, as I must sell and he knows it."

Then on 9th May comes another outburst, evoked, as I venture to think, by Scott's urgency that he give up racing and sell off his stud—in February Scott had received detailed instructions concerning the serving of mares, by Touchstone, Ithuriel and Emilius among others: " I am in the most unhappy situation about money matters and I am so lost and bewildered and nearly out of my mind; so much so that last night I thought I was going out of the world, being taken very giddy in bed. When I got up I could not stand, but I am better to-day. Still I am so harassed and alarmed about the actual want of money that I am ashamed to say I wished myself dead. I was very unlucky at Chester and lost about £200. Drewe had charge of my horse and he assured me Buckstone could not lose, and I lost £100 on him.

SIR TATTON SYKES

From a copy of the original Painting by Parson Hodgson, now in the possession of Mrs. Clough, and presented to the grandfather of Major H. K. Clough, O.B.E., of Boxford, Berkshire.

A MEET OF THE QUORN AT BRADGATE IN 1860

From the water-colour Painting by Ferneley in the collection of Major Guy Paget at Sulby

The figures shown (from left to right in the centre group) are: John Treadwell (the Huntsman), Mr. Little Gilmour, Lord Stamford, Lady Stamford. In the foreground on the right are Thomas Paget, Esq., of Humberstone, with his two sons, John and Thomas. The ruins are those of Old Bradgate House.

It would be a pity to sell all the horses just now, for they are certain to put a good sum into some person's pocket during the summer, and I should get little or nothing for them." He enjoins Scott to " see what Brown can do towards getting £1,000 in a fortnight and £2,000 or £3,000 more in the course of three months," and asks the steward to come up to Town and see him any day but Friday, " when we are going to try a two-year-old which is going to run at Bath, and if it is good enough I shall be obliged to go to Bath Races this day week." Then, reverting again to the advice it is assumed Scott tendered, " If I were to part with all my horses now I should lose actually a fortune by them. It must not be, if possible."

In June we find him in better spirits. He is just off to Bibury (where he rode Vice-Consul second in a 50-sov. Plate), but finds time to apprise Scott that there are now four competitors in the field for the estates, and he is very hopeful about one named Owen. If Owen calls Scott must tell him that we killed 585 pheasants in six days, and 26 brace of grouse between noon and 6 o'clock on the north moors. " His son is very fond of shooting."

The hopeful mood did not long continue; but he clung with pathetic tenacity to the conviction that racing, somehow, could be made to pay its way. On 1st July he writes: " If I can weather the storm until November with the horses I can make them answer and cut down the stud to my means and have in future my amusement without any loss; but unless we can get the £3,000, that is in instalments, I don't know what we shall do. I am half wild and only regret that I have lived so long." Again, on July 18th: " The horses just now cost a great deal with their engagements and return nothing, but this is the worst time. I shall do well with the horses next year and the end of this one if I can keep them."

This fidelity to an idea which had suffered such rude and such frequent shocks is very curious; the more so in view of those reiterated expressions of belief in his unlucky star, but his heart since he gave up hunting was wholly given to the Turf; and politicians are not the only people who profess belief in the convenient.

The letters do not carry us as far as the actual sale of the estates, but its approach is reflected in the last but one of the series; a characteristic letter. Scott, about to leave the scene of his labours at Ebberston, had asked Osbaldeston to recommend him for the situation of Colonel Wyndham's steward; and Osbaldeston, wishing him success in his application, concludes, " but anyone connected with my luck will always be unfortunate."

I part regretfully from Scott; an influence behind the scenes, a Voice

whose echo is heard in these letters. A man of integrity bent on making the best of an increasingly hopeless business, pointing the way of wisdom, undaunted by neglect of advice, undisturbed by the swiftly changing moods of his employer. When the Squire wrote that all with whom he had dealings robbed and plundered him he must have forgotten Scott, the shining exception to the rule.

The estates, Mrs. John Williams informs me, were sold in the autumn of 1848 and brought £190,000. From another source it appears that after mortgages had been paid off and creditors satisfied, Mr. Brown was able to pay over to the Squire something under £23,000. This was the salvage of the fortune with which he began life on coming of age. His first step, all honour to him, was to send Scott a cheque for £2000. Having received this money he acted as we might expect if that financial thermometer, his racing stud, may be trusted. In 1849, the year after the sale, before his affairs had been adjusted, he had only six horses in training. That £23,000 was paid him in July 1849; and in 1850 he had fourteen. Is it unjust to picture this incorrigible optimist, fortified by the unwonted sense of money in the bank and no debts to pay, making another bold bid for the success which heretofore had eluded him on the Turf? Perhaps it will be fairer to suppose him resolved upon getting as much fun as he could while he had the money to pay for it.

It was in the former year, 1849, he won that race, a 5-sov. Sweepstake at Brighton, on the 5-yr-old Chat, to which he refers on p. 60: he beat Lord Strathmore's Spectator by a head. Chat, ridden by Captain White, had won the Gold Cup at Croxton Park earlier in the season; in the other nine races for which he started the horse developed a distressing habit of coming in third. Fugleman won a Royal Plate at Guildford, J. Warrener up; and Joc o' Sot, a 5-yr.-old by Hetman Platoff, won a couple of races; he ran in the Cambridgeshire, but was not placed.

Osbaldeston rode Joc o' Sot in six of the fifteen races he ran in 1850, but never did better than second. His 2-yr.-old b.c. by Touchstone ex Mountain Sylph (afterwards Mountain Deer) ran a great race at the Newmarket Houghton, when, in a field of twelve, he beat Sir Joseph Hawley's Confessor a length in the Criterion Stakes. Sister to Pillage was unplaced for the Oaks, the only classic for which her owner made a bid this year. Fugleman ran unplaced in the Cesarewitch.

With ready money and fourteen horses we need not doubt that the Squire enjoyed himself that season, whatever the showing of the balance sheet at the

end of it—he scored seven wins in forty-five races. But how long could this kind of thing last? As he once sagely remarked to Scott, horses cost a great deal with their engagements; and ready money was bound to melt away under such a hand; and quickly: he could never realise the vanishing qualities of cash; but fortunately for him there was now at his elbow someone who could. The lady at No. 10 North Bank knew all about her admirer's doings; I gather from odds and ends of writing which cannot be pieced together that she took a sympathetic, but gently restraining, interest in his Turf ambitions. She understood his sanguine cast of mind; and, like Scott, saw where his career must end if he were not saved from himself. Mrs. Elizabeth Williams was what in those days was called a "fine woman"; she was nearly a head taller than the Squire, handsome and of good figure; and she was—happily for him—something more; a lady who could assert herself. She asserted herself to some purpose in the autumn of 1849. Knowing well what must become of the salvage were the owner left to himself, she took possession of about £10,500, and therewith bought for the Squire an annuity of £1,100. Having thus secured him against total ruin she left him the balance with which to play ducks and drakes.

It crosses my mind that Mrs. Williams' drastic measure must have made a deep impression on the gentleman: it was so wise, so practical, so utterly alien from his own idea of the uses to which ready money might be applied. I cannot resist the conviction that the sterling good sense of the step gave the Squire seriously to think; bade him consider whether he should not do well to entrust himself as well as the last of his money to the same capable hands. I may be wrong as to his reflections; but the fact remains that on 29th July, 1851, he married Mrs. Williams at the Marylebone Parish Chapel; Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, the bride's son-in-law and daughter, signing the register as witnesses.

As already said, the lady herself was well endowed, and thus they lived comfortably, maintaining a household which included three children; and a string of from six to eight, generally unsuccessful, race-horses.

CHAPTER XI

Mountain Deer and Faux Pas—Improving Conditions on the Turf—Due to Lord George Bentinck—Osbaldeston Leaves London for Ealing—Rifleman—The Squire's Last Rides—Why Horses Ran in Mrs. Osbaldeston's Name—Merits as Jockey—Move to Alvediston—The Autobiography Begun—Move to Keyneston—St. Clarence an Indifferent "Best of the Lot"—A Serious Accident—Move to Chettle—Move to Hindon—Camerino—Osbaldeston Disabled by Rheumatic Gout—Disappearance of the Name from the Racing Calendar—A Personage on the Turf.

MOUNTAIN DEER was the best of the seven horses Osbaldeston owned in 1851. In this, his 3-yr.-old season, he was favourite at 2 to 1 for the Two Thousand; but in Templeman's hands was beaten a length by Hernandez. He won the Grand Duke Michael Stakes at the Newmarket First October, but at the Second October was beaten half a length in a match against Sir Joseph Hawley's Teddington. It is stated that this match was for 1,000 guineas a side; and the Squire's income now was £1,100 a year. Mrs. Osbaldeston evidently had not succeeded in curbing his propensity for making matches, albeit it does look as though she had persuaded him to reduce the stud to more reasonable limits. Another horse, the 3-yr.-old Faux Pas, passed out of the Squire's hands this season into those of Mr. Payne, in whose colours he was more successful; thus affording food for reflection even as Giselle and others had done.

The Turf was in a transition stage in the early 'fifties, thanks largely to the indomitable energy of Lord George Bentinck. Matters had been in a thoroughly unsatisfactory condition owing to laxity of control. Not only was rascality prevalent; courses were badly marked, as we see by the frequency with which horses ran the wrong side of posts; they were ill-kept, witness the numerous falls; spectators trespassed on the course and caused accidents; jockeys were undisciplined; also incompetent, if an inference may be drawn from the frequency with which horses bolted.

We now find a new era setting in; fines are inflicted for riding in wrong colours, for not declaring colours, for disobedience at the post, for starting without orders, for being late at the post. Crossing and jostling still give cause of complaint, but these offences grow fewer; fewer also are the cases

in which trespassers interfere with a race. All these things point to the stricter governance so sorely needed. Lord George may have been "domineering," but his rule on the race-course at least was a blessing undisguised.

Osbaldeston himself tried to do something in the same direction, witness this note he doubtless intended to develop: "Rous never answering my letter. Very rude. It appears that he and some of the ruling leaders of the Jockey Club won't adopt any plan however advantageous to the public because it does not originate with themselves." On the same sheet is the bitter aphorism: "Racing as conducted at the present day is Dog eat Dog."

His Yorkshire properties having passed out of his hands in the autumn of 1848, he seems to have brought his mares and young stock south; but where he kept them during the next few years it is impossible now to discover. His own movements can be traced, appropriately, by reference to the horses he owned. Applying the *Racing Calendar* to these items extracted from unnumbered, sometimes mutilated, sheets and scraps, we are able to arrive at the order of his changes of residence, though usually left in the dark concerning the duration of his stay at any one of them.

The Osbaldestons left London at Midsummer in 1852, *vide* the Rate-book of the Marylebone district for that year; and took up their abode at Castlebar Lodge, Ealing. Here the Squire stabled some at least of his horses, of which Rifleman was one. Mrs. John Williams possesses, among other property from Ebberston, a few pieces of valuable china, all that were spared by the heels of Rifleman on the first night he spent at his new quarters. The horse displayed objection to the Ealing stable by kicking down the partition between his box and the next one, wherein had been bestowed as a temporary measure various goods, including the hamper of china.

Rifleman, by Touchstone ex Camp Follower, was one of the best Osbaldeston ever bred or owned; in his 2-yr.-old season, 1854, he won three out of his six races; in 1855 four out of eight. He was in the Derby and the Squire intended to ride him, but he went lame from rheumatism in the feet and was struck out on the Monday before the race. Rifleman's defeat in the St. Leger by the outsider Saucebox was regarded as inexplicable. In 1856 he ran only twice, winning the Claret Stakes at the Newmarket Craven; thereafter he broke down at Chester, and did not run again.

We approach now the end of the Squire's active career. At the Bibury Meeting of 1854 he won the Andover Stakes on Mr. Newlands's Old Rowley; and a 50-sov. Plate on Mr. Farrance's Cardinal Wiseman; he also rode Mr. Duke's Stonehenge in the Bibury Stakes, but came in fourth. It would

be gratifying could we see the old Squire catching the eye of the judge in the last race he ever rode, but the *Calendar* forbids. His final appearance in silk was at Goodwood in 1855; then, in his sixty-ninth year, Osbaldeston rode his 5-yr.-old Lascelles by Touchstone ex Lara, third for the Anglesey Stakes; and on the same horse was beaten only a neck for the March Stakes. He had ridden a fine race in the latter, displaying all his old judgment, and well deserved the ovation given him by the crowd, who cheered to the echo the grey-haired jockey as he came back to weigh.

With his retirement from the saddle interest in the racing career of Osbaldeston wanes. In 1856 the Lincoln Green and (now) Red Cap were registered in the name of Mrs. Osbaldeston; the reason being that the Squire, in 1855, caused his annuity to be paid to his wife instead of himself. He could not regulate expenditure by income—never had been able to realise that any connection should exist between the two. Mrs. Osbaldeston, a level-headed woman who had directed her own affairs successfully during her widowhood, now took over control of the Squire's. She paid engagements and forfeits at Weatherby's; hence the appearance of her name as owner in place of his.

Osbaldeston was endued with all the qualifications that make a jockey. He always got well away at the start, was an excellent judge of pace, and with his exceptional physical strength got the last ounce out of his horse; and if he were sometimes criticised for nursing an opponent on the rails in such wise that he could not use his whip, this was a practice common enough then, however it would be regarded now. He ranked as one of the foremost amateur riders of his day, if not the very foremost; "a terrible opponent to Lord Wilton, Messrs. Kent, Sirdefield and Burton, the most accomplished amateurs of the day," says *Bell's Life* in its obituary notice.

The date of the Osbaldestons' departure from Ealing may be put at 1856 or the following year, from the fact that Sir Tatton Sykes "came to Alvedston to see Rifleman"; and, approving him for the stud, bought the horse for £2,000. Alvedston is about 14 miles from Salisbury; here, and at subsequent places of sojourning, the Squire had his mares and foals on his own premises. While at Alvedston he acted for a season as his own trainer; Warrener had left under a cloud of some sort and his successor was not yet engaged. I assign to this epoch a variety of pungent strictures on the iniquities of stable lads.

Possibly the sins of those stable lads were unduly magnified in the eyes of the Squire by his own failing health. Nature, to use his own expression,

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON'S FAVOURITE HUNTER STARLIGHT

From the Painting by Charles Towne, in the collection of Messrs. Ackermann in Bond Street.

was beginning to forsake him now. He suffered from rheumatic gout, a sore trial to one whose whole life had been one of physical activity; to one who prided himself on his endurance and strength. It was while at Alvedston that he was persuaded to begin his autobiography; and it occurs to me that this was the device of a solicitous help-mate to keep him indoors when his malady made undesirable exposure to bad weather.

Claret, a b. c. by Touchstone, was one of the good ones owned by Osbaldeston in the 'fifties. As a 2-yr.-old, in 1854, he started four times and won twice; in 1855 nine times and won thrice; in 1856 ten times and won twice; and in 1857 four times and won two of his races.

It would have been in 1858 or 1859 that the Osbaldestons moved from Alvedston to Keyneston in Dorsetshire. Mr. H. A. Cartwright, of Uplands, Sixpenny Handley, has been kind enough to identify thus the "villa about three miles from Blandford" of which the Squire has left the following description :—

"The grounds were very pretty and the kitchen garden and orchard quite sufficient for a moderate family and the roads excellent in all directions and the training ground superb altogether, but the cream of it almost too great a distance from the house. Fifteen acres of meadow land were attached to it. We were obliged to alter the stables and add a few boxes which delayed our taking possession. We inhabited it for two years and had the luck to find a tenant to take the remaining year off our hands. Ennis was not a good trainer and to make matters worse we had no good horses; poor St. Clarence was the best of the lot."

That mention of St. Clarence (by Touchstone ex Sylphine) enables us to date the stay at Keyneston. The horse ran six times in his 2-yr.-old season, 1858, and won the Triennial Stakes at Ascot; started twelve times as a 3-yr.-old and won once; and fifteen times as a 4-yr.-old without earning brackets. A bad-tempered horse, he was added to the list and sold to Captain Cornes for a hack. Such being the achievements of "the best of the lot," we need not look into the performances of the others.

At Keyneston the old Squire met with an accident which might have cost him his life. Trying to put the headstall on his mare Sylphine, she moved against him and knocked him down; and while on the ground he received from her foal a kick behind the ear which stunned him. Fortunately, someone came to his rescue before further mischief was done.

Why, or when, the Osbaldestons left Keyneston does not transpire. They moved to Chettle in Wiltshire, apparently guided in their choice by the pro-

pinquity of Launceston Heath, " a splendid training ground." In the absence of mention of any specific horse, the *Racing Calendar* lends no aid in determining the date ; but it would have been about 1860. Their stay at Chettle was terminated by friction with the owner of the place, Mrs. Castleman, over use of the stables. It had been arranged that the horses belonging to Mrs. Castleman's son and a brother officer of his should share them. The two young men were addicted to late hours, and putting up their own animals they disturbed the repose of the race-horses. This could not be tolerated and the Osbaldestons sought new quarters.

A suitable house was found at Hindon in the same county, the training ground " quite equal to Launceston Heath " ; but here again they remained only for a short time. There is no doubt about the approximate date of the Hindon era ; " His trainer took Camerino to the Warwick Spring Meeting where he won the Trial Stakes," establishes the year as 1862. Camerino was one of the best horses Osbaldeston owned in these years ; he won four of his seventeen races in 1861 ; and of the eleven in which he was started in 1862, the Bentinck Memorial and Triennial Produce Stakes in addition to the race at Warwick.

Hindon seemingly did not agree with the Squire ; while there his rheumatic gout was so disabling that he used to go out in a light carriage to watch the horses at their work. This may well explain why they left the place, for Mrs. John Williams, who saw much of him during his last years in London, tells me he was not then noticeably decrepit. The Osbaldestons always had, in addition to their country and London abode, a house at Brighton to which they paid frequent visits. No doubt these visits to the south coast, in the Squire's later years, were made for reasons of health.

The *Calendar* of 1864 is the last in which the name appears as that of an owner ; and the two mares, Lady Shirley and Rose, did nothing worth mention. Colours were registered in 1865, but were not carried by any horse.

Osbaldeston might rest on his laurels won as a rider. He had made his mark in the Racing world even as he had done in the Hunting, Shooting, Driving, Cricket and Billiard worlds. He was a Personage, as the *Racing Calendar* testifies in the names of horses—" The Squire," " Osbaldeston," " Georgium Sidus " ; the last an adoption of Colonel Lowther's happily conceived nickname for the enthusiast who on occasion would hunt by moonlight.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON (DISMOUNTED) AND SIR HARRY GOODRICKE

From the Engraving by J. B. Hunt after the sketch by Ambrose Isted. By courtesy of Messrs. Vinton & Co.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON IN THE LAST YEAR OF HIS LIFE

From a Photograph in the possession of Mrs. Williams, of Riverside, West Drayton.

THE KEY

1. Baron M. de Rothschild 2. Earl of Chesterfield 3. Unknown 4. Viscount Curzon 5. Earl of Portsmouth 6. Eighth Duke of Beaufort 7. Earl of Stamford 8. Lord Leconfield 9. Lord Henry Bentinck 10. Sir Watkin Williams Wynne

11. Joseph Arkwright 12. James Hall 13. T. Assheton Smith 14. Duke of Cleveland 15. Edward Tredcroft 16. Earl of Lonsdale 17. Sir Tatton Sykes 18. Marquis of Waterford 19. Lord Combermere 20. Sir R. Sutton

HUNTING MEN IN 1860

A MEETING AT TATTERSALLS

From the Painting by Joshua Dighton in the collection of Mr. C. M. Prior.

CHAPTER XII

Return to Park Road—Pursuits in Old Age—Passion for Betting—Illness and Death—Character—Rare Physical Courage—Unable to Say "No" His Besetting Weakness—Exemplified by the Notts Cricket Engagement and Failure to Assert Himself with Trainers—The Bowles and Simpson Plot to Extort Money—Singular Lack of Moral Courage Displayed—The Plot Frustrated—A Prey of Rogues—Ill-served as Master—Unfailing Generosity—Hospitality—Evidences of Family Affection—His Life's Ambition Achieved.

IN 1862 the Osbaldestons left Hindon and returned to London, taking up their residence at the Squire's old house, No. 8 Park Road; and here he finished the autobiography which had occupied him for the past six years. He says in the note dated at Park Road, 10th October, 1862, that "on this day I finished" it, but nobody with any experience of authorship will be surprised to learn that he had not. Having "finished," he manifestly bethought him of innumerable incidents forgotten, and made copious memoranda which he never put into consecutive shape. He compiled a summary of his racing experiences, if an inference may be drawn from this note: "Robbed of the St. Leger twice, the Oaks once, the Two Thousand Guineas twice and the Derby once." It reads as the parting growl of the old lion.

Mrs. Williams' son John, to whom the manuscript was presented, was a great favourite with the Squire; he lived with the Osbaldestons until he married early in 1866; and as Mrs. John Williams was a regular visitor at No. 8 Park Road before her marriage, and after lived at No. 7, next door, she saw much of the old man. To her I am indebted for information concerning his last years.

She well remembers seeing him at work in these days: clad in his dressing-gown he sat writing all the morning, at his elbow a tall pink and white Venetian decanter of brandy from which at intervals he would take a sip; from time to time raising his head to shout "Mrs. O.!" seeking the help of her memory to recover some detail which had escaped his own.

He led a regular life in these days. Writing occupied the morning; then luncheon, after which he slept for an hour or more; waking, he would go out for a stroll, having now recovered from the malady which had deprived him to

a great extent of the use of his limbs at Hindon. Dinner was at seven, and after dinner began what the Squire would have held the best of the day. The meal over, Mrs. Osbaldeston brought out her bag and extracted therefrom one sovereign which she tendered to the old gentleman; thus equipped with funds to indulge his ruling passion on a reduced scale, he took a cab, always the same, to the Portland Club in Stratton Street. And at his club he remained, making matches at billiards and laying small wagers as long as there was anyone with whom to play or bet. In time eye and hand ceased to work together and he lost his wonderful skill; but when his cue had been laid aside he was still eager to bet, and it is to be feared that fellow-members took advantage of it, for by some fatality he always backed the wrong man. "He never brought a farthing home," says Mrs. Williams.

He tells us that "chaffing challenges always led him on." This was strictly true. It was enough to tell him he could not do this or that to evoke "I'll bet you I could!" A sedentary performance of his advanced age was to sit for twenty-four hours in his chair without moving. Somebody bet him a sovereign he could not. He would do anything for a bet.

To the last he was an untiring talker, and impatient of dissent when laying down the law, as Mrs. Williams in the early days of her acquaintance with him discovered. Some political matter engaging his consideration at dinner, she ventured a question or remark. He turned upon her: "Hold your tongue! You're an unsophisticated young thing and know nothing about it!" It is only fair to add that his normal attitude to young people was paternally kind.

In reminiscent mood horse and hound figured large in his monologues. Sorella and Mountain Deer, among the race-horses he had owned, were special favourites; he would descant upon their merits by the hour.

In 1865 the Osbaldestons moved to No. 2 Grove Road, and here they remained, with, as in former days, frequent visits to Brighton until the Squire's death. "The Druid" mentions the last time he saw the old man; he was in a bath-chair on the beach "and the unruly member was going as vigorously as ever."

Sight and hearing served him nearly to the end, but latterly he suffered again from attacks of rheumatic gout, which attacked the leg which had been broken in 1821, and confined him to his room; but in the main he enjoyed the health of the man who has led an active and abstemious life until the last four or five months, during which increasing weakness confined him to the house. To the last he never fully realised the failure of his physical powers: Mrs. John Williams remembers how he would propose to take Mrs. Osbaldeston

or herself for a drive round the Park when so feeble that he could not leave his chair without assistance.

He died on 1st August, 1866, being then in his eighty-first year.

He left no will; that in which he had bequeathed £200 to his trainer Warrener was, of course, nullified by his marriage, and were the case otherwise the document was barren; for any property Osbaldeston possessed in the shape of furniture, etc., had been made over to his wife, and he had nothing whatever to leave. So much may be inferred from the fact that Mrs. Osbaldeston did not take out Letters of Administration.

He lies in the old part of Highgate Cemetery whither his step-son, Thomas, had preceded him five years earlier. In the same grave is buried the wife whose strength of character, good sense and devotion saved him from the penury that must otherwise have made wretched his declining years. Elizabeth Osbaldeston died on 16th January, 1878, aged 72; she thus survived the Squire twelve years.

I have felt some compunction in giving Osbaldeston's letters to the world, but only through these can we obtain an insight into a character wherein were blended strength and weakness in singular degree. A man of great physical courage and prompt in action: witness his rescue from the river Witham of a boy mentioned by Sir Theodore Cook in his Introduction: and at the same time a man who could not say "No."

Inability to say "No" was the Squire's besetting weakness. We need not hold him lacking in strength of character because he suffered his mother to goad him into political life. Mrs. Osbaldeston, if tradition speaks truly, was a lady of strong and imperious will, and she was adored by her children; a son of twenty-five might well be overborne by the insistence of such a mother. But it needs little discernment to recognise that inability to resist the plea of a friend was his bane. That unpleasantness with the Notts Cricket Club in 1816 was brought about by his yielding to Lambert's importunity that he would make one of the All England Eleven to play at Nottingham on a date when he would be in Scotland and knew it was unlikely he should keep the engagement. The management, or mismanagement, of his racing stud points in the same direction: in course of time he came to think that when his trainer urged him to run horses the man was prompted less by confidence in the animals' chances of success than by his own wish to attend a meeting: but he allowed himself to be persuaded, often, we may be sure, against his own better judgment. A man of firmer will would have overruled his trainer. Perhaps we may say he was willing to be deceived concerning the merits of his horses—never lived a man of

more hopeful temper—but no experience taught him to deny his trainer, and he consistently allowed horses to run in company too good for them. There is abundant proof of this in the success of those which passed into other hands.

With exceptional physical courage he combined, as we sometimes find, lack of moral courage. One example of this will suffice, namely, the affair with Captain Bowles and Mr. Simpson in 1840. Osbaldeston one night won from Bowles at cards a sum of £3,000; those were the days of high play and there was nothing unusual about it. Bowles paid over at once £700 and gave bills for the balance without any demur. Then, on some later date, alleging that false cards had been introduced into the pack, threatened the Squire with exposure as a cheat.

It did not occur to Osbaldeston that the man who honestly believes himself to have been cheated at cards makes his accusation at once across the table; he does not meekly pay down a fourth of his losses and give security for the remainder; and the procedure adopted by Bowles should have sufficed to brand him in the eyes of the least acute for the impudent rascal he was. But the Squire did not see it; threatened, through Simpson, with "exposure," he lost his head—this seems the charitable way to put it—and made the grave mistake of offering to give back his winnings. Such an offer from one so careless of money meant less than it would mean in another man; but it was a false step which encouraged the confederate swindlers to go farther. Simpson undertook to see Bowles and try if the matter could be arranged. Bowles, assuming the pose of outraged morality, did not think surrender of winnings would atone for the alleged offence; and he commissioned Simpson to tell their victim that a heavy fine must be exacted: let Osbaldeston give eight bills for £1,000 each, payable at eight days' sight, and a ninth bill for £1,000 to be negotiable if the eight were not met on the due date. Simpson reported the sentence passed by the high-minded Bowles, counselling submission. And, incredible as it seems, Osbaldeston yielded.

The pair of scamps, however, went one step too far. They proposed to pledge themselves in a bond of £10,000 to hold their tongues about the affair—and required from Osbaldeston an undertaking that he also would keep silence! as though a man charged with cheating at cards is likely to talk about it. But for this attempt to make a secret of their conspiracy we might suppose there was really some ground for Bowles' accusation. It was a blunder that cost the pair the booty. Now, and only now, Osbaldeston screwed up courage to face the knaves; he saw, or someone to whom he confided his trouble pointed out, that the upright judge, even self-appointed,

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON

From the original Water Colour Drawing by J. Dighton in the possession of Judge E. H. Chapman, Lindum House, Lincoln.

does not when he inflicts a fine put the money in his own pocket; that the proposed £10,000 bond was merely a shallow excuse for trying to extort a promise of silence from himself. He did now what he had been wise to do at first—put the matter into the hands of his solicitor.

That gentleman, of course, saw through the plot at a glance and took immediate steps to frustrate it, applying to the Vice-Chancellor's Court for an injunction to restrain negotiation of those bills for £9,000.

The evidence was taken *in camera:* only the judgment, from which the foregoing details are summarised, was published; and this was what we should expect. The Vice-Chancellor said it was clear that Osbaldeston had been intimidated by threats and that Bowles had imposed that fine for his own benefit. In other words, it was a case of blackmailing. The injunction was granted, making those promissory notes so much waste paper.

With such an incident as this before us, can we marvel that Osbaldeston's was what he calls a "life of plunder"? The man of fifty-four who can thus be cozened into buying relief from a false charge is the Heaven-sent prey of rogues. It is not as though the Squire had led the sheltered life of an anchorite; on the contrary, he had always been hail-fellow-well-met with all sorts and conditions of men; more, a gamester at heart with a taste for high stakes, he was bound to encounter men whose sole object was to fleece him.

And together with the lack of moral courage betrayed by his conduct of the Bowles affair he possessed attributes which are not those of the weak man. His achievements prove him endowed in very unusual measure with perseverance and tenacity of purpose. Granting natural aptitudes, a man cannot become an expert with gun, bat or billiard cue without assiduous practice. Osbaldeston possessed such aptitudes and therewith the steady determination to excel. He made up his mind to be first in whatever he undertook; he obeyed the precept to do with all his might whatsoever his hand might find to do; he set for himself the highest standard and devoted himself to each chosen pursuit in turn till he mastered it. The majority of men are content to excel in one walk of life; it was his ambition to excel in all sports and games; and he did it.

It is evident from his story that he knew no social trammels; he was as much at home in the society of England, the ex-pugilist, as with his friend Sir Richard Sutton. He was lacking in the reserve which commands respect from subordinates; unburdening his soul to Scott, he writes of Warrener, baptised John, as "Sambo," of his head lad Foster as "Toddler." The

master who adopts this attitude is unlikely to be well served. Consider the behaviour of that trainer when told that The Saddler had been lamed: Osbaldeston's wrath and indignation disturbed him not at all.

The most open-handed of men, he could not refuse an appeal for help when his own pecuniary difficulties were at their worst. Among the few letters which have escaped destruction are those that prove it: one from a Mr. Sutton begging a loan of £50; he is "really ashamed to add to the debt of gratitude already due"; another from one Sewell asking the loan of £100 to complete the purchase of a public-house; Sewell also refers to obligations already incurred. In a letter to Scott, Osbaldeston mentions in semi-apologetic tone, conscious that his steward must disapprove, that he has lent Mr. Phillips £400 till August as a particular favour; "I did not know how to refuse."

That was at the bottom of half his difficulties. Whether it were a request to do something he knew in his heart were best left undone or a petition for money he could not spare, he "did not know how to refuse."

Soft-hearted to a degree, there were occasions when he did not await request. A striking instance of this occurs in connection with the St. Leger of 1833. Robinson had tried his best to throw over the owner to whom he was pledged and only took the mount under strong pressure. Yet, moved by the tears of Mrs. Robinson when The Tutor was beaten, Osbaldeston paid his jockey's losses as well as his own.

He was essentially kind-hearted and affectionate. His nieces must have held him as a model among bachelor uncles. They paid him long visits at Ebberston, where he kept horses for them: thus he writes Scott on 17th July, 1843: "The black shooting pony Jack and Miss Sarah's horse ought to be taken up directly and given some physic so that they will be fit for the young ladies to ride." Another letter instructs Scott to buy a light carriage for the young ladies. We may believe that the nieces looked forward to a stay with their uncle George at Ebberston, and that sale of the place made a blank in their lives.

Let us take our farewell of the Old Squire as son and brother. Carefully folded away, apart from other correspondence, are two—strictly speaking, three—letters. One, signed Wentworth Fitzwilliam and dated 25th February, 1821, is an acknowledgment of Osbaldeston's letter announcing his mother's death. It is eulogistic of the character and qualities of the parent Osbaldeston loved and admired. The other, written at a much later date, is the endeavour of his sister to write him from her death-bed. She traced the words "My dear George"; then, strength failing, the pen wandered in undecipherable

PITSFORD HALL

By courtesy of George Drummond, Esq.

THE DEATH

From the Painting by H. Alken in the collection of the late the Hon. Mrs. Henry Bourke.

marks across the paper. A covering letter from her husband, the Rev. Charles Cator, encloses this pathetic relic and informs the brother of her demise. This, Osbaldeston put away with the letter he had treasured for five and forty years.

Inasmuch as he began with a great fortune and ended his career rescued from poverty by an annuity, it may seem ironical to say he succeeded in life. But success is not always to be measured in terms of cash. He set before him a definite object: his ambition was to make a reputation as sportsman. "Love of fame," as he frankly tells us, was one of the motives that spurred him on. And he gained his ambition; he achieved fame in greater measure than perhaps he knew, for his fame endures. He had the dark hours which are spared none of us, but as we read his story we realise his zest of living. Of no man can it be more truly said he "warmed both hands before the fire of life."

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